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Henry Luck

W. K. Gosling.

PHILIP MUSGRAVE;

OR

MEMOIRS

OF A

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONARY

IN THE

NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

EDITED BY

THE REV. J. ABBOTT, A.M.

" Then fearless walk we forth,
Yet full of trembling; messengers of God.
Our warrant sure, but doubting of our worth."
KEBLE'S *Christian Year.*

LONDON:
JOHN *MURRAY*, ALBEMARLE STREET.
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PHILIP MUSGRAVE,

&c. &c.

INTRODUCTION.

It has ever been a matter of astonishment to me, that, easy of access as the utmost limits of this vast and all but boundless colonial empire have become, and constant and unintermitting as our intercourse now is with the mother country, so little should be known there of our social, political, or religious condition. And yet the wonder vanishes when we consider that people in England cannot help judging of us by the customs and habits and feelings which prevail in their own country; so that when even the best-informed immigrant first lands upon the shores of this mighty continent, he finds it totally different from what he had been led to expect. The first distant view of the wild interminable forest which clothes, with so forbidding an aspect, that land of promise which he had pictured to his imagination as the very garden of Eden, wakes him at once from his long and fondly cherished fantasies to all the sad realities of life; and when he extends his gaze over the whole face of the country, he sees that the original curse of his nature has reached it; and he reads, in characters which can neither be mistaken nor unfelt, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

So it is also with those matters which relate to our religious and ecclesiastical condition. When a poor missionary's name and appointment in a far off land are found in the alphabetical list of preferments in the 'Ecclesiastical Gazette,' the impression produced upon the mind of the reader, if he should haply give it a passing thought, would be that it was a preferment in the common acceptation of the term.

And here the question naturally presents itself to our consideration, How comes it to pass, under the general prevalency of such mistaken and erroneous ideas concerning our real case and circumstances, that the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts should have been enabled to make such gigantic and successful efforts for nearly a century and a half to plant and establish the Church of Christ, by means of their missionaries, throughout the whole of these colonies, and that they should have been so nobly and so generously supported by the public in this their labour of love?

The simple reply to this question would naturally be—The blessing of the Lord, our Redeemer and great Head of the Church, has been upon them and their servants, according to his last promise while here on earth, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

But who shall presume to say what would have been the extent of the pious and charitable benevolence of our fellow-churchmen at home, great and praiseworthy as it already is, had they been made fully acquainted with all our labours and perils, our toils, and difficulties, and privations?

I am quite aware that at home, as well as here in the colonies, there is an impression upon the public mind that we missionaries are only so in name, not in reality, as the term is now understood. "It is," says the Bishop of Nova Scotia, "an unhappy mistake, but prevalent in England, and one which doubtless has diminished the resources of the Society, to suppose that the labours of our clergy are not of a missionary character. In the neighbourhood of the towns there are settlements which cannot be visited with effect, unless the missionary is ready to endure all the toils and privations to which primitive professors were subject. Those whom he visits are often as much without God in the world, as the remote tribes who have never heard the sounds of salvation."*

Now my object is to disabuse the mind of the English reader on this point; and, to do so, I shall have recourse to no other means, because I know of none more likely to be effectual, than

* *Report of the Society* for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign *Parts, for the year 1836.*

to give him a simple memoir of missionary life in these colonies. This, isolated as I am, and away so far from all my brethren, must necessarily be confined to the history of that portion of my own life which has been devoted to missionary labour, and which comprises a period of more than a quarter of a century.

Although much which may seem extraordinary or romantic will be found in my narrative, I can assure the reader that a similar tale of toil, suffering, and strange adventure could be told by a great many other missionaries in this country.

There will doubtless be many literary errors in the following pages: living, as I have done, for the last twenty-five years, in the backwoods of this wild country, shut out from the world, it would be extraordinary if there were not. I do not, however, anticipate the severity of criticism, and shall make no attempt to soften it. I have a true and plain tale to tell; and I tell it in simplicity, and in the confident hope and expectation of a blessing upon my work.

Should I succeed in exciting in the minds of my readers any additional interest in missionary *exertions*, even although I may fail to convey a correct idea of missionary life, I shall feel amply rewarded for my trouble.

Grenville Abbey, Canada East,
July 1, 1845.

CHAPTER I.

A Curacy—The Mission—Disappointments.

WHO or what I am—my birth, my parentage, and education—are questions of little or no interest to the general reader. Suffice it therefore to say that I was not a needy adventurer, nor without a fair and reasonable prospect of preferment at home.

The first rudiments of geographical knowledge which I received were mingled with some romantic ideas concerning America, in consequence of some near connexions of my mother's having emigrated to that country. This gave a bent to my inclinations, which led me to make many inquiries concerning that country; the result of which was, that I resolved to leave my native land and become a settler in what I was then inclined to consider an earthly paradise. But at this period I was very young, very thoughtless, and I fear I must add very vacillating; so that this resolution was never carried into effect.

I was not intended for the church, nor did I myself ever entertain the idea of entering into holy orders until within a couple of years of my becoming old enough to do so, when a circumstance occurred, involving in its consequences so much of sorrow and misery, as led me to form a more true and correct estimate of the comparative value of the things of heaven and of earth than I had ever done before. This naturally gave a serious turn to my mind and a new complexion to my destiny. Within two years of this time I found myself the curate of a large and populous parish, the whole duties of which devolved upon myself, the incumbent having been suspended by the bishop for immoral conduct.

These duties were extremely heavy; and it was fortunate for my youth and inexperience that they required so regular a routine, that I could hardly have deviated from it without subjecting myself to the imputation of wilful and criminal negligence.

I have always kept a journal, and in the course of this narrative I shall have frequent occasion to refer to it. The following extract, containing an account of my occupations during a Saturday and a Sunday, will in some measure confirm the truth of my assertion concerning the laborious nature of my duties.

"Saturday, June 15.—Visited five sick persons. Gave written prescriptions for medicines to two of them, who were too poor to employ a doctor.—Two o'clock, one of my principal parishioners called upon me—stayed an hour—no particular business.—At 4, rode out three miles to dine with D—— B——, Esq., in order to consult with him about the collection to be made the following day in aid of our Sunday-school fund.—Home at 9.—Read over my sermon for the next morning, and studied the arrangement I had made for the extempore one for the afternoon.

"Sunday, June 16.—Nine o'clock, went to my Sunday-school. Service at 11. Three marriages after the second lesson—six churchings, seventeen christenings, and two funerals after the sermon.—Took a biscuit and a glass of wine, and, without doffing my surplice, commenced the evening service, consisting of prayers and a sermon.—Three more funerals afterwards."

Scarcely a Sunday passed without my having to perform all the services I have mentioned. I had also to administer the sacrament once a month to a large number of communicants. It will thus be seen that I knew something of the life of a hard-working curate at home, and my narrative will prove that I am still more familiarly acquainted with that of a missionary abroad.

Before I entered upon my missionary career, I did certainly sit down and count the cost; but I had no certain grounds upon which to form anything like a correct estimate.

In the year 18— I was appointed, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to the township of W—— in one of our North American colonies. I succeeded a missionary who had been stationed there several years; so that, in my ignorance, I took it for granted that I should find a church, a parsonage-house, and a glebe, and everything else in the mission in regular order—the same, in short, as in a parish in

England. In all these expectations I was doomed to be sadly disappointed.

Such having been my ideas, it would be absurd for me to say that I was influenced in the important step I had taken by anything like that zealous and devoted missionary spirit which so often induces men to go forth into heathen lands to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation amid toil and privation. Not but that I rejoiced to find myself placed in a much wider and more extensive sphere of usefulness than I had anticipated. Indeed, it was this circumstance which took away from my otherwise sad disappointments all their bitterness; and, with a thankful heart, I could bless God that so glorious a prospect was before me. If I did not then see all the troubles and difficulties I should have to encounter (if I had, my heart would have failed me), I saw enough to spur me on to exertion. I was young, healthy, and habitually active in mind and body. The reward was before me, and "I pressed forward towards the prize of my high calling," in faith and hope, with diligent and zealous perseverance. But God forbid that I should boast! Alas, when I look back upon the long, long years of my past labours, my failings and deficiencies rise up before me in such fearful array, that I ought rather "to lay my hand upon my mouth, and to hide my face in the dust, and cry guilty before God;" while I humbly pray that He will not be "extreme to mark what I have done amiss."

CHAPTER II.

The Voyage—The Journey—The Arrival—A Cemetery—A Contretemps —The Explanation—A Coincidence.

ALTHOUGH a voyage across the great Atlantic, a quarter of a century ago, was a much more important affair than it is at the present day;—and although, to a landsman like myself, it exhibited, in a most striking point of view, "the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep;" yet as such voyages have been so often described, I shall only say of mine, that it comprised all the usual incidents, but they were moderate in their extent. The gale we encountered, after clearing the chops of the Channel, only obliged us to take in our studding-sails;—the iceberg we saw, off Cape Kay, was too distant to frighten us; the fog on the banks was not so thick but that we could see the poor fishermen before we were aboard of them; and, during the storm in the Gulf, we escaped being driven ashore either on the Bird Rocks or on Dead-Man's Island. In short, our voyage was, altogether, a happy and a prosperous one;—nevertheless, in the language of the sweet singer of Israel, "We were glad when He brought us to the haven where we would be."

Early on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of July, 18—, I set out for the interior of the country, in search of the field of my future labours, which lay about fifty miles from the port at which I had landed.

A sluggish craft, without a deck, called a Durham boat, of about twenty tons burden, and loaded down to the water's edge, was my wearisome conveyance up one of those majestic rivers which abound on this continent, and which would float on their wide waste of waters the whole of the proud navy of England. The first day we made about half the distance: we then put

ashore, and fastening our bark to the stump of a tree, we remained there all night.

I selected a dry knoll for my couch, a little apart from the other passengers; where, after commending myself to the parental care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, I lay down under the clear open canopy of a North American sky, sparkling with myriads of stars which I had never seen in Europe; and enjoyed the most tranquil repose. I awoke not till the dawn of day, when I arose, and shaking the heavy dew from my cloak, again went on board the boat.

I had for fellow-passengers a country judge of the Court of Requests, a magistrate, and a colonel and major of militia, all belonging to and residing in my intended mission. Through the indefatigable exertions of some or all of these *titled gentry*, in examining the partially defaced directions on my trunks, and questioning not only my servant, but myself also, my name and purpose had been successfully made out before I had been an hour in their company. I was far from being sorry for this, as I received from them the most marked and flattering attentions.

There are circumstances under which the slightest act of kindness will soothe and cheer us; and mine were certainly such at the moment. Therefore, after I had somewhat recovered my equanimity of temper, which had been a little disturbed by their pertinacious and, as appeared to me at the time, somewhat impertinent curiosity, I felt cheered and pleased.

I thought at first, that, as far as good society was concerned, I had "fallen on my feet;" but, alas! my judge turned out to be a petty shopkeeper, a doler out of drams to the drunken raftsmen; the magistrate, an old rebel soldier of the United States, living upon a pension of 20*l.* a year from that government, as the reward of his treason, and, at the same time, holding a commission of the peace under the one against which he had successfully fought. The colonel, the most respectable of my *dignified companions*, had been a serjeant in the — regiment, and was now living upon his pension of a shilling a day. And, to complete my catalogue, the major was the jolly landlord of a paltry village tavern.

These circumstances may appear as trifling to my readers a

they do now to myself; but they made a very different impression upon my mind at the time, coupled as they were with the sad disappointment which befel me on reaching my destination.

On arriving at the landing-place nearest the little village I was in search of, I left the boat; and, not being able to obtain any sort of conveyance for my luggage, or even for myself, I left my servant to look after it, until I could send some one for it. On foot, and alone, I set out for the village, five miles off. I never considered it a hardship to walk five miles on a good road, but on this occasion, tired and exhausted as I was, it proved a formidable undertaking. I had eaten nothing during the day but a piece of hard sea-biscuit of the coarsest description, which I begged from one of the boat's crew; the sun was still high in the heavens, and fiercely hot; the road was an arid, burning sand, and almost scorched my feet through my thin shoes. The houses I passed were naked and bare; not a tree within a mile of them. Hedge-rows there were none,—not a shrub nor bush, nor even a weed, to hide the bare poles of which the fences were made. The grass on the road side had a brown and scorched look, as if a fire had passed over it. Everything, in short, even to the unceasing chirping of the crickets, told me I was in a strange land. What my reflections were, during that weary walk, may more easily be imagined than described. A thought of home was naturally the first that occurred to me in my loneliness. And mournful though it was, it soothed me, and beguiled the way. But, alas! that home was desolate. All I had ever associated with that dear word had left me, and gone to a brighter and a happier home.

I knew not how far I had walked, when I came to an old pine-tree, beneath whose shade I laid me down, and wept and prayed as if my heart would break. And soon I thought I felt a strange calm come creeping over me, but I knew not whether it was real or imaginary. I thought too that I heard the sound of friendly voices which had once been familiar to my ear. I raised my head and looked around, but I could see nothing except the dwellings of the dead. Some of them were marked out by neatly *painted* railings round a rude and simple *wooden monument, fresh and new*, and probably not more evanescent than the memory of the kindly feeling of affection the

erected them. So, at least, I judged from the ruinous and dilapidated condition of their companions, which had stood perhaps a dozen winters.

Many a nameless grave was there, besides the one which I had unconsciously made my pillow. I was, in fact, in the midst of a burying-ground,—not a churchyard; for there was no church within fifty miles of the place, nor any human habitation within sight of it.

It was, in truth, a dreary and a solitary spot, far from the haunts of men, in which they bury their dead out of their sight, and out of their remembrance too, it seemed, from the careless negligence with which this lonely cemetery must have been regarded, or it would at least have had a fence, however rude, around it.

Exhausted with fatigue and the oppressive heat, for the thermometer could not have been lower than 120° in the sun;—worn out, and faint from want of food and natural rest;—excited, besides, to an extraordinary degree, by my over-wrought feelings; a hopeless and lonely exile in a strange land, with the wild interminable wilderness of woods around me;—no wonder if my reason for a moment tottered on her throne, nor if my imagination wandered into the unknown regions of another world.

In such a state of mind, and under the singular circumstances in which I had accidentally placed myself, no wonder, I say, that the peculiar and soothing sound produced by the slightest breath of air through a pine-grove, should have been listened to by me with the deepest interest, and that, in my dreaming fancy, I should have half mistaken it for the whispering voices of the dead.

The slight noise of wheels in the sandy road restored me, although not entirely and at once, to a proper frame of mind; but not, indeed, until the person passing by had stopped, and kindly told me he had heard of my arrival, and had gone to the landing-place to meet me and convey me to the village.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at once when he saw me, "you are the minister come out to us from England?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am."

"Then I am right glad to see you, sir," he said as he got out of his rude carriage, and offered me his hand, which I cor-

dially shook: and, oh! what a relief it was to me to meet with even this slight mark of friendship. Fortunately for my comfort then, I did not know how valueless it was.

He asked me where I had been, and wondered how he could have missed me. He told me, too, that several hours had elapsed since the boat that brought me had reached the landing-place. Indeed, I now perceived that the sun had set, and night was coming on apace; already were the tiny flashes of the firefly seen in myriads among the pine-trees. I began to think I certainly must have slept; and I do not know but that I had been dreaming too.

"Your name is Johnstone?" said my friend, requesting me at the same time to get into his waggon.

"No," I replied, as I paused with my foot upon the step, in the act of acceding to his kind request, "My name is Musgrave."

"That's very strange!" he said; and after hesitating for a moment, he added, "Never mind! Get in."

I did so; and he drove me to the village tavern, as I declined going to a private house, where he wished most anxiously to take me.

During our drive he several times adverted to my name being Musgrave instead of Johnstone, as it evidently ought to have been, in his opinion. He clung to this idea with such extraordinary pertinacity, that I at length, probably from my confused state of mind, began—I must not say, to doubt my own identity,—but to reflect whether or not I was really in my right senses.

He seemed to read my thoughts, at least he saw some hesitation, and triumphantly exclaimed—

"Why, Colonel K——"—this was the colonel I have mentioned as my fellow-passenger—"said that your servant told him your name was Johnstone."

"His own he must have meant," I said; for it so happened that my servant's name was Johnson, and perhaps he might have said, in answer to some question, which he did not see they had any right to ask, that mine was Johnson too; or they might have mistaken his trunk for one of mine, and seen his name upon it. However this might be, on arriving at the inn

when the landlord came to the door, my pertinacious guide introduced me, by saying, "Here 's the Reverend Mr. Johnstone, the minister *we* sent for, and have been expecting up by this day's boat."

This somewhat annoyed me, and I immediately declared, with some warmth, that my name was not Johnstone.

"Then you 're not the minister appointed to this place."

"Yes, I am."

"Then your name *is* Johnstone—must be Johnstone."

"Well," I said, beginning to feel more amused than vexed, "my name *was* Musgrave before I left England, and I am certainly appointed as minister in this village and neighbourhood by the Bishop."

My guide gave a loud, contemptuous, and long-continued whistle, and then drawled out the first syllable of the word *Bishop*, at the same time laying an absurd accent upon the last—"Be-e-*shopp!*" adding with a derisive laugh, "We are Bishoped indeed, and the milk's burnt with a vengeance"!*

My landlord seemed to feel more reverence for the title, and a contest commenced between them, which was too intricate for me to understand, and soon became too hot for me prudently to witness; I therefore lost no time in making my way into the house. I had no sooner entered than I encountered a comfortable and portly looking dame, whom I was sure must be the mistress of the inn, and I was not mistaken. I begged her to give me something to eat, with as little delay as possible, as I was nearly starved. This she set about with the more zealous alacrity, in consequence of having got a hint, from what she had overheard of the squabble at the door, as to my now no longer doubtful identity.

"Well, well," I heard my quondam friendly guide exclaim, as if deprecating his own want of penetration, "that I, so long a ruling elder in the church, should have mistaken a prelatical and papistical ——" *something*, but I did not hear what, as the door was just then closed behind me.

* To the uninitiated in such matters it may be necessary to explain, that *when milk is boiled it is* very apt to adhere to the bottom of the vessel and *be scorched, thereby* communicating a burnt taste to the whole; it is then *said to be bishoped.*

I mention this trifling incident, not only to show the bitterness of that hostility which for years continued to annoy me, but to enable the reader to understand the cause of the virulent persecution which I had to endure.

My predecessor had been dead nearly two years. The measures taken for the appointment of his successor had of course been confined to the Bishop and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, without the knowledge or concurrence of the people in the place. There were no steamers crossing the Atlantic then; it therefore took a much longer period to complete the arrangements than it would do now. Besides, some months elapsed before I could relinquish my curacy. During all this time the Presbyterians, who were the most numerous among the various sects of which the mixed population consisted, were by no means idle. They had sent home a petition to the Secretary of State for the Colonies for a salary of 100*l.* a year for a Presbyterian minister. To this petition they had received a favourable answer, and by getting the other dissenters, as well as most of our own people, who had begun to despair of obtaining another clergyman of their own, to unite with them, they managed to make up this salary to a very respectable amount. They then applied to some leading man in the Kirk of Scotland for a minister, when this Mr. Johnstone, from a small town on the English side of the Scottish border, was recommended and accepted; and by one of those extraordinary coincidences, which happen so often as to induce one to wonder at their being called extraordinary, this minister was expected up from the port on the very day that I arrived, and he actually did reach his destination the day after.

CHAPTER III.

A Disappointment—A Cottage—A Tent—The Glebe—The Parsonage—The Bishop—A Confirmation—The Schoolhouse.

I FELT greatly disappointed and annoyed when I found that there was neither a church nor a parsonage-house. At first I was utterly confounded; I did not know what to do. One thing, however, I was determined *not to do:* I was determined not to stay there without both the one and the other; and I called the people together to tell them so. They met; and I informed them that the Bishop had directed me to ascertain what encouragement I was likely to meet with; and if it was not satisfactory to me, he would send me to some other settlement. I then proceeded to say what *would* be satisfactory.

As to building a church, they thought it was utterly beyond their power, but they would do their utmost. They would make any sacrifice, if I thought such an immense undertaking could be accomplished, although they themselves had no idea that it could be done. But they would willingly build me a house, and would set about it immediately.

No, I said, I must have my church first. But then there was that unfortunate subscription-list which I have mentioned, and which nearly all had signed. But was it right, under the present altered aspect of affairs, that they should fulfil engagements into which they had been led by the most insidious arts and erroneous representations? I did not see, nor indeed did they, how this could honestly be avoided; and I believe every farthing of it was honourably paid. As I perceived that this circumstance would detract materially from their contributions towards the erection of the church, I consented, though very unwillingly, to allow them to build the house first: and we patiently submitted, in faith and hope, to the mortifying necessity of uniting in our holy services, for a whole year, in a place where they

could not well be performed "decently and in order," namely, in a common village schoolhouse; and even this we could not have exclusively to ourselves, but only from half-past ten o'clock on the Sunday morning till one in the afternoon. Nay, an attempt was made to deprive us even of this privilege.

I was very much disappointed at the turn things had thus taken. I certainly wanted a house very much, but I had set my heart upon a church. However, I do not think I could have accomplished it then, nor even afterwards, had not an incident occurred which induced my people to exert themselves to the utmost. But I must not anticipate.

Until this meeting took place I had been staying at the inn where I first went on my arrival; but now that I had determined to remain in the settlement, it became necessary for me to look out for more private lodgings. But after searching and inquiring everywhere, I could find nothing of the kind. At length I literally pitched my tent—I happened, by great good luck, to have one in my possession—close by the door of a little cottage belonging to a labouring farmer. He gave me a small bed-room, which was all he could spare, in the then unfinished state of his house; my servant slept in the garret with his boy. I found my own provisions, and his wife cooked for me.

While the summer lasted, my tent did very well, especially after I had contrived to get rid of the pole in the centre, which was very much in my way, and to ward off the burning rays of the hot sun, which made the interior almost like a heated oven. The former I managed by putting up three poles in the form of a triangle; and the latter by covering the outside with maple and baswood branches; and as their thick and luxuriant foliage withered and dried up, I replaced them with others fresh and green.

By the time the winter set in, when living in a tent would have been impossible, my host had got a room for me so far finished as to be habitable and tolerably comfortable, not, however, sufficiently so to make me regret that the parsonage-house was to be built before the church. That winter was a very cold one; for a week together the thermometer (Fahrenheit's) was 50° below the *freezing-point.*

Immediately after the meeting of the people, which I have

mentioned, I set to work most industriously to get subscriptions for building the parsonage-house.

A glebe, consisting of about forty acres, chiefly of wild, uncleared land, was generously given by the principal person in the place, together with thirty pounds in money. Everybody, indeed, subscribed very liberally, and I therefore contracted for the work at once. During the winter the timber was cut down in the woods and brought, as well as all the other heavy materials, to the spot, and everything was got ready for commencing the work. The moment the frost was out of the ground the cellar was excavated and the foundation laid, and the succeeding summer saw the work so far completed that I was able to strike my tent and move into it, although not more than half of it was habitable, (it was at best but a small cottage,) and that half far from finished.

During the following winter I had a visit from the Bishop. His lordship spent the night in my new and half-finished dwelling: he slept in the bed-room of one of my servants; I put him there because it was better and more comfortable than my own. His servant, as well as my own, slept upon buffalo-hides on the floor by the kitchen fire.

In reply to some apologetic observations which I made while conducting that holy and apostolic, and now sainted Christian shepherd, to his rude dormitory, he said, with his accustomed kindness and simplicity, "No, no, never mind; the accommodation which you are satisfied to put up with during a whole winter, is surely good enough for me for a single night." On the following day he confirmed twenty young people in the schoolhouse.

As his lordship shook hands with me and bade me adieu, he promised me a hundred pounds from the Society towards my church: the Society itself had promised me fifty pounds.

It may be asked why I so briefly pass over so important an occurrence as a Confirmation held in my parish, the more especially as it was the first. I can only say, that although on no subsequent occasion of a similar nature did I ever receive stronger or more encouraging proofs of my diocesan's approbation, yet I felt deeply mortified and annoyed at a Confirmation being held in a schoolhouse. In fact it was so humiliating to such of my people as had witnessed this solemn rite at home, as

well as to myself, that I do not like to dwell upon it; and it was evident that the fact of the Presbyterians having succeeded in erecting their chapel, added gall to the bitterness of our feelings on this occasion.

"We *must* have a church," one of my parishioners whispered to me at the door, after the service was over, "and I will give ten pounds more than I intended." I did not expect so much from him altogether. He gave twenty pounds.

Our good Bishop, as he was always called, for "his praise was in all the churches," I never saw afterwards, except for a moment to receive his blessing.

During the next summer the house was finished, except painting. The subscriptions were sadly deficient; that is to say, they were badly paid. Perhaps I did not press them with sufficient urgency; at any rate, the house cost me nearly a hundred pounds.

Discouraging as this might seem, it did not deter me from commencing a new subscription for building my church. I have already said my heart was set upon it, and I was determined to carry it into effect. I thought, indeed, from my past experience, that I could in future manage better; nor was I, as the event proved, entirely mistaken.

And now commenced the most anxious and the most perplexing year of my whole life. But a subject of such importance deserves a new chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The Church—Distressing Difficulties—The Subscription List—A Triumph—A Letter—The Spiritual Church.

ALL my disappointments, all my privations, and, what were worse than both, all my feelings of utter loneliness, were as nothing when compared with the trouble and anxiety, the positive and absolute distress, with which the building of this church overwhelmed me. Many were the sleepless nights I spent in ruminating upon the means of accomplishing it, or rather, upon the means of extricating myself from the pecuniary embarrassments in which it had involved me. The subscriptions came in so slowly and so irregularly, that I could not calculate upon them until they were actually paid; that is to say, I could not anticipate them, and, consequently, could not venture to make any engagements on the strength of them. But the worst part of the business was, that in the first instance I *had* done so, and this was the main source of all my perplexities. I had, too, some of Job's comforters to remind me, with an air of ill-concealed triumph, that "they had told me that I could not build a church;" and that "they knew how it would be;" and that "we had better give it up at once, or we should make ourselves a laughing-stock, if we had not done so already, to the whole neighbourhood." And then, when they saw that this annoyed me, they would suggest, by way of consolation, bitter though it was, some such excuses for my failure as that "I was young and inexperienced, and perhaps too enthusiastic, and quite a stranger to the ways and means of the people in this country." This was from my friends. The taunts and sneering jests of our enemies no way affected me: I could expect nothing less from them.

In the midst of all my difficulties a violent attack was made *upon the tower of the* church. It was strenuously urged that it *was not absolutely* necessary, and that what was built of it ought

to be pulled down, since it was better to have a church without a tower than no church at all. This I would by no means consent to; the whole should stand or fall together—"Aut Cæsar, aut nihil!" I could not bear the idea of a church without a tower. "Let us examine the subscription-list," I said, "and see what amount can be depended upon." This was done, the list divided into five equal portions, and five of my principal parishioners took each one to collect, and agreed to be answerable for the amount. They were all men of credit in the place, and well known; while I was as yet comparatively a stranger.

Some brighter hopes began now to beam upon us, and under their cheering influence the work went on with renewed vigour. But, not to weary the reader with further details, it will be sufficient for me to say that, after six months of unceasing toil and exertion, I got the body of the church up, the roof on, the steeple up to the same height, and covered in with a temporary roof, to preserve it from the weather, until we should have time and means to carry it to its full height.

When we had got thus far, the whole of my funds, as well from the subscription-list as from my own private means, were exhausted; and I should have been at a hopeless stand-still, if it had not been for the munificent grant of one hundred and fifty pounds from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, of which we could now, and not till now, avail ourselves, as the Society always, I believe, makes it a condition that such grants shall not be paid till the outer shell of the building is put up. This relieved me from all my difficulties, and was a source of joy and triumph to me.

It was indeed a bold undertaking, and one which, if my knowledge of mankind and my experience had been greater, I would not have ventured upon with such inadequate means as were then at my command. They were indeed inadequate. But I thought at the time that my parishioners *could* accomplish it, and I was determined they should do so, or I would leave them. They knew this, and manfully set their shoulders to the wheel, even while they despaired of success.

The people belonging to the church, although more numerous than those of any other single denomination, were still very few; and the first time I administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's

Supper I had only nine communicants. They were also very poor, as new settlers generally are, and this was comparatively, with the exception of the small village, a new settlement; and yet, strange as it may appear to a dweller in the old country, they were all well off in the world. They had all the necessaries and comforts of life at their command, and even some of the luxuries. Still they were poor, as far as the ability to pay money was concerned. They had it not, neither could they obtain it without great exertions, and still greater sacrifices; and nothing else would build the church. Some of the work, it is true, could be done by themselves, and they willingly and freely did it.

At length, by getting up some temporary windows and closing in the rest, by laying down loose planks for a floor, and by setting up some rude benches, with other similar preparations, I was enabled to open the church for divine service. And oh! what a triumphant day of rejoicing it was! And yet there were some who, like the Israelites in the days of the prophet Ezra, could not restrain their sorrow on comparing this new, and to them a second temple, dedicated to the worship of God, with those more splendid and magnificent ones in which they had been admitted into the mystical body of Christ's holy Catholic Church—temples which, alas! they never hoped to see again.

This feeling was but momentary, and confined to a very few, "the ancient men of the congregation;" while among the younger members all might have seen, in their joyous countenances, the cheering belief in the promise of the personal presence of Him to whom this more humble temple was now dedicated: "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them, and that to bless them."

The following Sunday was the one appointed for the celebration of the Advent of our Blessed Lord. At a rude altar, temporarily raised for the purpose, I had no fewer than thirty communicants. This was indeed encouraging, and strengthened me in my glorious work. During the winter, with a large stove in the church, if we were not quite so comfortable as we could have wished, we were much more so than we had ever been before. The schoolhouse, at best, was but a miserable substitute for a church; and the tenure by which we held our trifling occupation

of it, the whim and caprice of the mixed public, made it still more objectionable: but now our bare walls, with their sheltering roof—they could boast of little else—were our own, and we felt ourselves at home.

A few days after the opening of our church, on calling upon an intelligent and well-educated emigrant, who had lately arrived from England, I found him busily engaged in writing a letter to some of his friends, who were very desirous of following him to this country. He wished them, of course, to settle near him; and to induce them to do so, among other arguments he used the following:—

"We have a church and a clergyman—a regular Church of England clergyman—in the settlement. Not that every settlement has one. Far from it. I suppose, indeed, that there is not one for every twenty settlements, as we call them here, although each is much larger and more populous than many parishes at home. And I would advise you, as well as all other well-disposed emigrants, to be careful not to overlook this circumstance in deciding upon your location. Few there are, if any, who come to this country, having never before been so situated as to be unable to attend the public worship of God, however negligent they may have been in availing themselves of the privilege, that would not feel most poignantly if they were deprived of the opportunity. Nor would they observe, without some annoyance, the little respect that is paid to that day, set apart for relaxation and rest from the cares and labours of life, even admitting they should forget the nobler purposes for which it was intended, and to which it ought to be devoted, because it would be at least a constant witness to them, on its weekly return, that they were strangers in a strange land. Indeed, I myself, as short a time as I have been in the country, have seen men, whom I knew to have seldom entered the precincts of the sanctuary, travel what in England would be considered an incredible distance, upwards of twenty miles, to attend divine service, or to get their children baptized, or to get the clergyman to visit some sick member of their family, or to 'bury their dead out of their sight;' consoling themselves, in their affliction, with the idea that there was one so near.

"It is in circumstances such as these that the heart of the

exile yearns after his native land. He therefore ought, certainly, to secure to himself, in this the home of his adoption, as many of those favourable features in the home he has left as can possibly be found; and they will be to him as household gods. They bring with them associations that beguile into the tale of other years. And if they do not revive in our memory those scenes of pure and unmingled happiness in our bright and buoyant season of youth, they occasionally throw a halo of delight over our existence, by leading us to forget that we are away from them.

"Every emigrant may feel assured that, however anxious he may be to leave his native country, and however much it may be to his advantage to do so, he will retain a painful recollection of it to the latest hour of his existence. No one brought up in a country like England, where such order and regularity prevail, can form any idea of the dreadful state of society in many portions of these provinces, as well as in the United States; whereas this part of the country, where I have located myself, might challenge the world for its superior in orderliness and morality."

Throughout the monotony of that dreary winter—for such, unaccustomed as I was to the country, it appeared to me—nothing occurred of sufficient importance to be related. Although the progress of our earthly temple towards its completion was necessarily at a stand-still, the building up of our spiritual edifice was, under the divine blessing, rapidly though gradually advancing; so gradually, indeed, that the careless portion of my flock hardly noticed it, while the doubting ones attributed it to other causes; but with the pious, who "hopeth all things," it was believed to be, as in reality it was, and as it eventually proved, nothing less than the glorious harvest I was so richly reaping from the good seed that had been sown in meekness and faith by my pious predecessor, now a saint in heaven. His prayers had been heard by the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls; and when he was taken to his reward, the blessed fruits of his labours were left, in the dispensations of a gracious and merciful Providence, to cheer me onwards to greater and more zealous exertions.

The influence of our holy institution cannot be duly felt and properly appreciated in a day; neither can the bitter and deep-rooted prejudices against our Liturgy, cherished and nurtured

with so much care by those who have gone out from us, be removed in a moment. It is something more than simple conviction, and a great deal too, that must do this. There are strong and inveterate habits to be conquered and subdued, and all this by the plain practical operation of Gospel truth. We have no enthusiastic fanaticism to bring to bear upon it. We do not expect or wish to witness any of those sudden and violent revolutions in men's minds which constitute the boast and the glory of the zealous dissenting preacher, and which are as evanescent as they are unnatural.

No! ours is the smooth, quiet, onward course, which no power on earth can stop or turn aside; like the mighty rivers of this boundless continent, which gather as they go, and unceasingly roll their world of waters to the ocean. As some proof of the truth of this, I may adduce the fact that the number of clergymen in this colony is tenfold what it was when I first commenced my missionary labours; thanks to the unwearied exertions of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

CHAPTER V.

The Seasons—The Dark Day—An Incident—The Visitation—Village Scandal.

THE succeeding Spring opened upon us in all its instantaneous bloom and verdure. The change, in the whole face of nature, was as sudden as if it had been produced by magic. In one short week the wreaths of snow had disappeared; the fountains of the great deep, as our rivers, without a metaphor, may almost be called, were broken up, and "the thick-ribbed ice was gone;" the meadows were green; the leaves were out; the birds had all come back to us again, and were singing in every bush and spray; all living things were rioting in the glories of the summer sun. We have no Spring here; or if we have, it is so evanescent that one can hardly count the few days to which it can prefer a doubtful claim, ere the Summer is upon it.

Not so the Autumn. From the first of September to the beginning of November, and sometimes even to the end of it, the weather, although delightfully pleasant and beautiful, becomes gradually colder and colder; the sweet melody of the birds gradually dies away, till all is silent. Even the unceasing chirp of the cricket is hushed; but the trees in the boundless, measureless forest exhibit, in the bright sunshine and the pure atmosphere of this lovely season, a picture as beautiful as it is novel to the eye of a stranger. Instead of waving their luxuriant foliage over mountain, hill, and valley, in one rich monotonous hue of living green, they now gradually, one by one, assume colours which, in brilliancy and variety, exceed all description.

The soft maple is the first to commence this gorgeous display, by changing to a rich crimson; the sugar-maple then follows, in similar though more sombre tints, variegated with the yellow of the trembling poplar, the orange and gold of the beech, and the sere brown of the butternut and the basswood, while the sturdy oak still maintains his deep green.

Suddenly as the summer came upon us, it did not find us unprepared to take advantage of its genial influences, and recommence our labours upon the church. On the contrary, we had been making our windows, as well as the panel-work for the pews, reading-desk, &c. during the winter. After going back to the schoolhouse for a few months, while the interior was being fitted up, we had the satisfaction—rendered still more grateful by the partial privation we had endured—of returning again to our own place, now all but completely finished.

On re-opening the church, I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I had a greater number of communicants than ever. And they seemed impressed with a deeper feeling of devotion than I had ever before observed on any similar occasion. A feeling of silent and awful solemnity evidently pervaded the whole congregation, for all were present. Why this was so, I must explain.

I am quite aware that the celebration of the holy Eucharist was never intended as an exhibition to be gazed at by idle lookers on; but, accustomed as I had been to the practice at home, of the non-communicants retiring, it did not occur to me, on the first occasion of the kind, that it was necessary for me to explain it to the people. All, therefore, naturally and reverently remained, to witness the solemnity. On the next occasion, as well as on two or three more, I took no steps to prevent their doing so, for I saw that it produced a beneficial effect. Indeed to this circumstance, conjoined, of course, with others, I do sincerely believe that the rapid increase in the number of my communicants was mainly to be ascribed. And then again, after this, when I considered it my duty no longer to allow the continuance of such an irregularity, now that we were getting all things somewhat in order, the very enforcing of the custom became a powerful instrument in my hands, under the Divine blessing, for adding still more to their number, for few there were who could find in their hearts thus, literally, to turn their backs upon the Lord's table.

While they were allowed to remain to witness the solemnity, the idea never once occurred to them, that they did not in some measure participate in its blessings and privileges. But, to be turned out of the church while some favoured few were to be

partakers of holy mysteries forbidden to themselves, was a thought they could not brook. Not but that some—many, indeed, I am compelled to say, from a morbid apprehension of their unworthiness, or from thoughtless indifference about their eternal welfare—still refused to come.

Time with unflagging wing flew by, and we were again on the verge of another winter, when we were astonished and alarmed by a most extraordinary meteorological phenomenon.

On the morning of the day on which it occurred, the sun rose in a yellow smoky fog; and looked, while it was visible through such a medium, just like "a pale moon;" but this was only for a short time; after an hour or so it became dimmer and dimmer, till, in the increasing density of the fog or smoke, or whatever else it was—for it was never clearly ascertained—it became altogether obscured, just as if it had set. Something like the short twilight we have in this latitude then succeeded, and about noon it became dark, as totally dark as "a moonless midnight."

I was out that morning, two or three miles from home. On my return, just before the darkness was the deepest, on passing some of the farm-houses, I saw the women milking their cows. They had no clocks or watches, and so they thought that by some strange accident or other, the night had overtaken them unawares, before they had deemed the day half done. And what was more extraordinary still, the fowls went to roost—a proof that the instinct of animals is not quite so perfect as it is sometimes represented to be.

In one or two other houses that I passed, the inmates were busily engaged in their devotions, under the fearful impression that the world was coming to an end. Indeed I found afterwards that this idea had generally prevailed throughout the country: at one time I myself thought so.

About two hours after noon, when our minds were wrought up to the most intense excitement, and we trembled under the apprehension of some coming evil—some dreadful catastrophe that was to befal us, but of what nature none could tell, we were terrified and confounded by the most startling peal of thunder I ever heard, and it was as singular as it was appalling; so singular, indeed, that I hardly know how to describe it.

It did not commence with a *Crack*! *Crack*! Crack! as thun-

der generally does when right over head, but with one solitary deafening report, like that of a great cannon, or rather, perhaps, of a great number of cannon discharged at once and together. This was preceded—but only a single instant of time hardly distinguishable — by a bright and vivid flash of forked lightning; and then, when the echoes had died away among the distant mountains, all was as dark again and as still as ever; not a breath of air was stirring—not a sound was heard—no distant rumbling of the receding tempest. It seemed to have concentrated all its force, and expended all its power, in that one fearful and solitary explosion.

The next morning, after the rain, which had fallen in torrents during the night, the whole face of the country was covered, though very slightly, with a yellow dust, very much resembling sulphur. It seemed to have come down with or before the rain, as little accumulations of it were observable in the windings and obstructions of all the watercourses. A quantity of this dust was collected and analysed, but I never heard the result, further than that it was considered of volcanic origin.

In a neighbouring town the spire of a church was struck by the one solitary flash of lightning, and set on fire. It was so high that the engines could not reach it: but the upper part was cut away by some daring raftsmen, and tumbled down; so that the fire was extinguished, and the church saved.

The reader will be satisfied that I have not attached any undue importance to this fearful visitation, when I inform him that it has ever since been marked, in our provincial Almanacs, as "THE DARK DAY."

As soon as there was snow enough for sledging, and the winter roads were good, I received an intimation from the Bishop, that he was about to hold his triennial Visitation. This being the first since my arrival in the diocese, I was much pleased with the prospect of meeting those of my brethren with whom I had already become acquainted, as well as of being introduced to the rest.

A Visitation in North America was, in those days at least, if it be not so now, a very different affair from what is ever witnessed at home. Its public characteristics are similar, with the exception of the number of the clergy. But that in which we were all the most interested was, the opportunity the occasion afforded

of friendly personal intercourse, not only with each other, but with our good, kind, and amiable Bishop. He was indeed as a father to us, and we all looked up to him more in that character than in any other.

This Visitation was not confined to a solemn service in the church, a sermon and a charge, and then a dinner: it lasted three or four days, during which we were all "with one accord in one place," taking sweet counsel together.

The pleasure of dwelling upon these favourable and prosperous circumstances has led me to give only the bright side of the picture. It had, however, like everything else that is fair and beautiful on earth, a sad and a sorrowful reverse.

I have already hinted at a feeling of hostility and opposition which manifested itself on my first arrival, but I have not yet given any adequate idea of its bitterness and malignity. My youth and inexperience were said to incapacitate me for the performance of the high and important duties of my office; my cheerfulness was called inordinate and sinful levity; and, in a word, my conduct altogether was considered to be highly prejudicial to those interests of the Church which I had come into the settlement to promote.

It will, perhaps, be supposed that all these objections were urged by my own people—by the most anxious friends of the Church—by those who held her interests in their hearts, and who, from the best of motives, had been reluctantly compelled to make them. Not so. On the contrary, the most indefatigable and industrious inventors and propagators of these insidious and ill-natured inuendos were among the Dissenters, who were thankful, they said, that I was not their minister: and so, indeed, was I.

These rumours, and others of the same nature, which were bruited abroad throughout our small community, gave me little or no concern; but there were others of a very different kind, affecting my character both as a clergyman and a gentleman. These were communicated to me with great care and precision by an over-officious friend. But they were so vague and absurd, that now, when my knowledge of mankind is more extensive, I can scarcely understand why they should have given me so much *uneasiness.*

CHAPTER VI.

Head-quarters—The Outposts—A Snowdrift—A Parish Clerk—A Ludicrous Scene—A Temple not made with hands—The Reward—A Marriage—The Rectory.

THREE years had now passed away. The church was not only completely finished and furnished, but the spiritual Church therein dwelling was firmly and effectually established in the hearts and affections of the people, at the head-quarters at least, of my wide spreading mission.

To give the reader some idea of its extent, I need only mention that it is now divided into nine distinct and separate missions, with a clergyman to each, except in one place, where, although a church is built and a house provided, and, I believe, a large subscription made towards his salary, they have not yet been able to obtain one. But for all this it must not be imagined that the clergy are as thickly scattered over the country here as in happy England. On the contrary, the distance between the nine stations I have mentioned, varies from fifteen miles to sixty-four!

Extensive as my mission was, my *regular* labours were necessarily circumscribed within much narrower limits.

On Sundays, during summer, I performed divine service at one place fifteen miles off, at eight o'clock in the morning. Then in my own church at eleven. In the evening of the alternate Sundays, taking another horse, I rode nine miles to perform service in a schoolhouse at another settlement, about the same distance from my church, but in an opposite direction. During the winter I had only one morning service, and that in my church, and evening service only every third Sunday at each of the two settlements I have mentioned. This was owing to my taking in another station *eighteen miles off.* My labours at this settlement were *generally, but not exclusively*, confined to the winter, in con

sequence of the bad state of the roads, which were all but impassable during any other season.

Sometimes, indeed, they were bad enough even in winter: on one occasion I had a fearful journey of it. There had been a heavy fall of snow the day before, accompanied by a high wind, which drifted up the roads very much. In one place, about four miles from my destination, my horses fairly stuck fast: I sent my servant to a house, at a little distance, for a shovel, to cut out a path for my leading horse; for I was obliged to drive two, one harnessed in front of the other, as one horse would not have been able to drag my sleigh over the heavy roads; but the trifling favour was denied me, with many ill-natured remarks, on the "sinfu' practice o' breeking the Sabbath that gate: forbye travelling on that holy day." They "did na ken why sax days i' the week should na satisfee ony reasonable body." We had therefore to trample down the snow with our feet for more than a hundred yards, when the noble animals, as if instinctively aware of my anxiety to get on, plunged gallantly through of their own accord, after me. We soon afterwards got into the woods, where, of course, there had been no drifting, and at length arrived at our journey's end within a few minutes of the appointed time. The people, at least the greater part of them, had been waiting for me for hours. They had no clocks, they were all too poor in that settlement to buy them, and they were afraid of being too late. Our substitute for a church, a rude log-hut covered with bark, was crowded to suffocation. I read prayers and preached, and then administered the Sacrament to nearly twenty communicants. After which I christened three or four children, and churched as many women.

The village schoolmaster at this station acted as my clerk, and was particularly officious. On my asking him, in an undertone, after the other services of the day were over, whether there were any women to be churched, he immediately, like the crier of a court, bawled out at the top of his voice, "Any women here to be churched!" Some one approached him and whispered something in his ear, when he again called out in the same loud and commanding tone, "Judy Connor, come for'ard here!" when a bashful and modest looking young woman stepped tremblingly forth from the crowd, into a small open space before

me, which he had, with no little difficulty, kept clear for the purpose. She looked up to him imploringly, as if for further directions, when he made a motion with his hand towards the floor, and with the tone and manner of one in authority, exclaimed, "Down wid ye thin!" He then turned to the assembled multitude with, "Any more women to be churched?" Another whispering followed, and the same scene was enacted again and again. He then turned to me with a low bow, and whispered, "They're all there, ye'r Riverence." I proceeded with the service; and its simple but beautiful adaptation to the circumstances of the young matrons kneeling before me, appeared to impress them with that feeling of devout thanksgiving which it pre-supposes.

After all the services were over, and a thousand kind inquiries made about my own health, and so forth, and as many kind salutations exchanged, the people separated to return to their respective homes, and I to mine: not, however, before I had been compelled, nothing loth, to partake of the principal settler's best fare, consisting of grilled fowl and oaten cake, and I reached my own house a little after midnight, worn out with cold and fatigue.

I visited this settlement the following summer, on Trinity Sunday I think it was, when I had a congregation of more than three hundred, far more, of course, than the log-hut would contain. I therefore performed the service in the open air, or rather, under the shade of the lofty and majestic trees of the forest. My voice was indeed, literally, that of "one crying in the wilderness." It was a wild and moving scene. The most gorgeous temple, with its Gothic arches, its groined and fretted roof, its marble pavement and its high altar, all faded into insignificance before the dignity of such a shrine as this. From my elevated position, on the trunk of a huge elm-tree, some five or six feet in diameter, and which had been recently felled, I cast my eye over the dense crowd of those sincere simple-minded worshippers of Him "who dwelleth not in temples made with hands." They were kneeling before me on the cold damp earth, amid the rank weeds of the wilderness, with the everlasting forest over their heads, and responded in one solemn and harmonious voice to my prayer to "God the father of heaven to

have mercy upon us." During the service I baptized four children.

This was perhaps the most interesting circumstance of the whole. I had had no previous notice of these baptisms, nor had my clerk; there was consequently nothing provided as a substitute for a font, the people had not once thought of it, and we were at a considerable distance from any house. I had, however, even then, been too long a missionary to be at a loss for an expedient in such an exigency.

There was a brook at a little distance. Its source was from the fissure of a rock in the mountain hard by, and after winding its course for about a mile, it fell into a small lake, the glassy surface of which I could see from whence I stood. I blessed this crystal fountain altogether, and, stooping down, I dipped my hand into an eddying little pool into which the lively water flowed, and this was my primitive baptismal font.

I afterwards administered the Sacrament of the holy Communion to upwards of fifty communicants, all at once, and there was ample room at our spacious altar for many more.

"Ye are paid for your labours!" is sometimes tauntingly said to us by our enemies. And so in truth we are, and far better too than they are aware of.

I was paid, triumphantly paid, for all the labours, sacrifices, and distresses of three years' duration, when I opened my church; and I was amply paid, too, for all the toilsome and weary journeys I had made to the settlement, where it occurred, by witnessing the scene I have just described. Such instances as these bring in large amounts at once, but smaller *fees* of a like kind came pouring in continually. Yes! we are well paid, but in a coin which sordid, money-counting men know nothing of.

On one of my subsequent visits to this settlement I had to cross this very lake on the ice. It was the latter end of the winter, and the ice was not thought strong enough to bear a horse. When I got to the shore I met eight young men, who were watching my coming, to warn me of my danger and to assist me. They took my horses out and tied them to a tree, and then dragged me over in my sleigh themselves; and, after service in a house on the opposite shore, they brought me back again in the same manner.

This settlement was quite a new one; I myself, indeed, was the founder of it. The Protestant portion of the Irish immigrants that came to my neighbourhood always applied to me for advice and assistance in obtaining the grants of land which the Government, at that period, was in the habit of making. I did what I could for them; but my endeavours to serve them were, either from their own carelessness or other causes, seldom successful. I therefore applied to the Governor, to whom I had the honour to be personally known before I left England, for permission to locate these poor people myself at once, without the intervention of any Government agent. His Excellency kindly acceded to my request, limiting me, however, to this particular township, which was at that time a wild tract of country. I immediately got a number of location-tickets printed. These contained the conditions under which the land was granted, which conditions must be fulfilled before the grantee can get his patent from the Crown. I inserted on the ticket the number of the lot and the applicant's name, and signed my own, taking care, before I gave them that ticket, to ascertain that they were sober, steady, and industrious men. This settlement is now in a very flourishing condition, with a church and a clergyman of its own.

As to the settlement I have mentioned, in which I had service so early on a Sunday morning, I shall say nothing further about it here, but that it rapidly rose into importance, and will occupy a very prominent position in a subsequent part of my narrative.

The other two settlements to which I have adverted were very similar to the one where my head-quarters were established, only not so populous. They contained a few respectable families, with which I had frequent and friendly intercourse. As to one in particular, there were powerful inducements to a young man, as I then was, to cultivate an acquaintance; and, as I am not writing a romance, I may as well say at once, without further circumlocution, that I married one of the daughters. This was an event of the greatest importance to me, not only in a domestic point of view, but also as regarded my professional duties. The family I had thus become connected with was highly respectable, and very much esteemed by the whole neighbourhood; it consequently had a good deal of influence, and this increased my own.

Shortly after this event my mission was erected into a parish,

and I was regularly instituted and inducted as the incumbent rector. This circumstance also added something to my influence, and, as a natural consequence, when such influence is properly employed, to my usefulness in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. Names and titles, however much we may affect to despise them, have more weight even with ourselves than, in our pride and pretended independence, we are willing to admit; while by the great mass of the people they are held in still higher estimation, notwithstanding they also affect to despise them: nay, even the "free and enlightened citizens" (save the mark!) of the neighbouring republic, strange and anomalous as it may appear, attach more, much more importance to titles than we do.

Whatever was the cause, I was more looked up to, and my example more carefully followed, than formerly, as the following instances will abundantly prove. Besides my glebe, which was in a wild state, with the exception of three or four acres around my house, I had a small farm. It was soon discovered or imagined that I had a most perfect knowledge of agriculture; and my management of it became the practice of the parish. It was also discovered from my servants that I had family prayers in my house, when a printed form was so urgently demanded by my parishioners for their own use, that I got a number printed from the one I used myself, and gave a copy to any one who would promise to use it. I had often before endeavoured to impress upon them the necessity and importance of this duty, but apparently without effect.

CHAPTER VII.

A Journey—The Indians—Squaws—Papooses—Bark Canoes—A Snag—An Accident—The Encampment—Starvation—The Relief—Home.

I HAVE hitherto spoken only of my head-quarters station, and of those settlements which were near enough to it to be somewhat regularly visited, without interfering with my duties at my church; but the more distant settlements which were comprised within my extensive charge occupied a large portion of my time. There were six principal ones, each of which has now a church and a clergyman of its own. Two of these I visited once every winter, and the others once during the summer, so that each had divine service only once a year. These winter journeys were generally so similar to those to the less distant settlements which I have already described, that I may pass over them without further notice. Not so one of my summer journeys to the most distant station of all, or rather to several, for there were two or three settlements in that section of the country. In this journey I had to pass through a wild, uninhabited region, for more than seventy miles in an open boat, rowed or pushed up the river with long poles. The passage occupied two tedious days and an equal number of unsheltered nights. It may convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the magnitude of this river, to which I have more than once alluded, when I inform him that in broad daylight we missed the channel in one place, and got behind a point of land, where we worked our way for some miles before we perceived our mistake. When I reached my destination I married seven couples, and baptized seventeen children and three adults. I was two Sundays absent, during which time I read prayers and preached in schoolhouses and private dwellings eleven times to crowded and attentive congregations.

In this section of the country there are now not fewer than four churches and as many missionaries, each of whom has an extensive

and laborious charge. It is true that the country was not near so populous then as it is now; yet, even at that period, there was an ample field of duty for several clergymen. "The harvest truly was great, but the labourers were few;" and few indeed they still continue to be, when compared with the many destitute settlements which have since been formed throughout that trackless wilderness of woods, which, when I traversed it, could hardly boast of a single inhabitant.

For the means of returning, I had to depend upon any chance boat that might be going down the river. But not hearing of any, and the week fast wearing away, and being very anxious to get back to my church before the following Sunday, I took advantage of the return of some Indians from their hunting excursion, and after some difficulty secured a passage in one of their small bark canoes. I went on board about five o'clock on a fine summer evening, only a few minutes before the dinner hour at the house where I had been staying. I had eaten nothing since an early breakfast; my friends, as I then accounted them, neglected to give me any provisions. I charitably thought at the time, that this extraordinary and cruel negligence might be ascribed to their want of knowledge of Indian habits and modes of living; but afterwards, when I knew them better, and found that they had had constant intercourse with these Indians for more than twenty years, I was compelled to impute their conduct to a less pardonable motive. May God forgive them, as I did.

Silently we glided along the smooth surface of the water, impelled by the light paddles of the Indians, till we had made about seven miles. We then landed at a little clearing, where there was a green and grassy bank. Here we encamped for the night. The sun had set, and the night was fast approaching. I, of course, had neither tent nor blanket; and although I was famishing with hunger, they would give me nothing to eat. I wandered about in search of wild berries, which generally abound in such places; but it immediately got so dark that I could not find any. Indeed, if it had been daylight, I should probably have met with no better success, as it was much too early in the season. On returning to the camp, I was furiously assailed by all their dogs, and they were not a few, until an Indian put his head out of his tent and pacified them. I then wrapped my cloak

around me, and laid me down upon the wet grass, for the dew had by this time fallen heavily. I tried to sleep, but for several long and tedious hours I could not. At length—it must have been, I think, but just before the morning dawned—a deep sleep came over me, and my sufferings were forgotten. The sun was up and high in the heavens when I woke. At first I could not conceive where I could be, till, on looking round, I saw my rude companions at their breakfast; but not the slightest morsel could I obtain from them—no, not by the most earnest entreaties. I offered them money—a dollar for what to them was not worth a hundredth part of it. But, no! I might as well have offered it to their dogs, for all the notice they deigned to take of me or it. I had now been more than twenty-four hours without food, and the gnawings of hunger began to be acutely felt.

Again we started, after a long and tedious preparation; and they paddled along, in their usual lazy and listless manner, for two or three hours, when some accident befel the canoe which accompanied us; for there were two families of Indians, and each had one. This untoward circumstance compelled them to put ashore again soon after mid-day, to repair the damage.

The squaws, after sticking their papooses * up against a tree, immediately set to work to gather a few dry sticks and light a fire, in order to cook their dinner; while the men were patching up the hole which a snag † had made in the bottom of the canoe.

When their dinner was served up, the sight of food naturally excited me to try and get a share of it, and I made a more

* The infants of Indians are so called. They are strapped or tightly bandaged to a slab of wood. This slab is a little longer than the child, and their mothers, when they carry them, sling them over their backs, where they hang suspended by a strap which passes round the mother's forehead; and when the squaws stop to rest themselves they just stick these boards up against a tree, or stump, or anything else, or hang them on a branch by the strap.

† This is an American term for a tree washed up by the roots from the banks of a river, and then floated away, till the root, being heavy with clay and gravel, sinks, while the top, all the branches being generally broken off, floats with the current, and so little above the surface, as hardly to be perceived. *These snags will* sometimes run through the bottom of a *steamer. A vessel going with* the current generally runs over them with *impunity. In our case some* rough knot, or the broken remains of a branch, *had scratched the bottom of* the frail canoe, and torn a hole in it.

strenuous effort to obtain it than I had done before. But again I failed, and again I was saluted with that cold and scornful laugh which is peculiar to savages.

The accident to the canoe turned out to be of a more serious nature than they had supposed, and the damage took them all that afternoon to repair; so that here we had to remain all night, although only some twelve or fifteen miles from our last night's encampment. The squaws therefore about sunset prepared their supper, when the same cruel conduct towards me was again exhibited. I was suffering dreadfully: the gnawings of hunger were painful to a degree far beyond my power to describe. What would I not have given for a morsel of bread! I was actually driven to violence. I stamped and stormed at them, first in English, and then in French; but I might as well have done it in Greek for all they cared. Anything was better than their cold and sullen apathy, and I determined to rouse them from it and compel them to notice me. I seized by his lank, black greasy hair a little Indian lad, who was sitting on the ground, and pulling him over on his back, attempted to snatch from him the remains of his supper; but the stronger arm of a stalwart savage interfered, and, with the usual scornful laugh, he pushed me aside.

Here we remained all night, again under the bright starlit canopy of heaven. To me it was almost a sleepless night; and the few moments of repose which I did get were disturbed by dreams of feasting, from which I awoke to all the painful realities of starvation.

Before the sun rose the next morning, the Indians were astir and busily engaged in their re-embarkation. They now seemed actuated by an alacrity I never saw them manifest before. This haste, as I found out afterwards, was occasioned by their anxiety to get down before night to the settlement to which I was bound. We moved along more swiftly than we had done before; the men exerted themselves more, and the current was more rapid. This cheered me with a distant hope of relief. But I could not wait; food I must have. I had now been more than two days and two nights without it; and seeing the party at their breakfast, as we glided down the stream, almost drove me wild; but not a single morsel would they give me.

I watched all their movements during their meal, as may well be supposed, with an anxious and a longing eye. And it was well for me I did so, as by that means I managed to obtain some little relief from the intolerable hunger under which, in spite of my youth and strength, I must have sunk.

A dirty little urchin of a boy had got his portion of their thick maize soup, in an old rusty tin cup. This he ate without a spoon, dipping it up with his fingers, casting a furtive glance at me every mouthful he took, as if afraid of an attack similar to the one I had made upon his brother the night before. I did not, however, molest him, nor did I feel the slightest inclination to do so. I had repented of my former violence; but I keenly and anxiously noted the gradually increasing depth at which I could see the food in the cup. I did this in the hope that he might perchance, after gorging himself, leave a little—a very little—at the bottom, which I might obtain either without notice or without opposition.

When the boy had done, I offered to take the cup from him; but, no! even this slight boon was denied me; and after some observation from an older savage in a language I did not understand—accompanied, however, with the "laugh" which *was* intelligible—the little wretch, with a grin, set it down at his feet for the dogs. But the brutes were less hungry than I was; they would not eat it, but merely licked round the sides of the cup, and then left it. And there it stood in the bottom of the canoe, unnoticed and forgotten. I seized the precious treasure, and secured it as my own, with a voracity which excited the laughter and merriment of the whole crew—if, indeed, Indians ever can be said to be merry.

I found out afterwards that this extraordinary conduct of the Indians towards me was owing to my going on board without a bottle or two of "fire-water" to present to them.

The first habitation I reached, after this sad and perilous voyage of nearly seventy miles, belonged to a gentleman from the Highlands of Scotland, under whose hospitable roof I knew I should feel myself at home. I well remember, long ago as it is—not less than a quarter of a century—when, on passing a point of land jutting out into the river, I caught the first glimpse of his house, how cheering was the sight of the thin vapoury

smoke curling up from his chimney into the blue heavens. And to what a long and wearisome length were those last remaining five miles extended; and how much more lazily the Indians, in their phlegmatic apathy, paddled along—their exertions seemed, in my impatience, to decrease as we approached our journey's end. The river here widened out into something like a lake; and the canoe glided so slowly over the water, that it hardly seemed to move at all, and left not a ripple in its wake. The sun was still high in the heavens, their camp-ground for the night they now could see, and to reach it at his setting was all they cared for. Not so, however, their suffering passenger. Many a long and anxious look I bent upon the shore, and thought we never should have reached it. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and mine was sick indeed before that tedious day was done, for not till then was my foot upon the shore.

I offered a couple of dollars to the Indians for my passage, but, with the same hideous laugh I have so often mentioned, they scornfully refused them. I hastened with all the speed my exhausted frame and cramped and stiffened limbs would permit to the house of my friend. On my reaching it, my emaciated looks, together with my eager demand for something to eat, convinced my kind and considerate host that I had been suffering from want of food. Before he would allow my request to be complied with, he ascertained from me the fact, that I had been nearly three days and two nights without the slightest sustenance, save the trifling supply I have mentioned. Fortunately for me he had himself once been in a similar condition when deer-stalking among his native mountains; and he afterwards told me that on his return home he suffered more from the inconsiderateness of his family, in allowing him to gratify the full cravings of his appetite, than he had previously done during the whole time of his distressing privation.

The family were just sitting down to dinner as I entered. They expected me down that evening, but in a very different plight, and after waiting dinner for me a long time, had only just given me up. I thought myself most fortunate in arriving at so propitious a moment. But, no! my host was as bad as the Indians; he would not let me touch a morsel. A few spoonfuls of gravy soup, and about half a glass of wine, he, however, did

vouchsafe to give me. I then threw myself upon the sofa, and instantly fell into a sound and refreshing sleep. After a couple of hours he woke me, and permitted me to feast upon all the dainties that had been so tantalizingly spread before me during my disturbed slumbers of the previous night. I never shall forget the luxury of that dinner!

On my reaching home the next day, the joyous welcome from my dear wife, if it did not repay me for all my sufferings, made me certainly forget them.. Indeed I hardly knew, till now, what it really was to have a home. It is true that for a year or two I had had a house of my own, and this I called my home. But I could not associate with the term any of those domestic enjoyments which had formerly been so inseparably connected with the warmest affections of my heart. It seemed, indeed, a desecration of the term to call it *home*, when all about it was so cold and solitary. Now, however, the scene was changed, and all was bright and beautiful; in short, I was no longer a stranger in a strange land. My adopted country had in every sense of the word become my home; and if anything was wanting to complete the charm, it was supplied, a few months after my return from this fearful journey, by the birth of my firstborn child.

CHAPTER VIII.

Attachment to the Church—A Discussion—An Incident—A Portrait—A Methodist Preacher—A Catechetical Examination—A Sermon—Dissenters' Chapels or Meeting-Houses—Resident Clergy.

My parish duties had by this time been brought into a uniform and satisfactory state, well defined and clearly understood, both by my flock and myself. The Church was firmly and effectually established in the hearts and affections of my people. Their attachment to it was very different from that which obtains with many sectarians towards their peculiar notions or system, who can change their religion, as they call it, with the same facility as they can their garments. The religious sentiments of my people were not founded upon mere opinion, but upon a principle of faith—of a faith, deep, pure, and abiding—an unshaken and unswerving belief that the previous promises of the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus belong to, and can be claimed by, the true members of that Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, which he has graciously deigned in his mercy to establish; yet without that narrow-minded bigotry which excludes from the Divine mercy those who have been led astray by the erring zeal of unauthorized and ignorant teachers, into the mazy labyrinths of that heterodoxical confusion which originated in man's devices, and which has been cherished, and nurtured, and kept alive by the wildest fanaticism.

This broad assertion must, however, be understood with some qualification, inasmuch as there were among my congregation several exceptions — several waverers, halting between two opinions.

One of these, who was piously inclined, said to me one day when I met him in the road, and had a long talk with him about the Church, "I do not know, sir, how it is, but an extempore *prayer does* seem to go to the heart far more warmly than a set *form; and therefore* I cannot help thinking, sometimes, that it *must be better.*"

"You yourself, my good friend," I replied, "may possibly be more to blame for this than the despised form;" and I added emphatically, as I laid my hand kindly on his shoulder, "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

"Well! well!" he said, after a moment of deep reflection, "it is certainly very, *very* strange, that, often as I have read the passage, I never should have noticed that expression."

"Say rather, that *command*," was my reply.

He was a plain, simple, well-meaning man, with little or no education; but possessed of a sufficient share of good common-sense to perceive, and feel, the force of this and other arguments which I made use of. He and all his household are now, and have been for years, staunch and zealous members of the Church. And, what is better still, the influence of his example has been more widely extended, and more beneficially felt, than could reasonably have been anticipated from his humble station in life.

One Sunday after morning service, as I was riding slowly along through the woods towards one of those distant settlements I have mentioned, where I had an evening service, a strange-looking man on horseback overtook and joined me. He was tall and thin, almost to deformity. His countenance, that index of the inner man, was so warped and twisted, that I could not read it. His forehead I could not see, for his broad-brimmed hat was pulled tightly over it, down even to his rough and shaggy eye-brows. His eyes, the only good feature in his face, were bright, but deeply set; and, except for a certain cunning sinister expression, they might have been called handsome. His nose was long and straight and pointed. His ears were large and thick, high up in his head, and bent out underneath his hat. His mouth was pursed up and drawn down at the corners, and had an expression of inordinate self-esteem; and his chin was so diminutive as hardly to deserve the name.

He was mounted on what might not inaptly be termed a well-conditioned stout horse, quite competent to bear his weight, and that of his well-filled saddlebags to boot. These last appendages, together with his little narrow white cravat, drawn round his long neck with a tightness which seemed to threaten strangulation, convinced me, at the first glance, that my companion was

a Methodist preacher. If I had entertained a doubt upon the subject, his first salutation would have dispelled it.

"It's a blessed day, sir, for which we ought to be thankful to Him who maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good." As much as to say "upon you and me," and almost as plainly too; so I made a slight inclination of my head, but made no other reply to his remark, in the hope that if he met with no encouragement to talk, he would pass on and leave me to my own reflections. But, no! he slackened his pace, and we jogged on together. A long and, apparently to my fellow-traveller, an embarrassing pause ensued. He evidently thought that we *must* enter into conversation, and that the whole responsibility of commencing, and keeping it up, rested upon himself. At length he addressed me again, by abruptly asking me if I had ever thought anything about my soul. Although somewhat amused and astonished at so extraordinary a question, I gave him an answer in the affirmative; and added, that I thought every one, even the greatest reprobate, must and did sometimes think about his soul. "Nay more," I continued, unconsciously becoming interested in the subject, "the unbidden thought will doubtless sometimes cross the mind of the professed infidel, 'that he may possibly *have* a soul,' and then he must, in spite of himself, reflect upon what its future destiny may be; so that every man who answers your question honestly, must be compelled to say 'Yes!'"

"You seem to be a man of a serious and reflective turn of mind," he replied.

I slightly bowed to the compliment, but remained silent; and he continued his catechetical inquiries. "Pray, sir, may I ask, what means of grace do you attend?"

"If you mean to ask," I replied, "as I presume you do, what place of worship I frequent, I answer, the Church."

"But what church?" he instantly and eagerly inquired.

This query was a startling one. I had never before heard of the assumption by sectarians, common as I subsequently found it, of the designation of "a Church;" and therefore I said, "*Although* I do not exactly understand your meaning, yet *I will endeavour to* answer your question. In the Scriptures of *the New Testament,* no allusion is made to any Church but the

one established by our blessed Saviour, and his immediate followers, under three distinct and separate orders in the priesthood; and the sacred temple, dedicated to God and set apart for divine worship in the village yonder, called the parish church, and belonging to this Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, is the Church I meant.

He dropped his bridle upon his horse's neck as suddenly as if a viper had stung him, clasped his gloveless hands with their long bony fingers tightly together, turned up his eyes to the heavens and absolutely groaned aloud, as he retorted with no small degree of warmth, "What! Dost thee call that steeple-house yonder," turning half round in his saddle as he spoke, and pointing over his shoulder with his thumb to my church, which happened just then to be visible through an opening in the dense forest—"that glittering gewgaw that pretendeth to raise into the high heavens the accursed emblem of her who sits enthroned, in the blood of the faithful, upon the seven hills of Antichrist; that"—"A simple cross," I parenthetically interposed, in a deprecating tone and manner, "to remind us"—but he did not permit me to say more—I had started the alarum and it must run down. Not however to follow him through his long oration, suffice it to say that he concluded with—"and canst thou bring thyself to call *that* the Church?"

"In this parish, most assuredly," I replied, somewhat piqued at the contemptuous terms in which he alluded to that particular portion of the sacred edifice which I had reared with so much trouble and anxiety; and turning back to look in the direction he pointed, I caught a glimpse of that glorious spire, with its metal covering glistening like burnished gold in the bright sunshine. At the sight my feelings, which had been slightly ruffled by the rude remark of my fanatical companion, were instantly soothed. "Yes!" I said to myself, "there is indeed that

"Tapering spire,
That points to heaven and leads the way."

"The small body of worshippers," said I, continuing to address him, "which assembles there in Christian fellowship and saintly communion, constitutes a portion of the mystical body of Christ's Holy *Catholic Church; so that* you see I am right, in every *sense of the word, when I* say that I attend the Church."

"I fear, my friend," he rejoined in a patronising tone, "that thou art still wandering to and fro, like the children of Israel, in the Wilderness of *Sin (!)* and have not read the Scripture which saith, 'that if the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch.' "

I was amused, not only at his mistaking the real name of the Wilderness for a metaphorical one, but also at the violent attack he had thus unknowingly made upon myself; and I said, interrogatively, "You are acquainted, then, with the person who ministers in that Church?"

"Oh! no," he said, "I am not, nor do I wish to be; for what concord hath Christ or his servants with Belial?"

As I made no answer to this, he evidently believed that that Scripture had convinced me of the error of my ways, and he continued, in a lower and more familiar tone, "No! no! the Gospel is never preached there, I can assure thee of that; they know nothing there about its regenerating influences. They believe, indeed, that the new birth consists in throwing a little cold water upon a squalling infant's face; and all their other heartless forms and ceremonies are just as cold. And, as to true and vital godliness, they know nothing about it. The Gospel, forsooth!" he triumphantly exclaimed, "No! no! Thou wilt never hear the Gospel in that place; and if you wish your soul to be saved, never go there again."

"Where, then, *can* I go?" I inquired with some curiosity. At this moment we arrived at a farm-house, where, from my previous knowledge of the sentiments of its occupant, I conjectured that I should lose my companion; nor was I mistaken. In turning off from the road towards it, he replied, "If thou wilt come this evening, at seven o'clock, to Mr. Hagar's house, thou wilt hear a Gospel sermon, from a Gospel minister; and then thou wilt know where thou ought to go!"

"At that hour, then," I rejoined, "God willing, I shall be there."

He stopped, and I heard him say to the farmer who had come out to the little wicket-gate in front of his house to receive him, *something about* "plucking a brand from the burning."

I was well known to this farmer, who saluted me as I passed. *After riding on a little* way, I looked back, and saw my com-

panion in earnest conversation with him, and as they were looking after me, I naturally concluded that I was the subject of it. I performed my evening service in the public schoolhouse, and when it was over I went to a friend's house to rest myself and my horse for a couple of hours, and then rode back to the village. On reaching Mr. Hagar's house, which was about half a mile from my own, I dismounted, and tying my horse to the garden-fence, I went in to hear, from the "Gospel minister, the Gospel sermon" which he had promised me. The service had commenced, and had proceeded as far as the giving out of the text; I just caught the words as I gently opened the door—they were from Rev. xv. 2: "And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire."

Struck as I was with the strangeness of the text, I was much more astonished at the attempt he made to explain it. In a loud and monotonous tone of voice, indicative of self-importance and authority, he thus began: "Glass, my brethren, is a clear metal, which giveth light unto man!" And when he had made this philosophical declaration, he paused, and cast his eye all round the audience, as if to see that this exhibition of his superior knowledge was duly appreciated; but when he perceived that I was present, his countenance fell, and his loud and confident tone was changed into nervous stammering. He soon, however, recovered himself, and went on fluently enough with his discourse; which, however, consisted of little else but trite sayings and cant phrases, repeated as often as the words composing them would admit of transposition.

When I got home I noted down, as a curiosity, one portion of his sermon. After disposing of the "glass," which he did rather summarily, he got upon the subject of "fire," upon which word he rung the changes, till all in heaven and earth, and under the earth, was exhausted. "Fire, my brethren," he said, "is a word of awful import. What is more frightful than the cry of 'fire' in a crowded city? But what is that compared with the fire from heaven which consumed, as in a moment, the forty sons of the prophets? When ye burn a slack,* the roaring of the

* "A slack" is the term used to designate the completion of the first work required to be done in making a new "clearing." The brushwood and large trees are all cut down, and the branches lopped off from the

fire is fearful to hear, and the sight awful to behold; but what is that compared with the fire which ran along the ground all over Egypt? The fire of a volcano, like that of Ætna or of Vesuvius, is terrible, but it dwindles down into nothing when compared to the fire of the Holy Mount on the issuing of the Law to the ancient people of God. The fiery serpents which set the camp of the Israelites in flames; the fire that issued from the bowels of the earth, when it opened to swallow up Corah and his rebellious company; the fire at the burning of Jerusalem; the fire at the conflagration of Moscow, or the great fire of London;—what are they all, my brethren, when compared with the fire which burns before the throne continually, or that 'sea of fire,' whose smoke ascendeth up for ever and ever, where the wicked shall be confined in chains of blackness and darkness, until the coming of the great day, when —" and after running on through many other examples, he wound up all by saying, "And this, my brethren, is the fire that the Apostle alludeth to, which we can only 'now see through a glass darkly'—'And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire.'"

After the strange service had been concluded, I went up to the preacher and spoke kindly to him. He attempted something of an apology, founded upon his ignorance of my profession and character, for his talking to me as he had done in the afternoon.

I assured him I had taken no offence; and that the fulfilment of my promise to come and hear him preach was a proof of it; and "You and your people," I added, "can return the compliment next Sunday, and come and hear me." They did so, and some of them continued to attend our services, and became exemplary members of the Church; but the preacher himself was not one of the number.

Trifling as this incident may seem, I have thus particularly recorded it, on account of its important bearing upon the success of my endeavours to rid my parish of Dissenters. *I did succeed;* and by the mildest of means—I let them alone. They abused my Church in their sermons. They even attacked me

latter. After they have lain long enough to become withered and dry, fire is applied, which sweeps off everything except the trunks of the trees. These are afterwards piled in heaps, and burned; and then the land is ready for sowing with wheat or other grain, which only requires to be harrowed in to produce an excellent crop.

personally, especially in their prayers; begging that "God would open the eyes of the blind leader of the blind, who had, in this benighted settlement, placed himself on high, assuming the robes of Aaron as a teacher in Israel;" with a great variety of other compliments of a similar character. But all would not do. They could not provoke me to reply to their attacks, much less to attack them in return. In short I did not give them a chance of making out a case of persecution; and the result was, as I anticipated, they came to nought.

I am sorry to say that these remarks only apply to my parish, properly so called. Indeed the duties we perform at the distant settlements, tend rather, I fear, to increase dissent than to diminish it. These duties are so irregular and so often interrupted, that if they be productive of any serious and religious impressions, such impressions are immediately laid hold of, by the indefatigable zeal of dissenting preachers, who are to be found in every settlement, however small. And while they foster and cherish them, they naturally endeavour, and too often successfully, so to twist and distort them, as, in the end, to make them subserve their own purposes—the swelling of their own ranks.

Our people are first led astray by the most artful and insidious arguments, such as the following:—"Surely you'll go to 'meeting' to-day; you have no service of your own; and all the difference between us and your church consists in mere matters of outward form. We are all aiming at the same end;" and so forth. They do go; at first, perhaps, with reluctance, and return with disgust. But the second time they are more easily persuaded to go; and then the service does not appear so *very* different from their own as they at first thought: and thus, after a few months, they begin to wonder how they could ever have been so prejudiced against it. At length a subscription is set on foot for a meeting-house. They are of course called upon, and fancy they must give something towards it; and they cannot brook the idea that this something should be less than what their neighbours give: and so the building is erected and finished, and pews appropriated to them, for their liberal contributions. These pews they occupy with their families; and, in short, become members, to all *intents and* purposes, of some schismatical and *sectarian community.*

Sometimes these meeting-houses are got up under the most specious pretences of liberality, and are called free churches, that is to say, they are to be open to all denominations. A chapel of this description was erected, and by such means, in one of those neighbouring settlements to which I have frequently adverted. Our people were more numerous in this settlement than those of any other denomination, and therefore it could not well be built without their assistance. To obtain this, they proposed that half the Sunday should be appropriated to our occupation of it, while the other half should be divided between all the other denominations who might wish to use it. The bait took; our people subscribed liberally, and a large and commodious building was erected. But the half—the full half of the Sunday, so generously appropriated to the services of the Church, was confined to the forenoon, when they knew I would not and could not attend, being engaged with my morning service in my own parish; while the afternoon, the only portion of the day the dissenters wished to occupy it, was exclusively appropriated to them. The natural consequence was, as the originators of the scheme anticipated, that I never entered its doors. So much in proof of the necessity of a resident clergyman in every settlement.

CHAPTER IX.

The Hailstorm—Schools.—Travelling.—Pecuniary Affairs.

I HAVE dwelt on such circumstances and occurrences as are peculiar to a missionary's life, and to the field of his labours, in this wild and far-off country; and I have said very little, perhaps too little, about my regular routine of duties. The only apology I have to offer is simply to state, that these duties, important as they are, and ever have been, and occupying, as they do, nearly the whole of my time, being in fact the labour of my life, are nevertheless so similar to those of every parish in England, with some exceptions perhaps in the manufacturing districts, and consequently so well known, as to render any other than an incidental mention of them not only uninteresting, but tedious and superfluous. In pursuance, therefore, of the course I have adopted, I shall here mention one of those peculiar occurrences which took place precisely at the period at which I have now arrived in my narrative.

The circumstance to which I allude was one of those violent and fearful convulsions of the elements which people at "home" suppose to be confined to climates within the tropics, but which do, nevertheless, sometimes, and not unfrequently, occur in North America.

On my way to visit a school in one of my distant settlements, one very hot and sultry day about the middle of July, I was riding very leisurely along the road by the side of the river, or rather of the lake into which it had there extended itself; I had travelled some four or five miles, when I observed two large black masses of clouds rising up very rapidly, in the north-west and west, to a great height, although the lower part of them still rested on the horizon. When they had attained their utmost elevation, they began to advance slowly towards each other, evidently bent on mischief. This I knew from the little angry flashes of lightning which at intervals darted from them during

their progress. All this time, about half an hour, the stillness of the close and sultry atmosphere was disturbed by little whirling eddies of wind, which here and there swept the dust from the road, and the dry leaves from about the fences, raising them, in spiral gyrations, high up into the air. One, indeed, was of a very different and much more violent description. It tore up by the roots a large elm-tree within a hundred paces of me, although where I stood I felt not a breath of air. These were indications of a coming conflict which could not be mistaken; and on looking round I perceived that it was not to be confined to the two formidable-looking combatants I have mentioned. There were two other masses of cloud coming up at a more rapid rate, one after each of the two former, which they very much resembled. I was by this time not far from a friend's house, and pushed on for shelter before the collision should take place. I just got within his doors in time.

The wind blew, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and in less than one minute the ground was white with hailstones as large as marbles. Then there was a pause in the tempest, only, however, to commence again with redoubled fury. In a few minutes another of the moving masses of black clouds came up, like some gigantic ship of war, to join in the combat. Slowly and majestically it approached to within point-blank range of its antagonist, when crash went the whole of its dreadful artillery at once, and another shower of hailstones of a larger size, which when examined appeared to have an outer layer of ice a quarter of an inch thick around them, came hurtling through the still air with a strange and hissing noise, something like what one hears on approaching a rapid torrent: and now came up the last mass of cloud. The wind instantly rose to a perfect hurricane, —the thunder pealed incessantly,—flash after flash, with increasing intensity, followed each other in such quick succession that the whole heavens seemed wrapped in a sheet of livid flame; and the hailstones, enlarged again with another layer of ice, were driven with such violence against the front of the house in which I had taken shelter, as to break not only the glass of the windows, but the frames also, and to scatter them in fragments all over the rooms. I measured several of the hailstones which fell last, and found them from five to seven inches in circumference;

and I heard afterwards that a gentleman who lived on an island in the lake, to which the storm was nearly confined, found some that measured nine inches round. The storm, as I have said, was confined within very narrow limits, or the damage would have been very great. So narrow and circumscribed indeed were those limits, that when I got home, and went into my garden to see, as I anticipated, my ruined hotbed frames, not a single pane was broken. The storm had not reached my house, nor the village where it was situated.

Within my mission, the limits of which were not exactly laid down, as it extended indefinitely into the far off settlements in the "backwoods," I had to superintend no fewer than fifteen schools. They were of course widely scattered over this whole range of country, which was badly provided with the means of communication. The roads were miserable; some of them hardly passable, except in winter. Steamers there were none, and yet I had to travel through all these settlements to visit these schools at stated periods, all at least except three, which were situated in those very distant settlements I have mentioned in a former chapter. These three I visited only when I happened to be on the spot for the performance of my clerical duties.

We had no classical or other superior school in the district. All those which were established were entirely confined to elementary instruction, and received some little pecuniary aid from the Government towards their support. Religion formed no part of the system of instruction; so that my duties were circumscribed within limits much more narrowly defined than I could have wished.

I had to send a notice to the teacher that I would visit his school on a certain day, when the other visitors, selected from among the inhabitants, usually met me. We had to examine into the progress the pupils had made, as well as everything else touching the temporal wellbeing and prosperity of the school.

I had also a Sunday-school to establish and to attend to. I could not succeed in establishing more than one, and that was at my head-quarters. This of course was very different in its constitution and character from the day-schools, and entirely under my own control and management. Too much so, indeed, as

was obliged very generally to teach it myself, that is to say, whenever my other duties would permit me.

The visiting of these day-schools added not a little to my labours. But there were other duties to which I have not yet adverted, that contributed still more to increase them, and that to an almost overwhelming extent. In addition to visiting the sick and burying the dead, I was sometimes called upon to go from ten to twenty miles to marry people; and to baptize children that were either too far off to be brought to the church, or were sick, or at least were said to be so.

On one occasion I was called upon one Saturday morning, I well remember it yet, to marry a couple at a settlement fifteen miles off. I started very early, and got back about five o'clock in the evening; weary and almost worn out, more by the excessive heat than by the length of the journey, and was very thankful to return to my comfortable home. But on giving my horse, which was about as tired as myself, to my servant, I was informed that a man was waiting for me, and had been for several hours, to go with him twenty-five miles to see his wife, who was thought to be at the very point of death. I directed my servant to give the man his dinner, and got my own; and then immediately set off with him on a fresh horse, and arrived at my journey's end about ten o'clock at night. I found the poor woman very ill, worse indeed than she had been represented to be. I sat up and talked and prayed with her, or read to her, till four o'clock in the morning, when her happy spirit ascended to Him who gave it.

I then threw myself on a sofa, which I found in an adjoining room, for an hour or two, and starting again for home, got there in time to take a hasty breakfast, and to dress for church, at eleven.

Morning service over, I rode nine miles to one of my outposts, for evening service; and then home once more.

I was up early the next morning, in order to be off in time for the poor woman's funeral, which was to be at ten o'clock, by my *own appointment.* As I mounted my horse, my servant, a raw *but well-meaning Irish* lad, said to me—"An is 't aff agin ye *are? Sure an the horses* 'll be kilt, if the maister hisself is n't." "*I cannot help it,* John," I replied; "I must go."

"Well, well!" he rejoined; "I never seen the likes o' this afore! But there's no rest for the wicked, I see."

I cast upon him a searching look, to ascertain whether his remark was to be imputed to impertinence, but the simple expression of commiseration on his countenance at once convinced me that he meant no harm.

I pushed on, for fear of being too late, to meet the funeral at the burial-ground, about three miles from the house of mourning. I was there far too soon, and had to wait several hours. There is an unwillingness on such occasions to be punctual, arising, I am inclined to believe, from the fear of being guilty of an undue and disrespectful haste "to bury their dead out of their sight."

It was late in the evening when I got home; and, what with the fatigue and the heat of the weather, and the want of rest, I was fairly worn out; and so ill as to be obliged to keep my room for three days.

I may appear to dwell too much on these travelling difficulties; but no one accustomed only to the macadamized roads of England can form any idea of what we had to contend with here. Frequently, for ten miles together, in some of my journeys, the roads would be in such a state as in any other country would have been considered absolutely impassable; and over these roads I had to travel not less than three thousand miles every year. But besides the labour, these journeyings were necessarily attended with heavy expenses; and pecuniary matters were beginning to annoy me. I was constrained to keep two or three horses, and a servant to take care of them. My household establishment had now to be considerably increased: then again there were large sums, large at least to me, which I had to pay towards the erection of the parsonage-house and the church. These altogether were such a drain upon my pecuniary resources as could not be supplied by my professional income. Fortunately, however, I had some small private means of my own, which were somewhat increased by an annuity belonging to my wife; and therefore, in spite of difficulties, we managed to rub on, and a happier little family could not be found within the broad extent of England's colonies.

CHAPTER X.

A Clerical Association—Divisions—The Rubric—Visitors—Misfortunes—A Catastrophe.

About this period, namely, the commencement of my sixth year in the country, I succeeded, after several abortive attempts, in forming a Clerical Association.

We Church Missionaries had to go to the metropolitan town every half-year, to draw our salaries, as well as to purchase such things as we required for our families, during the ensuing six months. On these occasions, instead of being dispersed among the hotels all over the town, as had previously been the custom, we all lodged together at one hotel during the two or three days we remained in the town. In the mornings we assembled "in the House of God as friends" for prayers, and afterwards "held sweet counsel together" about our duties, and trials and difficulties. Nor did we forget to tell each other of the many encouraging instances in which our labours and exertions had been blessed with signal and triumphant success. The rector of the parish in which our hotel was situated, always ready to patronise and encourage his brethren in the country, entered zealously into the scheme, and assisted materially in organising the association.

This institution, which, alas! has long since ceased to exist, was at first composed of but seven members, being at that time all the clergy in this part of the country;—plain, simple presbyters of a Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church; all of one heart and one mind, with the Scriptures for our rule of faith, and with the Canons and Rubrics of that Church, which we firmly believed to be in accordance with the Scriptures, as our rule of ministerial practice.

Years passed on, and our numbers increased nearly tenfold. Some of the new members brought "strange things to

our ears." For instance, they not only endeavoured, by the most insidious arguments, to shake our faith in the blessed efficacy of the holy Sacraments, especially that of Baptism, which they asserted did not convey any "inward and spiritual grace," and absolutely ridiculed the idea of its being considered in any other light than as an outward and visible *sign* of an inward and spiritual grace, but which grace was not given at the time, nor indeed afterwards at any subsequent period in the lives of the recipients of this sign, unless they should happen to be converted and regenerated. They thus jumbled the two terms of Conversion and Regeneration together, or used them synonymously, thereby manifestly proving that they did not understand their meaning. These men did not even know, or at least did not understand, their Catechism; and yet there is more genuine, good, and sound orthodox theology in that plain, simple, and concise epitome of our faith, than half the world is aware of.

The holy Sacraments were thus to be frittered away into mere heartless and insignificant forms and ceremonies, to be observed or regulated at will;—matters of indifference! Perhaps, however, I ought not to say so, but to use their own language, and call them *non-essentials*, regarding which, as they asserted, the faithful and pious Churchman may exercise his own discretion, and extend it to the utmost bounds of latitudinarian licence.

"One Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all," had hitherto been our watchword. No wonder, therefore, if we were now frightened away, from this arena of controversy and contention, by the broaching of such new and, to us, unheard of dogmas. Indeed, when plain palpable matters of faith became the subjects of discussion and dispute, to be decided by a majority of votes, and our friendly association degenerated into a theological debating society, it was time for us to withdraw. We did so; and it fell to the ground.

Shortly after the arrival in the colony of the party above alluded to, one of their members stopped and spent a Sunday with me on his return from the metropolitan town to his distant home. He read the ante-communion service in my church, and preached for me. After the service, he told me that he had been very particular in attending to the directions of the Rubric,

being aware of the consequence I attached to them, and added that he hoped he had conformed to them to my satisfaction.

Wondering how he managed at his own church, where he was *not* particular, I replied that he had only been guilty of six errors. He was perfectly astounded, and begged me to point them out, adding that he had not the most distant idea of my being able to do so.

"You knelt," I said, "at the two first prayers.—Well, count," I continued, smiling as I saw him prepare his fingers; "that's one. I'll make them all out yet, and perhaps more. You did not turn to the people when you rehearsed the Commandments. You knelt again at the prayers after the Commandments." He demurred at this objection, on the ground that the error, if it were one, was so like the first.

"Before saying the Collect," continued I, "you gave notice that it was the First Sunday after the Epiphany." "Surely you do not call that an error!" he exclaimed. "Certainly not," I replied, "unless the Rubric forbids it. But we will see, when I have done. At the conclusion of the Gospel for the day you said 'so endeth the Holy Gospel.' Your not bowing on naming the name of Jesus, although not included in my list, because we have no rubrical rule for the practice; yet it is and has so long been a reverend custom in the Church, founded doubtless upon the injunction, 'at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,' that I cannot help considering it in a similar light."

He could not believe, without referring to the Prayer Book, that he had been guilty of so many errors. He consoled himself, however, by remarking that I was a great stickler for the outward ceremonies—the form of Godliness; "while we," he said, "advocate the power of it in the heart and life of the believer. You pay tithe of mint and cummin; we attend to the weightier matters of the law."

"Yes!" I replied, "I dare say you do, but you forget a material part of the injunction to which you have alluded: 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' You could have stood upon your feet, instead of kneeling upon your knees, when the rules of the Church you have so solemnly pledged yourself to observe, direct you to do so. You could have held your tongue and said nothing, for the same reason, at

the conclusion of the Gospel. And all this without losing sight, for one moment, of the 'weightier matters of the law.' In short," I continued, "the more unimportant these '*trifling forms*,' as you call them, appear, the less reason can there be for refusing to attend to them."

"No one," he said, "attends to all these trifling things now-a-days. Many usages, and customs, and practices, which obtained in the early ages of the Church, and were strictly enjoined by the Canons and Rubrics, have, by common consent, fallen into desuetude; while others, more in accordance with the gradually increasing enlightenment of the times, have been introduced, and have so long prevailed, that they now may claim a sort of prescriptive authority. Who, for example," he continued, warming with his argument, "Who ever reads the creed of St. Athanasius now, or preaches in a surplice?"

"I myself," I replied, "must plead guilty to both these heavy charges. I always read that creed on the days prescribed, and I have always preached in a surplice, except during the few years I was a curate in the south of England. I was young and inexperienced then, and fell into a practice so generally prevailing, without thought or consideration, except perhaps a spice of pride on attaining to a point of refinement which the simple people in my native north had not yet reached."*

"Oh!" he said, "if that 's the case, I give you up. Why, you 're a hundred years behind the age you live in. And now that I think of it, I might have known it when I saw the cross on the top of your church steeple."

Notwithstanding our differences of opinion, this gentleman and myself were on very friendly, if not on intimate, terms with each other. I had frequent visits from him, and on one occasion he and his wife stayed with us three or four days.

My friend had hardly left me when a messenger, in breathless haste, came to inform me that I must go instantly to D——s; but instead of telling me for what purpose, the poor fellow burst into tears and sobbed like a child. I saw that something very distressing had occurred, but what it was I could not for some time *ascertain*. To my most eager inquiries he only re-

* *The reader must recollect* that this interview took place some twenty *years before the war broke* out between the Geneva Cloak and the Surplice

plied in broken exclamations, such as "It was all my fault! What could have possessed me to miss my stroke! But I did miss it, and ought to have been drowned for it!" I knew the poor young man well; I knew also that he had been engaged by the W—ns of D——s, and I had seen him in their canoe only two days before. But I must begin at the beginning of my melancholy tale. Mr. W——n was one of my most respectable and dearest friends. It pleased that all-wise and overruling, but sometimes mysterious, Providence, which ordereth all things in heaven and in earth, to visit him with such a succession of misfortunes as have seldom or ever fallen to the lot of a single individual since the days of the Patriarch who was so sorely afflicted for the trial and the triumph of his faith. He was a lumber-merchant, in the most extensive acceptation of the term. He had a saw-mill, one of the largest in the world—it worked nearly forty saws. He had also a corn-mill, with I do not know how many runs of stones in it. This, however, was a concern of only secondary importance. He had a great number of men, and horses, and oxen constantly employed. His establishment altogether formed quite a village, and his outlay in repairs, wages, provisions, and provender amounted to about ten thousand pounds a month. He was not alone, however, in this immense business. He had two brothers, who were partners, if not equal sharers, in the concern. One resided at L——, in England, to receive and sell the timber. This brother was connected with a bank there, from which the concern, at its commencement, had obtained considerable pecuniary assistance, and which held a mortgage on the mills as its security. The third brother lived at the port from whence their timber was shipped; my friend himself managed the mills, and resided close to them with his wife and family. The establishment, although comparatively new, and scarcely in full operation, had been very successful, and was clearing upwards of fifteen hundred a year.

In the spring preceding this fatal summer, the ice was no sooner broken up, and the navigation open, than the ships began to arrive. One of the first brought out letters from L——, conveying to Mr. W—n the mournful intelligence of his brother's death. Shortly afterwards, he received a letter from the bank I have alluded to, informing him that the amount of the mort-

gage must be paid. As it had been through his brother's instrumentality that the money had been borrowed, this was to be anticipated; it was nevertheless a heavy blow upon him, and was ultimately productive of ruinous consequences. Shortly after this, so immediately, indeed, that I might almost literally say, "while the messenger was yet speaking," another arrived to tell him that his other brother was dead. They were all three strong and healthy men, and the age of the eldest did not exceed forty.

Poor W—n! Deeply as he felt and sincerely as he deplored his loss, great and overwhelming as were the difficulties consequent upon it, still he did not despair. Although thus left alone to contend with them, and to manage in all its widely extended ramifications this mighty concern, he was undaunted and hopeful. His mill-pond was full of saw-logs, all carefully harboured there, after having been floated down the rivers from the backwoods at an immense distance in the interior. On this mass of timber all his hopes of future success were founded; hopes, alas! which were doomed to end in disappointment and ruin.

The river upon which his mills were placed rose to an unprecedented height, and carried away his dam, with all those valuable logs, amounting to many thousands. A few nights after this sad disaster, his house took fire and was burnt, with every thing in it. The inmates barely escaped with their lives; nothing was saved, nothing insured, and he was left a homeless bankrupt and a beggar. But his cup of misery was not yet full.

Mr. W—n had determined to take his family to the town where his principal creditors resided, as he would have to be there himself, perhaps for months, to settle with them, and to wind up the affairs of the estate. To remove his family was, at that period, an affair of no small difficulty. There were no public means of conveyance then; although now, at the time I write, twenty years afterwards, five or six steamers a-day find sufficient employment. He therefore got a large canoe from a friend, and engaged two French Canadians to row them down the river. They all embarked in it, and glided swiftly and smoothly along the surface of the lake. In this country all the large rivers, as well as many of the smaller ones, consist of a chain of lakes, having a narrow channel and a swift current,

characteristically termed a "rapid," between them. The lake I here refer to is several miles in width.

Away they went, all the little ones in high glee and uproarious mirth. I could almost fancy the other day, on passing the spot where they embarked, that I could yet hear the echo of their merry laugh, as it rang through the thick woods on shore. I saw them start, and twenty years have not erased from my memory a single incident connected with their departure. I could even yet repeat the simple "chanson" which was sung to a lively air by the two rowers; for the Canadian boatmen can hardly row without singing, certainly not with equal spirit and energy. A little lower down the river there are some very dangerous rapids. In getting into these, one of the boatmen, the poor fellow who came to my house as I have already mentioned, became frightened, and in his confusion suffered his oar to be caught by a boiling surge. This in an instant overturned their canoe: the three helpless little ones were overwhelmed in a watery grave; not, however, before the distressed father, who was an excellent swimmer, had made the most extraordinary exertions to save the youngest. The two oldest, with their mother, he lost sight of the moment the canoe upset, and gave them up for lost; but the youngest, a child about eighteen months old, he caught hold of, when a strong wave broke over him, and somehow or other wrenched the child from his grasp and bore it some distance away from him. He again stretched out to save his boy, and again succeeded in laying hold of him. By this time he had been carried into the most violent part of the rapid torrent, down which, in a state bordering upon insensibility, he was hurried with fearful velocity. On reaching the comparatively smooth water at the foot of the rapid, he soon recovered his senses, but found to his dismay that he had lost his child again—hopelessly lost it now. On looking round, he could see nothing but the canoe. It had floated down along with him, bottom upwards, with the two boatmen clinging to it. He was now nearly exhausted, but on perceiving the canoe he roused his sinking energies for one effort more, and succeeded in reaching it; he was soon afterwards safely landed, the sole survivor, as he supposed, of his little family.

When they reached the shore, the first thought with the men

was naturally to right the canoe. On turning it up, there, to his astonishment and joy, was his poor wife underneath it, in a state of insensibility. She had doubtless in the first moment of her fright seized hold of one of the thwarts, to which she had tenaciously clung, with a death-like grasp, and was thus miraculously saved.

A few minutes sufficed to bring back suspended animation, and she was soon, I had almost said too soon, restored to a consciousness of the dreadful loss she had sustained.*

The sorrow and distress so acutely felt by the poor fellow who came to inform me of the sad event, was deeply shared not only by myself, but by the whole community. Dark and mysterious indeed are the dealings of God in his providence with his people, "and His ways past finding out." But we have a cheering assurance to support us under every misfortune—"All things shall work together for good to them that love God." And so they did in this instance; for my poor friend W—n was afterwards blessed with as fine a family of children as I ever saw. He has now been dead some years; but he succeeded before his death in securing to his widow an ample income, and for her seven orphan children as many thousands a year. This he accomplished, not from the wreck of his fortune, or from his former prosperity, for nothing was left; but from the credit of his name and the energy of his character. Under the guidance of a gracious Providence, every undertaking he engaged in was prosperous and profitable. "The Lord gave him twice as much as he had before, and blessed his latter end more than his beginning."

* This extraordinary occurrence I mentioned to a brother clergyman soon after it took place. On his return to England soon afterwards, he mentioned it in a sermon he preached at ——— Church, Saffron Hill, London, and perhaps to other congregations, so that it may be already known to some of my readers.

CHAPTER XI.

Psalmody—Chants—A Confirmation—Housebreakers—A strange Dog—Mode of Computing Time—Reflections.

BEFORE I and the dissenting preacher, or, as he was more commonly designated, the opposition minister, came to the settlement, there were no divisions among the people; and if they were not in reality all of one heart and of one mind, they certainly were so to all outward seeming. They all attended the ordinary services of the Church; they even had their children baptized by my predecessor. Now, however, there was naturally a great change. A separation immediately took place, and we felt the effects of it, in one particular at least, very sensibly. All who were in the habit of singing in the congregation went out from us in a body, and left us totally destitute of that interesting appendage to our service, the psalmody. To that alone I am now referring, and not to any portion of the service itself. The singers were, in fact, all dissenters, with the exception of two or three, who might have been at a loss themselves to say exactly what they were; and dissenters in general are much more attentive to their singing than we are. It may be given as the reason for this, that it is actually a part, and a very important part too, of their *services*. But when we take into consideration the chants and anthems, may not the same, and even more, be said of it in reference to our services? Also, thousands have joined the ranks of the dissenters, who at first attended their meeting-houses only to hear their beautiful singing: whereas, if the sacred music, so naturally belonging to our services as to constitute an inherent part of them, had not been so lamentably neglected, these same persons would have heard much more beautiful singing in their own Church. Passionately fond of music as I am, and especially sacred music, it will easily be imagined how severely I felt the loss, and how anxious I was to repair it. I spared neither labour, nor pains, nor expense.

I got teachers from a distance, for I could find none on the spot. I succeeded, two or three times, in getting up quite a little band of singers; but, somehow or other, when the teacher went away, they either fell off one by one, or the leader was absent, or they broke down, or something else happened, and the singing was given up. Again and again I attempted to accomplish this object, but always failed.

My exertions had hitherto been confined to psalmody alone. After my repeated failures the thought occurred to me that I might perhaps be more successful with the chants. I made another effort, and succeeded completely. We first got up the 'Venite,' and then the 'Jubilate,' and afterwards the 'Te Deum,' &c. I discovered the cause of all my former difficulties. These chants being the same every Sunday, every Sunday added to our choir. Many naturally chimed in, as the simple music became familiar to them, till nearly all the congregation united; whereas, before, while the singing was confined to psalmody, the singers were under the impression that we must have a great variety of tunes—the metres, indeed, require this to a certain extent—and in attempting to keep up this variety they committed blunders occasionally, became abashed and frightened, and at last broke down altogether. But now they were strengthened by constant accessions to their number; their confidence was restored, and they sang well, if not tastefully: so well, indeed, that on the Bishop's holding a Confirmation at my church, about the time they were at their best, his Lordship declared that he had never in his life heard better singing in a country church.

On this visit of the Bishop's I had twenty-three candidates for Confirmation, who were approved of, and one who was not. This latter was an elderly man who lived some twenty miles "back in the bush."* He had been there many years; he was very ignorant, but open to instruction, and eagerly anxious to obtain it. I mentioned his case to the Bishop, who expressed a wish to see him. He did see him, and had a long conversation

* Hamlets, or even scattered houses, on all the main roads leading to the great towns, are *called front settlements*, while those away from these roads *are said to be "back in the bush,"* or "in the back bush," that is to say, in *the wild woods.*

with him; after which the poor man was quite satisfied to wait till the next Confirmation, in the hope, as he expressed it, that "in the mean time he should get to understand something more about it."

The inhabitants of the new settlement which I myself had formed, and to which I have frequently referred, embraced the opportunity of the Bishop's visit to ask for a clergyman of their own. They did not, however, make this request directly to his Lordship, but to me, and not personally, but in writing. The document was certainly a very unique and extraordinary production, the work, I suppose, of their village schoolmaster. I showed it to the Bishop, who was very much amused at it. It commenced with, "May it please your Royal Holiness," and was manifestly meant for a petition, praying that I would speak to the Bishop in their behalf, &c. He could not then accede to their wishes, but he did so a few years afterwards.

This was the third Confirmation that had been held in my parish since my appointment to it. One in the first, another in the fourth, and this in the seventh year of my incumbency.

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M——, a very respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children, to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off except a little furniture.

After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy. "Oh! no," she said, "not unprotected; far from it! You forget," she continued, with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of Him 'who careth for the fatherless and the widow,' and I feel quite confident that He will protect us."

And He did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous

manner. The farm-house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children, and a maid-servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noises, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house immediately beneath the bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own. She immediately rose, and going to her maid's room awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy, still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, from whence she thought that the noises she first heard had proceeded. She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelpings of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it. The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M—— could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could. They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was *out of the question*. They had not, however, *got down stairs the second time* before they heard their protector *scratching at the outer door* for admittance. They immediately

opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterwards.

They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged. It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M—— reminded me that, when I last saw her, she had told me they were not unprotected.

I had now nearly completed the first seven years of my missionary life. Seven long—long years! so they still seem to me when I look back upon them, in spite of all the trite sayings about the fleetness of time. Nothing is more common than to hear people say, when speaking of past years, "So long ago as that! Can it be possible? It only looks like yesterday!" One of my parishioners, whom I called upon about this period, exclaimed, "You must be mistaken."

"He says," repeated the man, appealing to his wife, who just then came into the room where we were talking, "that it's seven years since he first came among us!" "Seven years!" she also exclaimed. "It cannot be so long as that. And yet," she continued, after reflecting a moment, and calculating as mothers always do, "and yet it must be, for our little Mary was born just seven years ago the twentieth of this very month, and she was the very first child christened, and that before she was three months old." This was conclusive evidence.

The fact is, that here we do not measure time by days and years, but by events and circumstances.

I had left, perchance for ever, my native village, and, what is more, my native lakes and mountains too—scenes which I may never see again; and none but a mountaineer can appreciate the strength of this feeling. I had crossed the great Atlantic Ocean,

and had "seen His wonders in the deep," and among them "that Leviathan which taketh his pastime therein." I had seen mountains of ice hundreds of feet high, and the everlasting hills, and the valleys, and the plains, with that interminable wilderness of woods which seems to bid defiance to the feeble efforts of man to clear it away. I had seen rivers like the narrow seas, and lakes like the wide ocean. I had seen a new world, and it was to be my home for life, and in death my burial-place. I had become not only an exile from the land of my fathers, but my very dust was doomed to mingle with that of strangers in a strange land.

I had commenced a career in my professional capacity entirely new to me—I had built a house and a church—in my private capacity I had formed new and interesting connexions—I had become the head of an affectionate family—I had been in difficulties and perils, from which I had been graciously and providentially delivered. I had many signal blessings to be thankful for, and many delinquencies to deplore. In short, independent of the birth of my little friend Mary, there were a great many events to convince me that I had been seven long—long years in the country.

On reviewing this eventful period of my life, whatever of negligence, and slothfulness, and deficiency there may have been in the discharge of my duties, and there doubtless has been much, still I venture to hope that I may not have been altogether an unprofitable servant.

The duties of a parish priest at home may be defined, and with a due share of energy and zeal may be fully and satisfactorily performed; but with the poor Missionary the case is widely different. His sphere of duty is almost unlimited, at least mine has been so, and the demand for his services always more than he can meet.

CHAPTER XII.

Idle Gossip—A new Appointment—Roads—A rapid Thaw—The Migration—The Cavalcade—A Mishap—The Arrival.

It was at the end of the seventh year of my ministry that some circumstances occurred, which, although trifling and unimportant in themselves, led to important and most unexpected events.

One of the greatest annoyances which I met with in the course of my ministry arose from the ill-natured remarks made upon my private, as well as upon my public and professional conduct, by the idle and silly gossips in the village where I lived, and who seemed as if they had nothing else to talk about. My servants were questioned as to what they had to eat, and why they were not permitted to sit down at the same table with their master and mistress; and this "Liberty" and "Equality" idea prevailed to such an extent, that it increased the difficulty, which is always felt in new countries like this, in obtaining good servants; then I rode or drove too fast through the street—I commenced the service too early or too late—I awarded the Sunday-school prizes with favouritism—my sermons were too short or too long; if doctrinal, they were cold and lifeless; if practical, they were too pointed, and consequently personal; either Mr. M. or Mr. N., or Mr. Somebody else, must certainly have been aimed at. Our having no chanting or singing of any kind in the church was owing to my negligence and lukewarmness: and when I succeeded in getting the former established, I was, if not quite a Papist, something nearly approaching to it. My observance of the fasts of the Church was attributed to a parsimonious spirit; that of the festivals, to a wasteful extravagance. In short, I was the hero in the fable of the Old Man with his Son and his Ass, and I was foolish enough to be annoyed at such remarks, instead of treating them with that indifference which my subsequent experience taught me I ought to have done.

All these censures, though fostered and made a handle of by

others, originated among my own people, and consequently appeared to me of more importance than if they had come from the enemies of the Church. Not that the Methodists were either idle or behindhand in this *labour of love;* on the contrary, with them my amusements, or rather my only one, which I copied from good old Izaak Walton, was derogatory to the clerical character; even a smile was sinful levity, &c.; and when these people saw their congregations falling off so rapidly, and mine increasing in the same ratio, they were moved with envy, and I was assailed with still more rancorous malignity. If I returned not evil for evil, I got the credit of doing so, and was consequently prayed against, and preached against, by their unlettered and self-appointed teachers, in the most absurd and ridiculous manner.

This petty warfare, if such it could be called, when all the fighting was on one side, was carried on so long and so bitterly, and I was so teased and worn out by this continual dropping of the "waters of strife and contention," that at length I solicited and obtained another appointment.

There were other causes, however, which had some share in inducing me to take such a step. My health was giving way under the very heavy duties I had to perform, and these duties were daily increasing. The church was regularly and firmly established, so that everything was going on smoothly, and I felt as if my work was done. I had indeed by this time been embued with a real missionary spirit, in the fullest acceptation of the term, and was, consequently, anxious to commence again in a new field, and to break up the fallow ground. There might have been something, too, in the spirit of adventure naturally connected with such an undertaking. Besides—and as I am writing a faithful history, I must record it, although it be to my own shame—there was a little spice of worldly vanity thrown into the scale; some idea that I should again receive from those who were in authority over me the flattering meed of praise for my zealous and successful exertions. Those who do such things "to be seen of men, have their reward;" and I had mine, and in such coin as is generally *paid for such* motives.

I soon discovered what a sad mistake I had made in the step I *had so inconsiderately taken*; a step I have not even yet ceased to

regret, although a period of nearly twenty years has elapsed since then. I had left a people devotedly attached to me—yet, not more so than I was to them—to go among strangers; I had left a home almost as dear to me as that of my infancy, and had again become an exile among a people whose habits and feelings were different not only from my own, but from those of the friends by whom I had been so long surrounded.

I could not change my place of residence with the same facility as formerly. I had now a wife and family. My new mission was away a hundred miles across the country, and our migratory journey was a momentous event. The cavalcade, consisting of my dear wife and myself, our children and servants, with our oxen, horses and cows, was almost worthy the pastoral age, and created quite a sensation in all the settlements through which we passed. At the remote period of which I am speaking we had no roads, none, at least, that deserved the name, except when the snow was on the ground, and accordingly I intended that our journey should have been in the winter, and thought I had taken sufficient precautions to ensure my object, but I was sadly disappointed. After I had made all my preparations, sold off the principal part of my furniture, &c., and was on the eve of starting, the Spring came upon us, two or three weeks sooner than ever it had been known to do before. The snow, as usual, disappeared with a rapidity quite incomprehensible to people inhabiting higher latitudes, leaving the roads in many places ankle deep in mud. Still, for many and cogent reasons, I was obliged to set off on my now very arduous journey.

To move a family like mine a hundred miles, even in England, with its magnificent turnpike roads, would be considered quite an undertaking; but in this country, and under the circumstances I have mentioned, it was indeed a momentous affair.

First in our order of march was a yoke of oxen in a cart loaded with our bedding and books, together with a few favourite or necessary articles of household furniture, which we either did not like to part with, or had not sold because we should want them immediately on our arrival at our journey's end. Then followed three milch cows, driven by a boy hired for the purpose. These were succeeded by a horse-cart laden with the cooking-stove and other kitchen utensils, with a goodly assortment of provisions,

such as cold veal-pies, hams, bread and wine, tea and sugar, &c. This was again followed by a light horse-cart on springs, something like a taxed cart in England, only the springs were of steel. This contained the nurse, with two of the youngest children, and a boy to drive them. Our own carriage, a sort of double Dennet, drawn by my own horses, brought up the rear. This contained myself, my wife, and our eldest son, every corner being filled up with trunks, band-boxes, and endless et-ceteras.

Our progress was, of course, slow and tedious, at least as far as regarded that part of the cavalcade which I had sent off some hours before. My wife and myself did not get farther than a couple of miles before one of the springs of the carriage broke, and we were detained more than an hour in getting it temporarily repaired. This untoward accident threw us farther behind than we had intended, so that with all the haste we could make we did not overtake the rest of our party till they had made about ten miles. We then found their order of march reversed; the light cart with the children, which had started last, was in the front, and the ox-cart and the cows in the rear. We soon, of course, passed them all, and were greeted with a shout of uproarious delight from our little ones as we did so. The inn where we intended to rest for the night was five miles farther on. We reached it in little more than half an hour, and there awaited their arrival; but more than an hour passed without their making their appearance, and we became every instant more and more anxious. At length we determined to go back and meet them, being convinced that some evil had befallen them by the way.. To our horror and dismay, just as we were ready to start, we saw at a distance, not the light cart, which was foremost when we passed them, but the slow ox-cart coming lazily along. The teamster, in reply to our eager inquiries, informed us that the axle of the light cart had been broken, and one of the children thrown out into the ditch by the road side, but, fortunately, not hurt; that the boy who drove the other cart had stopped to assist in making a new axle, and that we might expect them immediately. While he was speaking we saw them coming, and in a few minutes more the little ones were clasped in their mother's arms. On our next day's journey, of about nineteen miles, with a large river to ferry over, we never allowed the children to be a moment out of our sight.

Hitherto the weather had been fine, and notwithstanding our little mishaps we had got on wonderfully well. But the morning of the third day was miserably cold, with a little snow falling, which, as the day advanced, turned first to sleet, and then to a drizzling rain. We suffered a good deal, especially the little ones. This day we had to cross another river, about half a mile broad. The ice was only just gone, and the ferrymen had not got their boats ready. Fortunately, however, there happened to be a small steamer at anchor near the spot, and I engaged it to take us over. This and other circumstances detained us here nearly the whole day, and we only made about ten miles. It took us three days more to complete our journey: but the weather was again beautiful, and nothing further occurred worthy of notice.

On our arrival, we met with the kindest reception from the inhabitants. They seemed to vie with each other as to who should pay us the greatest attention. Indeed the most amiable simplicity of manners, though somewhat quaint and primitive, formed the principal and most prominent characteristic of the settlement. I shall fondly cherish the recollection of their kindness to the latest hour of my life. Yet notwithstanding the manifestation of all this good feeling towards me, which grew as years flew by into a warm and affectionate attachment, not only to myself but to all my family, I could not like the place. Somehow or other, it never felt like home to me. And although I lived for years among them, I did not consider myself as permanently settled. In short, I never rested until I got back to the neighbourhood of my old mission again. But I must not anticipate.

CHAPTER XIII.

A New Establishment—A New Settlement—The Church and Parsonage—A Farm—Housekeeping Expenses—A Funeral Sermon—A Scoffer.

THE first night after our arrival we were in a sad state of confusion; and had there been an inn in the place we should have gone to it; for our house was barely a shell;—not a partition up, nor a floor laid; loose boards and planks, with wide interstices between them, forming a temporary substitute for both. But the weather was warm, and we were too tired to be very fastidious. A bustling scene of unloading and getting things into the house now ensued. The first thing we did was to put up the cooking-stove, which was the work only of a few minutes; we got a comfortable cup of tea, spread our bedding upon buffalo robes on the floor, and then, after commending ourselves to the care of Him who had protected and guarded us through so many difficulties and perils, betook ourselves to the repose we stood so much in need of.

The settlement, now to be my home for some years—I did not then know but it might be for life—was quite a new one, and rather small. It consisted only of about forty families of Protestants, and perhaps half as many Papists. The people had begun to build a church which during the summer after my arrival was finished, all but painting. I, of course, contributed all in my power to forward and complete the work; and before the winter set in I had the satisfaction of opening it for divine service. They had also made some progress in providing a parsonage-house, but on so confined and limited a plan, as to be quite inadequate for the residence of a clergyman with a family, although entirely in accordance with their own simple ideas of comfort and respectability. They gave it up to me, however, under *certain stipulations* on my part, and I exchanged it, with *the little farm on which* it stood, and which I had previously *purchased, for a larger house* and farm. The obtaining the first

mentioned farm had indeed been another reason, in addition to those I have already mentioned, for inducing me to seek and accept this appointment. My family was increasing, and so of course were my expenses. I had to purchase every thing which we consumed in the house. I had to keep and pay wages to servants, who half their time had nothing to do; nor could I do without horses. I therefore considered that these servants and my horses might be turned to a very useful and profitable account on a small farm, and, with the addition of a little occasional hired labour, would supply me with all the farming produce I wanted for the family. Such a farm as this was not to be had at the place I had left. The bills of my butcher, baker, &c. had begun to assume rather a formidable aspect. These, as well as many other expenses, were all done away with by means of my farm. There was something too in the pleasure and amusement, as well as in the comfort, it afforded me.

People in an old inhabited country, like England, where there are well-supplied markets everywhere, can hardly form an idea how difficult it is, in a new country like this, to purchase the necessaries of life, or even to find where they are for sale. I have not unfrequently had nearly as much trouble in purchasing a bushel of wheat as it would have cost me to grow it on my own farm. The same may be said of every description of farming produce. As to turkeys and other poultry, we must either raise them ourselves or go without them.

In my new charge I found the people, with the exception of two or three families, not only extremely ignorant concerning the things of the Church, but imbued with strong and deeply rooted prejudices against her formulary services. They were all, save the exceptions I have mentioned, immigrants from the old settlements in the eastern portion of the American States; and were consequently the descendants of the "pilgrim fathers," from whom they naturally inherited some portion of that intolerant spirit which dictated their curious but characteristic system of jurisprudence, called "The Blue Laws of Connecticut."

Before, however, they commenced building their church they *sat down and counted the* cost, in more senses of the word than *one. They knew and felt* that, in conforming to our mode of

divine worship, they would have to do violence to their feelings, and make great concessions and sacrifices: but better this, they prudently thought, than to see their children brought up in a state of utter ungodliness. In short, to pray out of a book, as in their simplicity they expressed themselves, was certainly better than not to pray at all. They did in reality try hard to overcome these prejudices; and in a very short time I had the satisfaction of seeing them give way, one by one, under the system of instruction I had adopted, until few, if any, were left. With the rising generation, where the ground had not been previously occupied, the good seed, with the Divine blessing, had only to be sown, when it sprang up, and flourished, and brought forth fruit. Indeed, all the people not only listened to me as they would have done to one "who spoke with authority," but they watched my conduct, even in the merest trifles, with a keen and a curious eye, not for the purpose of finding fault, as is too generally the case, but solely for the sake of following my example; and this in matters where I could little have expected it. For instance, my barn stood nearly in front of my house. It was a large, heavy, wooden building, forty feet long and thirty wide. I proposed to move it back some forty or fifty paces. Every farmer in the settlement came with his yoke of oxen to assist in what they all considered a hopeless undertaking. It was, however, accomplished: and, behold! in less than a week afterwards, the schoolhouse, which had been very injudiciously placed at one end of the settlement, was seen moving off through the fields to a more central position. I had brought with me a few fruit-trees to plant in my garden; in a few years every homestead had an orchard. I purchased a hive of bees; at that time there was hardly such a thing in the whole neighbourhood. Before long, everybody in the place had one, not even excepting a poor widow, who could not afford to buy one; but, strange to say, a stray swarm came and settled in her garden. It was soon discovered, or *imagined*, that I had a most perfect knowledge of agriculture, and my management of my farm became the practice of the parish. A roller, for instance, had never before been seen in the parish; now there is hardly a farmer without one. The turnip had never been cultivated; now the Agricultural Society

of the district award prizes annually to the three best crops of that useful root.

They were, in truth, a plain and simple-hearted people, and looked up to me as their guide in all their difficulties. I did not, however, find them quite so willing to follow my example in religious matters. Probably this was more my fault than theirs. My conduct might have been more marked with imperfections in spiritual than in temporal affairs; or, perhaps it was owing to the greater influence that worldly interests exercise over the human mind. Nevertheless, the beneficial effects arising from the establishment of the church, and the regular performance of divine service, began to be manifested in the improved moral aspect of the settlement, even before the expiration of the first year.

When I commenced my labours among them, some would come into the church without their coats, or sit upon the backs of the pews, and stare about them in a most unbecoming and irreverent manner; while others would be cutting down trees in the woods, or working at any other of their ordinary daily occupations, or they would be hunting or shooting. But all this, to my great satisfaction, soon passed away.

I began with my own servant. On observing, one Sunday morning, very near church time, that he had not his best clothes on, I asked him if he was sick, or what was the reason he was not ready to go to church? He replied, that he had been there two successive Sundays, and that I surely would not insist upon his going *every* Sunday. This young man would now consider it a great hardship to be kept away from the church, even for one Sunday, and a still greater to be kept away from the Lord's Table. He has now a wife and family, with a good farm of his own, and is quite independent, being worth at least a thousand pounds. He had nothing to commence with but the savings of his wages. This is an instance of what the honest industry of a sober, steady, and religious young man may accomplish in this country.

With such as never came to church at all, I was, of course, at *first, less successful*. There was a custom in the place, which I *believe prevails among* dissenters everywhere, of having a ser-

mon preached at a funeral. This custom, originating most probably in their want of a burial service, I certainly did not at all like; yet I could not do away with it at once without giving offence. I therefore complied with it at first, and this I did the more willingly, as it afforded me the means of addressing myself to a few scoffers at religion, who never allowed me any other opportunity. Among these was a man of some property and influence in the place, a Mr. Wilson—I purposely give his name. Soon after my arrival we had a great funeral in the settlement, that of poor Captain M——, of whose melancholy fate more anon. Every body attended, and this Mr. Wilson among the rest. I preached a sermon which I had written some years before, for a very similar occasion, the funeral of a man who had been murdered at a "logging-bee."* I addressed myself chiefly to such characters as the one I have mentioned. I pointed out to them the godless course they were pursuing;—I warned them of their danger; and, warming with my subject, I proceeded with zealous earnestness to apply to their own circumstances the awful lesson before them, concluding with one of those fearful denunciations of Scripture upon the finally impenitent, which can hardly fail to make a sinner tremble. On the solemn service being concluded, we all went silently away, sad and sorrowful, to our homes.

As I was walking out the next day I met one of my churchwardens. He expressed his regret that I should have made such a very personal attack in my sermon the day before, and told me that Mr. Wilson was "mortally" offended. "Why! he says, sir," continued the man, "that you actually got into a passion with him; and I must acknowledge that you did seem a *little* angry."

"No, not angry," I interposed; "only earnest, only anxious for his welfare."

"Well! well!" he replied, "at any rate he declares that you shall never have another chance of preaching *at* him."

It was near my own house that this interview took place, and I begged him to wait a moment till I had stepped in. He did

* A "*Bee*" *means a gathering* of the people to help one of their number *either to put up a house,* or *to* get in his hay, or to pile logs for burning on *a new clearing, called logging,* or to do any other work.

so, and I brought him out the sermon, and showed him that it had been composed and preached upwards of three years before I knew that there was such a man as Mr. Wilson in existence. But, unfortunately, men in the same unhappy state that he is in abound in every settlement in the country, and for their benefit it was written. He was greatly pleased at being thus able to disprove one, and indeed the principal one, of Mr. Wilson's charges against me, and begged that I would give him the sermon, which I instantly did. "And now," I said to him, "as to the idea of my getting into a passion, or being angry with this unhappy man, I will put a similar case to you. I have just now come past your house; suppose I had seen it on fire, and the flames bursting out through the roof, should I have walked leisurely on until I met you; and then saluted you, and talked about the weather before I told you what had happened. If I had acted thus, would you not have thought me mad, or worse than mad? But if you had seen me running at my utmost speed, calling aloud for help at every house I passed, and shouting to you to ride for your life, for your house was on fire—would you have thought me unkind? or angry? or in a passion?

"I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed abruptly, and without giving me a chance to finish my argument, and scarcely bidding me adieu, away he went back towards Mr. Wilson's. It was evident that they had been arguing about the sermon, and my friend had had the worst of it.

On the following Sunday I was very much astonished to see Mr. Wilson at church: but there he was, with his whole family, sitting decently and reverently in a pew which he had bought since the funeral. He continued to attend the church regularly while I remained in the Mission, and nearly every one of the other scoffers soon followed his example.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Fatal Accident—Superstition—An Infidel—An Earthquake—A Thunderstorm.

Poor Captain M——, whose funeral I have spoken of in the preceding Chapter, was one of the most respectable inhabitants in the settlement, and was consequently made captain of the militia, hence the title by which he was invariably designated. He had a large family, and held an extensive farm. He went out one day, with one of his sons, to get a load of wood for fuel. They cut through a tree, which fell into the top of another, and got so entangled among its branches that they could not get it down. While trying to do so they were called home to dinner. They immediately ceased their labour, and were walking away; the father, unfortunately, passed directly under the tree, which just at that very moment, without the slightest noise from the breaking of a branch or otherwise to warn him of his danger, fell with a fearful crash right upon his head, and struck him senseless, and apparently lifeless, to the earth. His son thought he was killed, and ran home to alarm the family. They all hurried to the fatal spot, accompanied by one or two of their neighbours. As they approached it they saw him move, and their hopes revived. They found him on his hands and knees, swaying his head backwards and forwards, with the blood oozing out from beneath his hair, and running down over his face; he was talking to himself in a loud, guttural, and unnatural tone of voice. His skull was fractured, and he had become a maniac. I was, of course, immediately sent for; and although I could be of no earthly use to the poor sufferer, I stayed with his afflicted family, to share the sorrows I could not soothe. The next morning his ravings were silenced, and his sufferings were closed in death. When this mournful event was made known throughout our little community, all occupations were suspended, and a solemn and fearful sadness appeared to pervade the whole settlement.

It has often struck me as being singular, that we can hear or read of dreadful and fatal accidents without their producing any serious or lasting effect upon our minds; but when they happen under our own eyes, the impression is more strong and more enduring. The ignorant and superstitious on such occasions dwell upon every trifling concomitant circumstance, till they magnify them into something important, if not supernatural. In this instance there were some circumstances connected with the melancholy occurrence, which, although purely accidental, yet were of so extraordinary a nature as greatly to excite the people.

Late one night, about a week before Captain M——'s death, some time after he and all the family had retired to rest, a loud knocking was heard at the front door, so loud as to wake every one in the house. The eldest son, a full-grown young man, immediately got up, and went down stairs, to ask who was there. No answer was returned. He then opened the door, and looked out into the bright moonlight, all over the little flower-garden in front of the house, as well as beyond it into the road, but could see nothing. He therefore shut the door again, bolted it, and returned to his bed. He had no sooner done so than the knocking was repeated, or rather, the *shaking;* for this time it was as if a person had lifted the latch, and then, with the handle, had shaken the door violently against the bolt, which was very loose in the wall. This was done so violently as to make all the windows in that side of the house to clatter again. It could not be the wind; there was not a breath of air stirring. The young man again got up, and ran down the stairs, accompanied this time by another young man, his cousin. Again, nothing was to be seen. They now began to suspect that some idle fellow or other was attempting to play off some foolish trick upon them. In order, therefore, to detect and punish him, the two young men got up and dressed themselves, and again went down to the door. One stood behind it, with the bolt in his hand, ready to draw it in an instant, and rush out, should the noise be again repeated, while the other took up a position at a window commanding a full view of the only approach to the house on that side. All their arrangements, *however, were of no* avail; for on the noise being repeated, *which it was shortly* afterwards, although they opened the door

at the instant, they could discover no one. At last, after watching a long time, and hearing nothing more, they went back to their beds. The impression which this strange occurrence made upon their minds was greatly increased the next morning, when the mother of the family told them at the breakfast-table the fearful dream which had disturbed her rest; and all the family were convinced that some awful calamity was thus "casting its shadow before."

She dreamt that a dreadful looking man called at the house when she was all alone. He was dressed in deep mourning, and his aspect was grave and serious. Two men were with him, who bore a newly-made coffin in their hands. This he directed them to place upon two chairs, and then dismissed them. As soon as they were gone, he told her in a cold stern manner that her husband or one of her sons must go with him to assist in some arduous labour. He told her what it was, but she had forgotten it. "Go with you!" she exclaimed, in fear and astonishment; "where! and, in God's name, for what?" In her fright she awoke before he could reply to her question.

The night when this occurred was clear and cloudless, and still as death. The next morning the sun rose hot and sultry. Large banks of thunder-clouds were piled up in heavy black masses in the west. By degrees these dark clouds extended themselves over the whole face of the heavens; the air was perfectly still, and all nature seemed to have paused in fear of the coming tempest. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning so exceedingly dazzling that the whole heavens appeared to be wrapt in one sheet of livid flame. This was succeeded instantaneously by a deafening crash. Another flash followed before the echoes of the first peal had died away, and then another and another, whilst forked lightning of the most vivid brightness was seen perpetually in every point of the heavens. For more than half an hour the thundering never ceased; and then, as is usual in this country, it was followed by torrents of rain—such rain as those who have not witnessed it can form no idea of.

This storm appeared to commence directly over Captain M——'s house; and the first thunderbolt that fell, struck it, and stretched three of its inmates senseless upon the floor. They were only stunned, however. I afterwards saw the rent the

lightning had made in the chimney: the mantelpiece, which was of stone, was cracked exactly through the centre.

It was in the very midst of this torrent of rain, and when the dusty road before Captain M——'s house had become flooded with water, that the frightened family saw a man riding by at a furious rate. If they were right in the person whom they supposed it to be, he was a very bad and wicked man, a professed infidel, a scoffer at all religion, nay, even worse than that, an open blasphemer. This man, whose name was Tom Broadman, was also, as such characters generally are, a wild speculator, and a spendthrift to boot. He had become involved in debt, had absconded several weeks before, and had never been heard of since. I strongly suspect that he did not pass the house that morning at all; but that some one of their quiet neighbours, hurrying out of the storm, had been transformed by the terrified family into that bad man.

In the night after the fearful accident to Captain M——, while we were watching and praying by the bedside of the poor sufferer, and just before his spirit was released, the loud and rapid clattering of horse's hoofs was heard on the road, when one of the servants, evidently in a state of great excitement and alarm, suddenly exclaimed, "There goes Tom Broadman again!" They did not, they could not see the person riding past, and it might have been a horse without a rider. Yet, such was the effect of superstitious fear upon their simple minds and over-excited feelings, that every one present, and I suppose there were not fewer than a dozen people in the room, firmly believed, and do so to this day, that it was Tom Broadman. They knew, too, why he was there, as I was told the next day by one of my parishioners, whom I really thought had more sense. It was, he said, because the man had sold himself to the powers of darkness, and therefore could not rest while a spirit was being rescued from the clutches of the Enemy. I was very much astonished at this exhibition of ignorance and superstition among men in many other respects so well informed; and yet, after all, it was no unfavourable trait in the character of these simple-minded people, that they looked upon a man of Tom Broadman's description with such deep horror. The noises which were heard at the door by the two young men were doubtless caused by an earthquake.

Indeed, one or two slight shocks had been felt the same night in other places. This opinion was strengthened, if not confirmed, by that universal concomitant of an earthquake, an extraordinary stillness in the atmosphere.

Earthquakes are by no means of rare occurrence in this country, and they are generally, though not always, succeeded by a violent thunderstorm, such as occurred on this occasion. There have been no fewer than four earthquakes since I have been in the colony. The most recent of these was fearfully violent. It was in the depth of winter, in the month of January. We were on a visit to my wife's brother. The night was extremely cold, and as still as the grave; there was not a breath of air stirring. My brother-in-law and myself were sitting talking by the stove in the hall; my wife had just left us, and had gone up stairs to bed; when all at once we heard a rumbling noise, precisely like that produced by a heavily-laden cart driven at a rapid pace along a paved street. At first the sound was faint and distant, and then came nearer and nearer, till it seemed to pass close under the windows; and as it did so it shook the house violently, and then gradually receded and went off again into the distance. We rose from our seats, and looked at each other in fear and amazement, as we distinctly saw the walls of the house swaying to and fro. My poor wife, in her fright, rushed out of her room to the head of the staircase. Her first impulse, dictated by the inherent principle of self-preservation, was to make her escape; but she recollected that her little daughter and her two boys were in bed in an adjoining room, and the feelings of the mother predominated over her fears for her own safety. After calling to us to know what was the matter, but without waiting for our answer, she ran back to them, and found her little girl fast asleep, but the boys were sitting upright in bed, perfectly bewildered, and wondering what had awakened them. I have said that the noise was like that of a loaded cart passing *rapidly* along a paved street; but it was vastly louder, and its duration longer, for it passed very slowly by. No damage was done to the house, save some cracks in the plaster and cornices of the lower rooms. The shock, we found out afterwards by the newspapers, had been felt all over the

northern parts of this continent, as well as to a considerable distance out at sea.

I had now been a year in my new mission, during which my duties were so similar to those I have already described, that it is needless to detail them. I had not, however, the same opposition to contend with, for here we had no dissenters. My church was still unpainted; but I got my house comfortably finished before the winter set in. I established two good schools in the settlement. My little farming operations succeeded admirably, and constituted, with my garden, my chief source of amusement. In short, every thing prospered with me, and I had great reason to be thankful.

CHAPTER XV.

A Drought—A Conflagration—A Contribution—An Insurance—The Measles—A New Settlement.

I CERTAINLY thought, when I came into this secluded and quiet settlement, among so orderly and inoffensive a set of people, that my life and my labours would be so uniform as perhaps to weary me with their monotony, and that I should have to pursue the "even tenor of my way" during, for aught I knew, the residue of my life, without a single circumstance occurring of sufficient interest to rouse me from the listlessness into which I feared I should inevitably fall. But five years flew by, and each of them had enough of stirring incidents and important occurrences to mark its progress.

In the summer of the second year of my residence we were visited by a long and very severe drought. Many of the springs and wells were dried up, and so were several rivulets which never had been known to fail before. In some settlements the inhabitants suffered much from want of water. In one, which was within a few miles of me, they had to drive their cattle several miles for this necessary of life, until they had deepened their wells or dug new ones. The depth to which the influence of the drought extended was very surprising. I had a well, forty-two feet deep, which was quite dry, and I had to sink it six feet lower before I recovered the water. But these annoyances were mere trifles compared with a great calamity which befel our own settlement in consequence of it. Every thing was so dry, that people were careful not to set fire to the woods. One settler, however, who had a slash which he was very anxious to burn, imprudently set fire to it. But it was more easily lighted than extinguished; for, to the terror and dismay of the inhabitants, who all hurried to the spot the instant they saw the smoke rolling upwards in heavy black masses, it did not stop when its intended work was

done, but literally ran along the ground, extending its ravages far and wide. At length it reached a farm-yard, when the barn and other outbuildings immediately caught fire and were consumed. They were all built of wood, and as dry as tinder. In spite of the united efforts of the whole settlement to stop it or turn it aside, the fire reached the dwelling-house hard by. Here it blazed up with renewed vigour. This house was hardly half consumed when the cry of fire was heard from the affrighted occupants of the next farm-house, which met with a similar fate; and then the next, and the next. In short, nothing could stay its fury. It destroyed every farm-stead, house, and fence on one side of the settlement; and then went off again into the woods, where its desolating path could be discerned, for several days, by the dark cloud of smoke by day, and by the bright streak in the heavens above it by night. Four dwelling-houses and five barns, with a number of inferior outbuildings, were totally consumed. And nothing was insured; not, at least, according to the common acceptation of the term. Those simple people knew nothing about insurance companies or their agents; and yet they were not altogether uninsured either.

But, to explain this, I must advert to another fearful and recent calamity of a similar nature, but much more extensive. I allude to the great fire at Miramichi, a flourishing little seaport on the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. That ill-fated town, as well as the whole of the surrounding cleared country, and the wilderness beyond it, was for days one vast and boundless sea of fire, so that the poor inhabitants, in their fright and consternation, had no place to flee to for the preservation of their lives. Many of them were burned to death; and many of those who, for refuge from the flames, rushed into the great river, were pushed by the crowd beyond their depth, and drowned. When we were made acquainted with their sufferings, we cheerfully contributed to the utmost of our poor ability to their relief. I had the pleasing satisfaction of transmitting to the poor sufferers a sum of money amounting to nearly twenty-five pounds, all collected within my little rural district. There were few parishes in the colony so poor as we were, and yet not one contributed so much. It so happened that those of my people who had now in their turn become similar sufferers themselves had been among the largest

contributors; one of them even sold a heifer to raise money for the occasion.

This generous and Christian liberality constituted the insurance I have alluded to. They had paid the amount of their policies, and their certificates were made out in fair and lasting characters; nor did the record perish in the wreck of their fortunes. But this certificate was a very different thing from the pompous document so designated by money-making insurance companies: it consisted only in the short and concise promise that "HE THAT GIVETH TO THE POOR LENDETH TO THE LORD, AND HE WILL REPAY." *And* HE *did repay.* The whole community turned out as one man to assist the sufferers in rebuilding their houses and barns; and although they were necessarily put to some trouble and expense, yet they were amply indemnified for their loss by having new buildings thus erected for them at a less cost to themselves than the difference between their value and that of the old ones.

It is my painful task to record another calamity which came upon our secluded community during this eventful summer. And although what I allude to was nothing more than the measles, yet, whether from bad nursing, or from improper treatment (we had no doctor within many miles of us), or that the disease had assumed a more virulent type than usual, it *was* indeed a calamity, and to my family and to many others a fatal one. We lost our youngest child, a lovely little boy nine months old. This was the first time the King of Terrors had ever crossed our threshold, and we felt our bereavement acutely. Since then, alas! such visitations have been often repeated. Our path had hitherto been strewed with flowers. We often heard men, and wise men too, call this world a vale of tears; but to us it had been a bright and joyous world—a world of health and buoyant hope; and full of faith in Him who holds the future in His hands, and who, we nothing doubted, would make all things work together for our good, according to His gracious promise. And, blessed be His name! *He has fulfilled His promise; He has done so.* But, oh! how widely different were the means from those which we had blindly looked for! According to our short-sighted views, we were to glide on smoothly down the stream of life, without a single ripple on its surface to disturb our passage, until we reached

the Ocean of Eternity. To that point, in the long and narrowing vista of futurity, we could not but look forward now and then with fearful apprehension and alarm—that point which was to separate us from all we held so dear on earth. But it was, however, so very far off—so at least, in our youthful health and confidence, it seemed to us—that it lost half its terrors, and seemed scarcely to concern us. Still it would force itself upon our notice and reflections as a dreadful evil, come when it might, which must befal us. "The all-wise Disposer of events, in whose hands are the issues of life and death," has taught us since another and a better lesson—has taught us to know and feel that it was good for us to be afflicted. One half only of our children are now left to us. We hope still to live long enough to see these provided for and settled in this vale of tears,—for we know too well what that means now; and then, without a murmur of regret, shall we depart to those who have gone before us.

The autumn came in all its splendour. The parched and heated earth was cooled and moistened by the temperate breezes and refreshing showers which it brought along with it. A thin soft gauze-like haze hovered over the earth; not damp and dense, like the fogs and mists in higher latitudes, but dry and pleasant: and through it the sun was seen in all his glories, yet just enough subdued to enable the eye to look steadily upon them. This beautiful weather is called the Indian summer. We have it every autumn, less or more. Some years it lasts but a few days, while in others, as in this instance, it continues for weeks. I do not know why it has been so designated, unless it be that the Indians go off from their villages about this season, into the wild woods, to their hunting-grounds. Their little brisk canoes are now seen everywhere on all the rivers, gliding noiselessly along like some huge waterfowl.

Winter this year put off its coming for two or three weeks beyond its wont; and when it came, passed away without a single incident of interest enough to mark its length. Another vernal sun, in all its genial warmth and brightness, dispelled its gloom, when the chirping crickets, and the flashing fire-flies, and the singing birds, and the leaves and blossoms, all came out, as if by some magic spell, in full resplendent life; and summer came upon us all at once.

Winter, it cannot be denied, is a dreary season here, and yet it brings along with it its pleasures and its comforts too. During the first three months the beautiful roads (in a country otherwise so badly provided with this great luxury) are as smooth as a sheet of ice, along which we glide so pleasantly in vehicles of every form and shape. The clear and bracing atmosphere, the gorgeous sunsets, and the bright stars, do certainly reconcile us to its otherwise dull monotony. And then, when the fourth month comes, the spring, and such a glorious spring as people in England never see, consoles us in our weariness. Besides, the winter has a great and good effect upon the soil. "He sendeth down his snow like wool," as if to form a warm and genial covering for the earth. Our crops would be but scanty were it not to come; so that instead of murmuring at its length, we ought to look upon it as a gracious boon from Heaven.

To return to my mission. The settlement composing it had been very recently established. It was, indeed, in every sense of the word, what in this country is denominated a new settlement.

Some fifteen years prior to the time I speak of, the tract of country now constituting my parish was a wild wilderness of woods, untrodden by the foot of man, where the bear, the wolf, and the panther, the fox, the deer, the beaver, and racoon, held undisturbed possession, save when a solitary trapper or a wandering Indian invaded their wild domain. At length a bold adventurer, with a little capital, so little that it would not have availed him much in an old settlement, where land was of greater value, bought a large tract of land, and came to live upon it. He built a house and made a "clearing." The first settler is soon obliged to hire labourers, when one or two, with perhaps large families and very poor, will come and build a hut, and make a little clearing, and "locate" themselves beside him, so as to be near their work. These persons are called squatters, and generally, when the land is sold, they either purchase a small portion comprising their improvements, or sell these improvements to any one else who may have bought the land. The purchaser, at any rate, must pay for their labour upon the land before he can turn them off and get possession. By degrees others, in like circumstances with the first, will come and

settle there. These are generally young and single men, whose whole capital has been expended in the first payment for a lot of land, the purchase of a yoke of oxen, an axe, and a few other implements, together with a year's provisions. They also make a little clearing, build a house, and then get married. When a dozen families or more are thus located, they naturally require, and soon obtain, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a shoemaker, and other artizans. Then, again, when the place has thus assumed a thriving appearance, some married man will come among them and build a mill or open a store, or both.

In the course of time children are born, and soon grow up and need instruction: then a schoolhouse is erected. This serves also for a church or a meeting-house, just as some one of our own clergy, scattered so sparingly over this extensive country, or some itinerant dissenting preacher, may chance to pay a passing and occasional visit to the settlement. The next step in their gradual progress is to set on foot a subscription for a church, as they call it, to be open to all denominations—a sort of joint-stock company concern, in which all the "thousand and one" denominations of professing Christians are to share and share alike. Happily the people generally fail in the completion of this object. They become involved in debt, and then apply to us to get them out of it. We soon succeed in doing so, thanks to the liberality of the two great Church societies at home; but we take care, first, to secure to our own Church the exclusive right to the building. We cannot indeed do otherwise, if we do anything at all in such cases, however much we may be taunted with illiberal exclusiveness and bigotry.*

Thus by degrees a little village is formed, with a sprinkling of farm-houses scattered far and wide around it, and becomes, if the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign

* These church-building speculations are not always commenced from disinterested motives. I knew one instance in which the most zealous promoter, and the most liberal contributor, cleared by the "*speculation*" upwards of 200*l.*; and yet he received the thanks of our good bishop, and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This individual subscribed 25*l.* 1! The wood of which the church was built was furnished by his saw-mill, and the workmen were all paid through his "store," both at nearly 100 per cent. profit, so that he cleared at least the sum I have mentioned.

Parts have means and missionaries at their command, the head-quarters of a mission, which in due course of time is erected into a parish. All this, however, is accomplished, as may easily be imagined, at no small sacrifice on the part of the poor inhabitants.

To a young settlement, such as mine was, the fruitful summer which we now had was an important benefit. Every one had made some little addition to his former clearing; their circumstances improved, their prospects gradually brightened, and they felt themselves rich in anticipation, at least, if not in reality. They therefore manfully came forward with open hands and hearts to paint and furnish the church, which at so large a pecuniary sacrifice to themselves they had erected; so that at length everything connected with the public worship of God could now be "done decently and in order." In short, the Church, in every sense of the word, was firmly established, and my duties assumed the regular and monotonous character of those of a parish priest at home. Yet when this, the object of all my hopes, and wishes, and prayers, had been attained, I was not satisfied. Imbued by this time, probably from the chequered scenes through which I had passed, with a real or imaginary missionary spirit, I thought I could be more usefully employed in again breaking up the new and fallow ground in my Master's vineyard. I therefore became anxious to give up my church and my little flock to some other pastor, and to penetrate farther into the wild wilderness, where, in some destitute settlement, I might be enabled to erect another altar to the true God. It was not long before a favourable opportunity presented itself; so favourable, indeed, that I could hardly entertain a doubt that the hand of Providence was in it. A new mission was about to be established in a settlement within the limits of my former one. There were circumstances connected with this settlement which made me take a peculiar interest in it. It was in a neighbourhood to which, for many reasons, I was much attached. It had been the scene of some of my earliest missionary labours, whose fruits, under the Divine blessing, were now beginning to manifest themselves. These might yet be blighted before they were fully ripe, an evil I might happily be instrumental in preventing.

In the autumn, during the "Indian summer" which I have

attempted to describe, the Lord Bishop of the diocese held his triennial Confirmation in my church. I mentioned to him my wish to be removed to this new mission, and the reasons which influenced me. There were some serious obstacles, it appeared, in the way of its being established. There was neither a church nor a parsonage-house, for instance, and the Society now required both before they would consent to make any place a missionary station. Having a perfect knowledge of the inhabitants, and not doubting that their zeal in this good cause would make up for their want of means—for they, like all new settlers, were poor—I got over these difficulties by undertaking myself to erect both, and thereupon I was immediately appointed to my new charge.

It soon became generally known throughout my parish that I was going to leave it. Almost every individual called upon us, to express his sorrow and regret at the circumstance. Among the very first of these visitors—and it is gratifying to me to be able to record the fact—were some persons with whom I had, unfortunately, not been on friendly terms. Whether the fault was mine or theirs, it matters not now. They came with the rest, and begged me most urgently to change my purpose and remain among them. A most affectionate farewell address, couched in terms too flattering for me to repeat, was presented to me. It was signed by all the heads of families in the place, save one, whose displeasure I had incurred, but how I do not at this time remember.

I will not attempt to describe the scene in the church on the following Sunday, when I preached my last—no, not my last, but my farewell sermon. I have visited that lonely and sequestered valley since, but only once, and I felt no desire to repeat my visit. Not that I was disappointed in the reception I met with from my old friends, but because so few of them were left. Several years had intervened, and produced many sad and fearful changes. Those I had left as children were grown up to manhood, and were married and settled in life, and occupied the places of their fathers: but where were *they?* I missed them in their wonted seats at church. In vain I looked for my old friends among the cheerful and happy crowd at the church door after service, who were waiting to welcome me. They were

not there. And faint and embarrassing were my recollections of those who seemed to remember me with such affectionate regard. Nor were the old the only ones I missed. No less than three young women whom I had left *brides*, now stood in that crowd *widows*, surrounded by their fatherless children. Altogether the interview was a sad and sorrowful one. Of the original settlers one only was left—a solitary old man; and when I went to see him, in hopes that he would cheer me in my loneliness, he did not know me, but began to talk of scenes and circumstances with which he had been familiar some fifty years before I was acquainted with him. With a heavy heart I left the place. I have never since been there, nor is it likely that I ever shall again.

God bless them! They were kind to me and mine. They forgot their own afflictions in their affectionate sympathy with ours, and from my heart I say again, God bless them!

CHAPTER XVI.

The Migration—The Cavalcade—The Escort—The Bivouac—A Hurricane —Particular Providence—The Journey's End.

I WILL not weary the reader by detailing all the occurrences of our long journey. We were only retracing our steps along the same path which has already been described. But the season of the year was different. Our first journey was in winter, or rather, which was still worse, at the very time when winter was contending with the spring. Our present one was in summer, in the month of June, the most beautiful and pleasant of all the months of the year in this delightful climate.

On our departure the whole settlement turned out and accompanied us a considerable distance, and then reluctantly left us with tears and blessings. Our cavalcade consisted, first, of a "sumpter" cart, with the provisions, some necessary culinary utensils, a tent—the one I brought out with me from England—a couple of chairs, a small table, three little stools for the children, and a basket-cradle for the baby. This cart with a good horse was intrusted to the care of an old and confidential servant who was well acquainted with all the localities through which we had to pass. It went off at a quick pace, about an hour before the rest of the party were ready to start. Next in order was a rough sort of double Dennet, with a pair of horses. This contained myself, my wife, and the children, and was preceded for the first mile or two by about twenty men on horseback, and followed for the same distance by a whole host of carriages of every shape and form. Two other carts followed with the baggage; not, however, so heavily laden but that they could go some six or seven miles an hour, and keep up with us. The roads, bad as they are at other seasons of the year, are always *tolerably good in this.*

After driving about twenty miles, we overtook our "avant

courier," who had pitched the tent under the wide-spreading branches of a huge butternut-tree, and lighted a fire on a grassy knoll, at the foot of which bubbled forth a pure fountain of living water. The horses were immediately taken out, unharnessed, and tethered to the fences by the roadside, where there was a profusion of grass. All that we required for our bivouac was soon unpacked. Our meal was prepared and quickly discussed, and with no little zest, by the hungry travellers. Our beds were made upon the ground on buffalo robes, to preserve them from the effects of the damp earth, and the sun had scarcely set before we were all fast asleep. The next morning at early dawn we were all in motion busied in preparing breakfast, which was soon over, when we packed up and were off again. By 11 o'clock, A.M., our day's work was done, and by this means we escaped the extreme heat of the sun. All this was repeated, with little variation, for four successive days and nights, during which we had a bright and cloudless sky, and not a drop of rain. On the fifth we reached our journey's end.

This last day, although we had only ten miles to travel, we had started earlier than usual in consequence of our anticipating a hot and sultry day, and such it proved to be. The sun rose hot and burning bright, like a fiery furnace. The air was perfectly hushed and still, and we all felt that something fearful was about to happen ;—but what, we could not tell. While we were discussing whether it would turn out to be an earthquake or a thunder-storm, we saw, about half a mile ahead of us, a dense cloud of dust mingled with dried leaves, and small branches of trees whirling with terrific violence across our path. "A hurricane! See the hurricane!" was shouted forth from front to rear of our cavalcade, for on that day we all kept together. It was indeed a hurricane, and a most terrific one too! but by the merciful interposition of Providence we all escaped uninjured, although at one time it was within a hundred yards of us.

These fearful visitations are very different things from a violent gust or storm of wind, which, nevertheless, is often improperly and vaguely so designated. A hurricane is a whirlwind which has a progressive motion, as swift as it is irresistible, as well as a whirling one.

Of these hurricanes I myself have witnessed three, the first of

which was most destructive. In its course it attacked an iron-foundry, a large and well-constructed brick building, and reduced it to a perfect ruin. There was, fortunately, at the moment but one solitary man in it, who, when he saw the roof carried away, and the walls toppling down about his ears, crept into a large oven; but the oven was covered with rubbish to such a depth that he could not get out again, nor was it until the next morning that his cries for help were heard, and he was extricated from his narrow prison, much exhausted, but uninjured.

After destroying the foundry, the hurricane opened a way for itself through a thick forest. It was as if a mower had cut a swath through a field of standing corn. Every tree was either twisted off, broken down, or torn up by the roots, leaving a regular open space of about thirty paces in width as far as the eye could reach. Its progressive motion was from nearly south-west to north-east.

To the philosopher there was one remarkable feature in the hurricane, that, as it passed on in its fury, not the slightest effect of its power could be perceived beyond the narrow limits of its desolated track. To the Christian there was another, not less striking, inasmuch as it was evidently under the merciful control of Him who "rides upon the whirlwind and guides the storm;" for, in two or three places, had it deviated a few yards to the right or to the left, the consequences would have been most fearfully fatal. In one part of its course it swept past a densely peopled village, and moved the schoolhouse, a solid log building, eight feet from the place where it stood. A little farther on it demolished a large barn, recently built; some of the shingles of which were afterwards found nearly twenty miles off. I saw them myself, and knew them to be the same. They were made in a very peculiar manner by a machine invented by the proprietor of the building. This machine did not answer, and consequently, after making a sufficient quantity for the roof of this one barn, it was taken down and never used again.

On this occasion another wonderful proof was afforded us of an overruling Providence, of a Hand unseen, that guides our motions, and shields us from danger and death. A young gentleman, who was residing in the house of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, went out into the field behind the parsonage, with a book in his

hand, the morning being oppressively hot. He sat down at the foot of a large maple tree, and he read for an hour or two. At length he got up to return home. At that very moment the hurricane caught the tree, and with an astounding crash it fell at his feet. He was studying for the Church, and among many other points in which he required instruction, his tutor had taken some pains to impress upon his mind correct notions and ideas of the particular interposition of Providence, a doctrine he could not bring himself fully to believe until this practical illustration of it. One fact was, in this case, worth more than a thousand arguments.

After the hurricane the atmosphere became as cool and as fresh as it always feels after a thunder-storm; and we reached our journey's end in comfort and safety, after an easy and pleasant drive, very different from what we anticipated when we started in the morning.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Old Friends—Building a House—A Fatal Accident—A *Liberal* Education—A Death-bed Repentance—A Funeral—An Old Camlet Cloak.

ARRIVED at the village which had formerly been a home to me for several years, I made it a temporary one now. Not being able to obtain a house at the settlement which was to be the head-quarters of my new mission, I rented a cottage here until I could get one built. However pleasant it might be thus to reside once more among my old friends, from whom I met a most affectionate reception, yet it was a great inconvenience to me to be sixteen miles away from my duties; and what made it more so, was the state of the roads, which were execrably bad, as those leading to a new settlement generally are. Besides, I had also to attend to the building of my house. I had not the means at my command to get it erected and finished by contract. Indeed, that is not the way we build churches or parsonage-houses, nor even a common farmer's cottage. We are obliged to occupy them in a very unfinished state, and get them completed gradually, bit by bit, just when and how we can. There was another inconvenience which, with my limited means, was still greater to me. This consisted in my having rent to pay for a house, and to buy everything we consumed in it, even down to our fuel. I therefore lost no time in purchasing a small farm near my head-quarters, and, in the following spring, commenced building a house upon it. This was a serious undertaking in itself, but, connected as it was with a disastrous reduction of my salary, it proved to be one of the most important transactions of my life.

I engaged a number of labourers, some of whom I set to work to dig the cellar. This is an indispensable requisite in this climate. I set others to quarry stones, and draw them to the spot. I then hired a couple of second-rate masons to build me

a lime-kiln, and set some of my men to cut and draw wood to burn the lime with. When all this was accomplished, I got a carpenter and more masons, and commenced the walls of my house. It will easily be imagined how necessary it was that I should superintend all this work myself, especially in a new country like this, where it is so difficult to find good and trustworthy workmen. I accordingly got a room in a small log-hut, the best lodgings I could obtain, in which I put my beaudette. The other furniture consisted of a small table and a single chair. The woman of the house boiled my kettle for me, swept out my room, &c., but she was no cook, she could not even boil a potato, so that I had to bring my supply of provisions from home, and generally ready cooked. In this manner I managed to live for three months, or thereabouts, and was thus enabled not only to look after my workmen, but to attend to my clerical duties much better than when residing so many miles away. Nor did the looking after my workpeople interfere with the performance of these duties, as it was not necessary that I should always be on the spot. It was quite sufficient that I was somewhere near, so that they could never be sure of my absence. My superintendence was, however, chiefly beneficial in getting them to their work in good time in the morning. To accomplish this I had only to get up and show myself, which I always did by sunrise or before it, when the lazy hands, and I had several, took care, for more reasons than one, not to be caught lagging behind the rest.

During these three months the work went on rapidly, and I was seldom called away on occasional duties. There happened, fortunately, to be no sickness in the parish at the time, except one solitary case; but this was a very extraordinary one, and gave me much trouble and anxiety.

There were some Government works being carried on in the neighbourhood at the time I am speaking of. They were "given out by the job," as it is termed, and a fine handsome young Englishman, some near relation, the nephew I believe, of the famous engineer, Smeaton, who erected the Eddystone lighthouse, took a large contract on such advantageous terms that he was supposed to be making his fortune, when, in an idle hour, he unfortunately got to wrestling with one of the soldiers in th

barracks, who threw him across the edge of the mess-table, and literally broke his back. On being taken to his lodgings, supposing himself to be near his end, he sent for me to administer the sacrament to him, under the impression that this was all that was necessary to secure his salvation. Such ignorance, in this young man, surprised me the more, as he was otherwise well informed. He had received a good English education, at least what would be so designated in the phraseology of the London University, as well as in that of those *liberal* patriots here who are making such strenuous efforts to exclude all religious instruction from our provincial colleges. He lingered on for nearly six weeks in the most dreadful condition that it is possible to conceive, his lower extremities being in a state of putrefaction. Throughout the whole of this period I visited him daily. My interest in his fate became day by day more intense. From the very first he was aware that there was no hope of his recovery, and this conviction naturally led him not only to lay bare to me his inmost heart, but to listen to my instructions with the utmost anxiety to profit by them, and to unite with me in prayer; and I had the great satisfaction of believing that if ever there was a death-bed repentance so sincere as to avail, through the merits of the Redeemer, for the pardon of a sinner, this was one. Poor fellow! the last time I saw him, he said, as I left his room, "I have no desire to live, except to manifest in my future life and conduct the sincerity of my repentance, by faithfully devoting myself, body and soul, to him who died to redeem me from sin, and misery, and death."

I have little faith, I must confess, generally speaking, in a death-bed repentance. The case of the thief upon the cross, so often adduced as an argument in its favour, conveys to me no proof of its validity, inasmuch as the poor dying culprit might have been for months, for aught we know, a mourning and sincere penitent, with hardly a hope, up to the last moment, of being accepted: and this, indeed, may strongly be inferred from the very terms in which he preferred his humble prayer—"Lord, *remem*ber me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

One morning, during the time that my house was in progress, *I was awakened at* a very early hour by the man in whose hut I *lodged. He informed* me that a person had come from a distant

settlement and wished to see me on some pressing business which would not brook delay. I rose instantly, and found that the messenger was charged with a request that I would go and bury Mr. T—— that morning at eleven o'clock. This Mr. T—— was the village doctor; he was a determined drunkard, and had, it appeared, died of delirium tremens the day before. At the proper hour I set off to ride sixteen miles to the funeral; but I had not proceeded above a couple of miles before it came on to rain heavily, and I arrived at my journey's end completely wet through.

About half an hour before I reached my destination I passed a strange-looking object by the roadside, at which my horse shied so suddenly as very nearly to unseat me. All I could make out was an old camlet cloak of faded blue, with here and there a tattered rent in it, covering something or other, I could not tell what; but the noise of my horse's hoofs, or perhaps the words of chiding which I addressed to him when he started, induced the apparently inert object beneath it to manifest signs of life and motion. One corner of the cloak was partially lifted and turned aside by a thin and shrivelled hand, nearly of the same colour with the cloak, as if to see who or what was passing. In that bony hand I noticed that a bottle was firmly clutched. I saw neither form nor face, and, but for that hand, I could not have known what living thing was there. The scene made a deep impression on my mind, I could not forget it. Whether it was owing to the excitement from the startling fright it had caused me, or from the object of my journey, which was to bury another drunkard, or from the horror just then more particularly excited in my mind at the revolting and beastly vice of drunkenness so generally prevalent in this country, or perhaps from all these causes put together, I could not prevent that shrivelled, livid-coloured hand, that death-like grasp of the vile poison, from being connected in my imagination with some haggard face and form, which haunted and tormented me, sleeping or waking, throughout all that livelong day and the following night.

When I got to the house of mourning, I found it filled with people who had come to the funeral. They were conversing together in groups with great earnestness, some about their ordinary business, while others were settling in their wisdom th

affairs of the State, and one was proving, to a knot of eager and indignant listeners, how unjustly some lawsuit, in which he was concerned, had gone against him. I attended for a moment, first to one conspicuous speaker and then to another, in the hope of hearing some remark or observation, however trite and threadbare it might be, a little more in keeping with the occasion of their visit. But, alas! there was not a word, nor apparently a thought, about the dead. My heart sunk within me as I pondered on all this. I passed onwards into an inner room, where I knew I should find one true mourner—his poor disconsolate widow. She grasped my hand, but did not speak, she could not. Her two little orphan boys were playing on the floor at her feet, too young to feel their loss. Their joyous gambols and their merry laugh contrasted sadly with her speechless misery. All her earthly hopes of happiness, which the determined abstinence of her husband from his besetting sin during the last two months had somewhat revived, had been suddenly and unexpectedly destroyed, and for a time no consolation, not even that of religion, could overcome the bitterness of her grief. Many long years have passed away since then, but, faithful to the memory of him she loved, she is a widow still.

Wet, and oppressed in spirit as I was, I waited, and so indeed did everybody else, nearly five tedious hours ere the funeral procession left the house. Something or other was not ready; other friends, who were expected from a distance, had not arrived, and no one liked to be the first to manifest impatience. At length we moved away, and soon reached the burying-ground. Here further difficulties awaited us. The grave, which had been dug very deep in a loose and sandy soil, had caved in from both sides, and we had to wait until it had again been cleared out. Then it was found to be too short for the coffin, and had to be lengthened: then there was the rough shell in which the coffin was encased. Of this rather unusual adjunct the sexton had received no intimation, and the grave was too narrow at the bottom. In short, the sun was setting ere that tedious funeral was fairly over.

Our twilight, in this latitude, is much shorter than it is in England, so that by the time my foot was in the stirrup, darkness was actually setting in. There was no moon, and I had twelve

miles to ride to my house, chiefly through the lonely wilderness, over the most execrable roads, made still worse by the late rains. I went to my house, because it was nearer by four miles than my temporary residence, from whence I had come. Faint and weary, and worn out, I arrived at my journey's end about nine o'clock at night. The happy surprise my unexpected arrival occasioned, and the affectionate welcome I received from my wife and little ones, made amends for all I had endured that day. The children had been in bed some time and were fast asleep, but were awakened by the violent barking of my dogs. They all got up and came down to see me, as much surprised as if I had dropped down upon them from the clouds. I was very hungry and ate a hearty supper, and immediately went to bed; but I could not sleep. A nervous restlessness came over me, succeeded by aches and twitching pains throughout my whole frame. It was evident that I had caught a violent cold from the wetting I had got in the morning, or rather from being obliged to allow my clothes to dry upon me. When at length I fell into a dozing slumber, it was so disturbed with feverish dreams, that it did me no good. These dreams were chiefly about that old and faded camlet cloak, and the mysterious being hid beneath its folds. The opening I had seen now seemed wider and higher up, so that I could plainly see the face. It was the very face of him I had consigned to his cold grave the day before. There was such a fiery brightness in his bloodshot eye, and such a ghastly hue upon his distorted countenance, as if suffering under the infliction of some unearthly tortures, that I awoke trembling and affrighted. Again and again the same figure haunted me until late in the morning, when I fell into a dreamless and refreshing sleep. The feverish action left me; youthful and robust health and an unimpaired constitution prevailed, and I awoke at sunrise nearly in my usual health. I hurried off to look after my workmen at my new house. On passing the spot where I had seen that old, faded camlet cloak, I naturally and instinctively looked with some vague and undefined expectation of seeing it again. And sure enough there it was! not, however, exactly in the same place nor in the same state as it was before. There was manifestly less arrangement in its folds, and no motion beneath it, no drawing aside of

now. My dream of the night before recurred to my mind, and I half thought, as the object first caught my eye, that I was dreaming still. Near the place there was a small steep gulley. It commenced close to the road, or, more properly speaking, a slight bend had been made in the road to get round it. At the bottom of this gulley was a beautiful limpid fountain, close to the side of which lay the old faded cloak. I got off my horse, tied him to a stump, and went down to examine it. Nothing was visible under the cloak. I turned it a little aside, and then again I saw the clutched bottle in the long bony fingers. I dropped the cloak in horror and disgust, and turned to go away; but it then occurred to me that the poor wretched being might have been there all night, and was now, perhaps, in a dying state; so I turned again and once more lifted the covering a little higher than I had done before, till I could see the face, which I recognised at once as that of a drunken, ill-conducted woman in the neighbourhood. The lustreless eyes were dreadfully bloodshot, and seemed starting from their sockets, and the pallid and ghastly hue of the countenance was just as I had seen it in my dream. I was much shocked, and dropped the cloak instantly. I saw that she was dead. I again mounted my horse and galloped off to her house, which was not more than two hundred paces distant. I communicated the melancholy tidings to her husband and children; I then rode on to a neighbouring house and sent them assistance.

It appeared from the evidence at the coroner's inquest, which was held immediately, that the deceased had gone, at about eight o'clock the morning before, to a shop in a village about four miles off to make some little purchases, and among other things a quart of rum. The bottle she had taken to put it in would not quite hold that quantity, and she had drunk the overplus, which was a little better than a wine-glass full. No one had seen her afterwards except myself: when she was found, the bottle was nearly empty, but carefully corked.

It was supposed she had staggered to the fountain to cool her parched and burning throat, when her feet becoming fixed in the quicksand, and being incapable of much exertion, she had sat down and gone to sleep with her head falling upon her knees, her clothes saturated with rain and her feet immersed in the cold

spring water. She had drunk a quart of drugged and poisonous rum; no wonder she was dead.

The poor unfortunate creature did not belong to the Church, and therefore I had nothing to do with the funeral. I was, however, detained several hours to attend the inquest and give my evidence.

The sun was just setting when I reached my rude and homely lodging. While my dinner was being made ready I walked out to my workpeople, to see how they had been getting on, intending afterwards to visit my poor dying penitent, the young man with the broken back. In this, however, I was disappointed. Harassed and worn out with what I had suffered and seen during the preceding forty-eight hours, I fell fast asleep in my chair before I had well finished my repast, and awoke not till it was time to go to bed. I had just got undressed and had extinguished my light, and was hugging myself with the comfortable prospect of a good night's rest, which I much needed, when I was alarmed by a loud knocking at the door of the hut. I soon learned that this unseasonable visitor's errand was to me. The poor young man was worse. A sudden change had come over him, and his wife had sent for me, as I had directed her to do whenever this should be the case.

I rose instantly, threw on my clothes again, and hurried off. But I was too late, for when I reached the house all was over. Just before his departure he left a message for me, expressing his gratitude for the pains I had taken with him, and for the interest I had manifested in his eternal welfare. I was extremely sorry that I had allowed my weariness so far to overcome me as to have prevented my going to visit him as I had intended. I regretted much that I was not with him when he died, yet I could not but rejoice that he had been released at last from all his sufferings.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Particular Providence—A Long Story about Trifles—An Important Fact—A Good Lesson—An Extraordinary Incident.

I REMAINED some time at my lonely lodgings after the occurrence of the events which I have just related. One morning, a little after breakfast, as I was sitting reading under a tree within sight of my building, I had a visit from a Mr. Trenton, one of my neighbours, who had lately erected a saw-mill about a mile from my house. He came, he said, to speak to me about some scantlings, which were to be sawn at his mill for my house. He was afraid, he said, there had been some mistake. He thought them too weak. I assured him that the dimensions given him by my carpenter were quite right, and according to my express directions on the subject. I then took up my book and began to read, to let him see that I was engaged. But he would not take the hint; not that he did not understand its import, for he was a very intelligent and well-informed man, considering his humble station in life. After a short and embarrassing pause, as if considering what to say, he made some trite remark upon the beauties of the spot where I was building my house, and the fineness of the weather for my work, &c. I saw he wanted to enter into conversation with me; I therefore turned down a leaf in my book, rose from my seat, and walked with him to the building; he had expressed a wish to see it. Instead, however, of continuing to talk about it, as I expected, he abruptly started a very different topic, and asked me if I believed in the particular interposition of Divine Providence in the common affairs of life.

"Why, that, my good friend, is rather a difficult question to answer," I replied, "in the direct and positive mode in which *you have proposed it.* I might give you either a positive or negative answer, under certain qualifications; but if I were confined to a simple 'Yes,' or 'No,' I should most unhesitatingly say 'Yes,

I do believe in it;' and I will give you a striking instance to illustrate my ideas on this very important subject. And one fact, you know, is worth a thousand arguments."

I had not far to go for my example. A man, a few weeks before, had fallen into the river from a raft of timber and was drowned, under very extraordinary circumstances. Some provisions had been stolen from the raft the night before, and this reckless creature had accused an innocent person of the theft, declaring that he was an eye-witness of the fact, and invoking upon his own head the most horrid punishments if his testimony was untrue. He wished, he said, that he might be sunk in the river, and never more be seen or heard of, if what he stated was not true. The words were still on his lips when he stepped upon a loose stray log, which rolled and precipitated him into the water, and he was never seen again from that day to this; and it was found out afterwards, from the confessions of his distracted widow, that he himself was the thief. He was a daring and a reckless man, heedless of the consequences of anything he said or did, and was perhaps the only one of the whole crew who would have ventured upon the mode he took to secure the log.

This catastrophe I now related to my neighbour, and wound up my story by saying, "And so you see, my good sir, that when the evil passions and the sinful propensities of our nature are unrestrained by the grace of God, they lead to infamy, to misfortune, and death. And thus it is, too, with a man who never goes to Church (the man I was talking to never went there), and neglects and disregards all his religious duties. However correct his conduct in other respects may be, he does not get on and prosper in the world like those who do attend to these duties; not so well even as those who attend to them carelessly, and as a matter of form, because the constant performance of these duties superinduces a habit of regularity, sobriety, and cleanliness—virtues, all so nearly allied to industry as to produce it; and thus, again, it is that 'godliness'—and this is godliness, as far as it goes—'has the promise of the life that now is,' and it always will have it as long as the world exists. You will perceive, therefore," I added, "that while I assert my belief in the general superintendence of Providence in preserving the regularity of

system productive of such results as I have mentioned, I do not say that it never interposes to disturb it."

"But, for all that," he exclaimed abruptly, "my cows did *not* die in consequence of my working my mills on Sundays; and yet," he continued, after a moment's hesitation and reflection, "I don't know, perhaps they did. Three out of four in a fortnight! It is certainly very strange. All your Church-going people tell me that it was, but I cannot say I believe it. I rather think the carelessness of my men had something to do with it."

"Very likely," I replied, "and I should be very sorry to trust my cattle to the care of a man who would work in a saw-mill on a Sunday."

"There may be something in that," said he; "at any rate, I will give up the practice. I know it's wrong, and—"

"Sinful," I added.

"Yes, and sinful, mayhap," he continued; "and therefore I shall shut up my mills on Sundays, and buy three more cows, and see how they get on."

Some months afterwards, having found out what had really killed his cows, he came and told me. This he did, partly from the ingenuousness of his disposition, but more, I suspect, from an idea that it afforded him the means of triumphing in the argument we had held upon the subject. On this occasion the following conversation took place between us.

"Well, sir, my cows died, I find, from having been fed altogether upon oat-husks" (he had an oat-mill as well as a saw-mill).

"Then why," I asked, "did they not die sooner, during the more severe part of the winter?"

"Because they picked up a little hay from the sleds which came to the mill every day."

"Sundays and all?"

"No, not on Sundays. Nobody came on Sundays, but my men always gave them hay on that day. They could not get at the husks, as the mills were locked up. We did not work them on Sundays at that time, we had so little water."

"And did not as many people come to your mills with sleds and hay in the month of March, while you did work your mills

on Sundays, and when your cows died, as during the three or four preceding months?"

"Yes, at least as many, and I think rather more."

"Why, then, did they not die before?"

"I do not know."

"Then I 'll tell you, and upon your own showing too. You say that your cows could not raise the cud and ruminate upon oat-husks alone. Now, until you opened and worked your mills on Sundays, they had always something else to ruminate upon. But after this there was one day in the week when they were deprived of this necessary article in their food. No sleds came with hay in them; the mills were open and at work; the men were busy, and saw no difference between that day and another, so they gave them husks as usual. They might have got rather too much of these husks before, but they were amply fed one day in the week with hay, and this, most likely, saved them. So that you see—"

"I do," he exclaimed, interrupting me; "you need not say another word. I see it all as plainly now as you can tell me. My cows *did* die in consequence of my working my mills on Sundays."

I hoped and wished that it might be a good and useful lesson to him, of infinitely more value than the price he paid for it in the loss of his cattle. And so indeed it proved—he became an altered man. A fact of sufficient importance to excuse my dwelling so long upon those apparently trifling circumstances, which, under Divine Providence, led to its accomplishment.

I know full well that all such instances of the particular interposition of Providence are attempted to be explained away, by tracing them to second causes: but there are circumstances and occurrences which have come under the observation of every one who has eyes to see and ears to hear, of so palpable and decided a complexion, as to defy all attempt to disprove their being proofs of the truth of this gracious and comforting doctrine. One of the most striking of these which I have ever heard of, I may here mention. It occurred almost under my own observation: at any rate, I can vouch for the fact.

In a *mining district in* England, near the place of my nativity,

a gang of reprobates, as miners too generally are, were employed in the works at the bottom of a deep shaft. One of their number was, however, a character of a description very different from that of his wicked comrades. He was of a very religious turn of mind, rather an enthusiast, but as uneducated, though not quite as ignorant, as the rest. He was blessed with a very contented disposition, partly owing to the influences of religion, and partly ascribable to the natural temperament of his mind. Although he had sometimes hard work to find "bread to eat and raiment to put on," for himself and his large family, for he had a wife and six or seven children, with nothing to depend upon but his own daily labour, yet he was happy and thankful. Nay, even when from sickness, or from some of those numberless accidents to which miners are so peculiarly liable, he was unable to work, he never murmured, but said, "it was all for the best!" He made use of this expression, indeed, so frequently, not however without a due regard to its import, that it became a bye-word among his reckless companions wherewith to taunt him on any little misfortune that befel him. On one occasion, just as they were about to descend the shaft to their work, a hungry dog snatched up his scanty dinner, which he had laid down on a piece of wood beside him, while putting on his mining dress. On his attempting to regain it, the dog scampered off with his prize, to the great delight of his comrades, who shouted to him amid peals of laughter, as he ran after it, "Never mind, it 's all for the best—it 's all for the best, Jem!" He heeded them not, but followed the dog for some time, whilst all the other miners went down the shaft. At length he gave up the chace as hopeless, and returned to the pit, a good deal mortified; and his temper perhaps a little ruffled at the gibes he had heard, and more of which he still anticipated. He had hard work in reconciling his mind to bear the loss with his usual equanimity, and said rather hastily to the topmen, when he reached them, "Well, well! I dare say it *is* all for the best:" *and it was for the best;* for before this man had time to follow his companions *down the pit,* there was a tremendous explosion of the fire-damp. *Twelve men were killed* outright, and two so badly burnt that

they died soon after they were hauled up. The one survivor, for there were fifteen men in all, was a helpless cripple for life.

It would be superfluous to attempt to describe the gratitude of the poor man for his providential escape; or to say that no one, however godless he might be, ever afterwards taunted him with his ejaculatory expression of resignation, "It 's all for the best!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Visitors—A Disappointment—A Presentiment of Evil—A Sudden Death—The Asiatic Cholera—Its Fearful Ravages—The Haunted House—An Old Soldier.

My new house was rapidly progressing, and I had plenty of leisure to look after it. There was not a single person sick in the whole parish. The weather too was beautiful, as indeed it always is in this climate during the summer and autumn, that is to say, from May till November, with the exception of a day or two now and then. My family frequently came to see me, bringing me fresh supplies of provisions. One of my little boys stayed with me during his summer holidays, and several of my people came occasionally to visit me, and were pleased with the prospect of my being able to get into my abode before the commencement of winter. This indeed I had set my heart upon, and so had my wife, and such of our little ones as were old enough to understand anything about it.

But our plans, well devised as they had been, were doomed to be deranged, and our hopes and expectations to be disappointed: so that instead of getting into our new house the coming autumn, we did not do so till two long years had dragged out their weary length in sickness, misery, and death.

Coming events are said sometimes to cast their shadows before; and if they ever do so, they did so now.

One bright and beautiful Sunday evening, after all my duties for the day, as I supposed, had been concluded, I returned to my humble lodging in the hut I have mentioned. I threw myself upon a rude bench at the door to rest myself, and watch the gorgeous hues the sky assumed around the setting sun. While I was thus occupied, or rather, I perhaps should say, *whilst* thus unoccupied, I know not how it was, but a sensation of oppressive melancholy came over me, "forboding ills I knew not of." This gathered and grew to such a height, that when I

observed a man riding furiously along the road, I said to myself, before he turned in at the gate leading to the hut, "That 's a messenger with evil tidings, and his errand is to me." I was not mistaken in my conjecture. In a few moments the man was beside me, and exclaimed, in a hurried voice, "John Bainbridge is dead! and we want you to come and bury him immediately."

"Impossible!" I replied, in great bewilderment: "Why, I saw him myself not three hours ago at church, and in perfect health."

"True, sir; but he was taken ill immediately after service, and in an hour more was a corpse. And," added the man, consternation marked in every feature of his face, which looked unnaturally pale, "his coffin is ready, or will be by the time I get back, and he must be buried to-night."

"To-night," said I, hesitatingly, for I was very tired.

"Yes, yes, to-night, sir; the corpse won't keep till to-morrow: it is turning black already."

This seemed a mysterious circumstance, and I questioned him further on the subject; but he knew nothing more, he said, than what he had told me. I therefore set off with him on the instant, without another word.

As we rode along together, I made some remark upon the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of always living in a state of preparation for such an awful event as had just happened.

"Yes," the man replied, "you may indeed say so, now that this dreadful judgment has really come upon us."

"Judgment!" I exclaimed; "what judgment? What *do* you mean? Pray, my good friend, explain yourself." This urgent inquiry had more reference to his agitated and confused manner than to his words, alarming as their import was.

"Why, sir, the cholera!—didn't you know that it was here?" and the poor man's voice faltered as he spoke.—Poor fellow! that day was his last; I buried him the next morning at sunrise.

This was the first I had heard of the cholera being in the country. It appeared that a young woman, a passenger in the ship which brought the fell destroyer to our shores, had come directly to the place, and brought the contagion with her. But, strange to say, while those who came in contact with her caught the disease and died, she herself escaped, not only with life, but without even being attacked by the disease.

Physicians, in their wisdom, may say what they like about its not being epidemic: my experience leads me to believe most firmly that it is. I do not mean, however, to assert that it is as much so as the small-pox or the plague, since in the cholera those who are attacked must have some predisposition to take it. Yet it must be by contagion that it is conveyed from place to place, from country to country, widely separated as those are, and with the broad Atlantic betwixt them. After its first introduction, it may so extend its ravages, and spread its poison, as to infect the air we breathe, and thus become endemic too.

The hurried funeral was soon over. I paused a moment beside the grave, wondering why they did not fill it up, when I was informed that it was left open for the widow of the deceased. She had died while we were performing the burial-service. They were poor labouring people, and had nothing but a little cottage scantily furnished. They left two young children, orphans now, in the most comprehensive sense of the word. These poor children were kindly taken charge of by two of the families in the place, after having been stripped naked and washed, and their clothes thrown into the doomed cottage of their deceased parents, when it was immediately set on fire and burnt to the ground, with all that it contained, in the vain hope of staying the plague.

The next morning, only three or four of my men, who lived at a considerable distance, and had not heard of the cholera, came to their work; but they would not stay. Indeed I did not wonder at their going home again; especially as there was a rumour abroad, which was subsequently found to be true, that seven others, besides my poor messenger of the evening before, had died during the night. These were all Roman Catholics. I had, consequently, nothing to do with their burial. Indeed it was a very singular fact, that the great majority of those who fell victims to the pestilence were of that persuasion, although their numbers altogether did not amount to a third of the total population of the settlement. The few Protestants that were attacked I of course visited, whenever I had an opportunity of doing so, and as long as I was able. One man, in particular, I went to see about half an hour before he breathed his last. He was in the last stage of the disease, and writhing under the most excruciating tortures. Before I left him, he was turning as black

as if decomposition had commenced its ruinous work upon his frame. The hand of death was upon him, and ere another hour had elapsed I had consigned him to his grave. Quick indeed was the transition from life to death.

After the funeral I felt rather unwell myself, and the slightest indisposition under the circumstances was alarming; I therefore immediately rode home to my family, and it was fortunate for me that I did so. I was taken seriously ill that very night, and with several of the symptoms of that fearful disease. Indeed the physician, who was instantly sent for by my distracted wife, said, the moment he saw me, that I had certainly caught it. Whether he was right or wrong in his opinion, the prompt and effective treatment he subjected me to, aided by a sound constitution, under the blessing of God, saved me from the fatal termination which every one around me anticipated. But it was nine weeks before I could leave my room, and some considerable time longer ere I could resume my wonted duties.

During the time I was thus laid up, it was very distressing to me to see so many poor people turned away from the door, in sorrow and disappointment at not being able to obtain for those who were so dear to them the last consolations of religion, nor the last sad rite of Christian burial. There was indeed a brother clergyman not very far off, who always attended to these duties for me when he was able. This was, however, but very seldom, his time, almost night and day, being fully occupied with his own, as the disease was raging with equal if not with greater violence in his own parish. In the neighbouring market-town it was more fearful still, as will appear from the following extract from an account published by my friend the rector shortly afterwards:—

"It was a pestilence whose nature was unknown to the physician, and which set all remedies at defiance. It was not by separating ourselves from the infected that we could hope for exemption from its ravages; for the very air we breathed was filled with its poison; and its desolating hand found its way into the bedchambers of the rich, as well as into the hovels of the poor. No man could feel security in any precaution, nor could he flee from its presence; for where would it not have found him out? It was unlike any other pestilence: it was not confined

the noisome atmosphere of a few filthy streets, nor yet to the bounds of towns or cities, but spread abroad in the more healthy and less populous country. Neither the mountain with its pure air, nor the valley stored with nature's richest treasures and watered by the refreshing stream, could claim any exemption from its ravages. The sun shone as brightly and as warmly as ever; but it conveyed not its usual cheerfulness to the heart, for each one looked upon it as the last sun which might shine upon his earthly pilgrimage. The blue vault of heaven displayed its shining and twinkling glories as resplendently as ever; but for us they possessed no charms, for all feared to purchase the delights of a summer's night walk at the dreaded expense of inhaling the breath of the pestilence. And then, how horrible was the disease itself! how loathsome, how frightful its appearance! how rapid its progress! how appalling its ravages! In one short hour the hapless victim was reduced from perfect health and strength to the helplessness of infancy, or of the most decrepid old age; and in a few, a very few hours more, was hurried into eternity. For some time no sound of business was heard in our streets, but that which was occasioned by the removal of the sick to the hospitals, and of the dead to their graves; and the most busy scenes of man's labour were only to be witnessed in our cemeteries, where the most active exertions were often insufficient to prepare the last resting-place for the mortal remains of those who were carried there in crowded and rapid succession. The universal gloom was not even varied by the long and decent funeral train of sorrowing friends or of mourning relatives. The cart, with its frequent load of mortality exposed to the public gaze, and the oft-repeated appearance of the unattended hearse, gave fearful evidence of the dealings of the 'King of Terrors.' In ten days, more than three thousand had been smitten, and nearly one thousand had perished; and in the space of three short months one-tenth of our population was swept away by the desolating scourge. On the 19th of June, on entering the burial-ground at six o'clock in the evening, the spectacle which met my view was truly appalling. The grass was strewed with coffins; about twenty men were employed in digging graves; and a few mourners stood in groups of three or four, apparently stupified *with fear, or absorbed* in mournful contemplation of the scene.

They all gathered around me: some looked, and others said aloud, 'What shall we do?—where will all this end?' After having consigned all the bodies that were there to the grave, I proceeded to the gate with the view of leaving this scene of death, supposing this part of my labours for the day to be ended; but the appearance of three or four carts in the road, each bearing its load of mortality, induced me to return. The same scene was repeated again and again, until the shades of evening began to close around us. With the gloom of this world's darkness comes frequently the gloom of the mind. The number of deaths had been daily and fearfully increasing, and both of my colleagues were suffering under the prevailing malady. It is not easy to describe the feelings produced by such a consciousness, in such a place, and at such an hour. I sat down at length on a newly-covered grave, and gave vent to my overcharged feelings, in which I was joined, I believe, by all present, not even excepting the grave-digger, notwithstanding a fifteen years' apprenticeship in his heart-hardening trade. I buried fifty-three on that dismal day."

The anxiously wished-for winter came at last. What a thankful cheerfulness beamed upon every countenance on the morning after the first severe frost! The gloom which had hung over every one seemed to be dispersed at once. The plague was stayed. The blessed fiat had been issued: "Stay thine hand; it is enough!" The flaming sword of the destroying angel was sheathed, and a remnant was saved.

The ravages of this fell destroyer extended throughout the whole length and breadth of the continent of America. The inhabitants of the great towns had been actually decimated; and in many of the country settlements, if we had possessed the same means of accurately ascertaining the number of its victims, they would, I have every reason to believe, have been found quite as numerous. In some places there was hardly a house in which some one had not died.

I knew one house in which, out of a family of eleven souls, only one had been spared. He was an old man of ninety years of age, the father and grandfather of the victims. After this fearful catastrophe he went away, none knew whither. He was never heard of afterwards. His house was left to him desolate indeed; nor would any one live in it afterwards. It therefore

soon fell into decay; and the plough has since then passed over the spot.

There was something mysterious about this old man's disappearing in the way he did, and connected as it was with some strange rumours which were bruited abroad in the neighbourhood at the time, and were most firmly believed by the common people. It was said that a spectre haunted his deserted dwelling; but I suspected from the first that the poor broken-hearted old man was the real spirit so often seen, and who doubtless came out from his hiding-place, wherever that was (most likely in the wild woods), to visit and weep over the graves of his children. They were buried on the spot where they died, as many of the cholera victims were; and most probably he continued to come out in this secret and stealthy manner, till sickness or death —perhaps a violent one, as was generally believed—put an end to his visits, his sorrows, and his life together. I felt deeply interested in his fate. There were, indeed, many circumstances in his little history which contributed in no small degree to create this feeling.

He was a Saxon by birth, and came out to this continent during the American war, as a serjeant in the German Legion. He had been in a great many hard-fought battles, in which he had been wounded five times. He was with General Burgoyne when he surrendered at Saratoga. He knew poor Major André, and was one of a party who made some futile attempt to rescue him. On one occasion, when straggling beyond the outposts in the dusk of the evening with a comrade, he was taken prisoner by the enemy. In consequence of not being in their full uniform, they were considered to be spies, were tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and condemned to be shot. Until the following morning, when the awful sentence was to be carried into execution, they were put into a barn, for want of a more fitting place of confinement, and were guarded by two sentries. In the middle of that night, which was to have been their last, they resolved to make an attempt to escape. "We could, you know," the old man would say when he came to this part of his story, "but be killed a few hours before they intended to murder us, and it would have been murder, as we were not spies; and so, hopeless as the attempt was, we determined to try it."

They shouldered each a long mullen-stalk,* which they found among the rubbish in the old barn. The doors being fastened on the inside, they easily managed to open one, and sallied forth, very stealthily, till they got close to the sentry who had been placed there to guard it. Him they charged with their mock weapons;—the night was so dark he could not distinguish them from real ones—and threatened to bayonet him if he made the slightest attempt to give the alarm to the other sentry. He submitted to their demand, yielded up his firelock, and they took him prisoner. Being now really and effectively armed, they easily mastered the other soldier, and, with their two prisoners, after many "hair-breadth 'scapes," they arrived in safety within the British lines. The truth of this story in all its particulars was fully confirmed to me by an old officer of the same regiment. After the war was over the Legion was disbanded, and he came, with many of his companions in arms, into these provinces; got married, purchased with his hard-earned savings a little farm, and proved a worthy, honest, and industrious settler.

Such was his stirring and active life; but his death, as I have already said, was wrapped in mystery.

"Years flew by," and the ghost, and the old man, and haunted house, were alike forgotten, or rather, like a thrice-told tale, they had ceased to interest any one; when a circumstance occurred which brought them all again most vividly to our remembrance. Some alarm had been excited by a report that a catamount, or American panther, had been seen in the adjoining woods. The report, however, was so vague that few people believed it. At length all doubts upon the subject were solved, for it was actually killed by an Indian. In its den were found some relics of a human being, some broken bones, several buttons, and some decayed fragments of clothes; enough, in short, to remove all doubt as to what the fate of the poor old man had been.

* This is a weed which is peculiar to this country. It grows sometimes to the height of ten feet, when its stalk is as thick as a good-sized walking-stick.

CHAPTER XX.

A Sad Disappointment—Reduction of Salary—Government Grant—The Church—Loyalty—A New Era—The Cholera again—A New House—The Garden—An Ice-house—My Dogs.

THE following spring came out upon us as bright and beautiful as if that fierce and fearful scourge, the cholera, had never come within our borders. Those that were left unscathed commenced their busy summer life again, and the dead seemed all but forgotten. Time soothes every sorrow, and so it appeared to do in the present instance. I myself became as busy as the rest. I commenced again as strenuously as ever with my house, and was getting on most prosperously. I had a whole summer before me, and I confidently expected to get it so far completed by the end of it, as to be ready for the reception of my family; when all my troubles and annoyances, and they were not a few, would be at an end. But, no! I was doomed again to be disappointed.

I had resumed my work but a very short time, when I received a letter from the secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, informing me that, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected withdrawal of the Government grant in aid of its funds, it was under the painful necessity of reducing my salary to one half of its original amount, and every other missionary on the Society's list in these colonies received a similar intimation. This came upon me like a thunderbolt, for I had hitherto considered my salary as perfectly secure as if it had arisen from any church endowment in England.

When I entered into the service of the Society its income arose from three distinct sources—voluntary contributions, its funded property, and a grant from the Government. The first, of course, from its very nature must be fluctuating; but the second would have been amply sufficient to prevent such fluctuation from

affecting our salaries while the third continued to be paid, of which there could be no reasonable doubt. I have therefore no hesitation in asserting, and I shall be borne out by numberless authorities in doing so, that it was a gross and an iniquitous breach of faith on the part of the Government to withhold that grant. There was certainly no pledge given that it should be permanent. On the contrary, it was neither intended by the Government nor expected by the Society that it should be so. But it *was* expected by the latter, and no doubt intended by the former, that this grant should not be withheld without due and sufficient notice. But no such notice was given, and the measure was as prematurely as it was harshly adopted. The opposers of every administration, even Mr. Hume himself, admitted, when the subject was brought before the House of Commons, that the grant, strongly as they disapproved of it, ought to be continued during the lives of the present incumbents, whose salaries, to a certain extent, depended upon it. Yet, notwithstanding all parties in Parliament were perfectly willing that it should be continued during a limited period, that economical administration, disregarding the high-minded, generous, and truly Christian principles which had shed such a lustre upon the British name, and exalted it to the very highest pinnacle of glory in the eyes of all the nations of the earth, did at once withhold it; thereby reducing a hundred and sixty poor missionaries to want and degradation —and for what? Merely for the sake of enabling the Chancellor of the Exchequer to show to the House of Commons and to the country, that they were carrying out the principle of economy to which they had pledged themselves before they got into power, by making a reduction in the expenditure of the North American colonies, amounting to sixteen thousand pounds a year; a reduction which had this especial merit in their eyes, that as not a murmur was likely to be heard against it in England, it would probably be inferred, not only that it was necessary, but that no one suffered by it. No! it only affected a few poor hardworking missionaries, thinly scattered over the new and remote settlements in the backwoods of these wild and measureless regions, whose complaints were never likely to reach the sacred *precincts of St.* Stephen's.

This reduction was not to extend—and here was the most

unfair thing in the entire measure—it was not to extend to the grants made by the Government to the bishops, nor to the archdeacons, nor even to the rectors of the large commercial towns; all these salaries, amounting to some ten thousand pounds a year, were to be continued during the lives of the present incumbents. It would not have answered their purpose to have meddled with these salaries, because it never would have appeared, either to the House or to the country, that any saving had been effected; inasmuch as they were paid by the Commissariat out of the Military Chest. Had such a saving been really expedient, it surely would have been but just and fair that the reduction should have fallen equally upon all the clergy in these colonies who received any portion of their emoluments from the Government. It would then hardly have been felt, and certainly never objected to: instead of which, a few poor missionaries, many of them with large families, were thus, with cold and heartless cruelty, singled out to be the only sufferers.

And yet, in the end, it was no saving after all; for had the Society continued to be supported, as formerly, by the Government, its number of missionaries would have been so much increased, as to have created and secured an influence over the great body of the people, sufficient to have prevented the rebellions of 1837 and 1838, and thereby saved the Government a million of money. I am borne out in this assertion by the fact, that not only were there no Church of England men among the rebels, but that they all rose, *en masse*, to put them down.

To the same niggardly policy may indeed be ascribed the loss to the mother-country of her other North American colonies, now the United States. The Loyalists, almost to a man, were members of the Church; and the contest, as far as the population was concerned, was a contest throughout between the Church and loyalty on the one side, and treason, and dissent, and infidelity, on the other. There cannot be a doubt, but if the venerable Society, which had been specially established for the very purpose of propagating the Gospel in these colonies, had been cherished and supported by the Government, as it ought to *have been*—had it had even three missionaries where it employed but one—and it ought to have had at least twenty—that brightest gem in England's crown would never have been torn

from it. What a waste of blood and treasure too, some trifling annual grant from the Government to the Society would thus have prevented!

The people at home may believe it or not, the fact is no less certain, that the principal if not the only bond of union between these North American colonies and the mother-country is the Church; and although trampled upon, robbed and despoiled, and all but proscribed, as she is at the present moment, she will always continue to be so. Indeed her whole constitution and polity are intrinsically monarchical, and therefore conservative.

It has lately been the fashion, even among statesmen, to talk about these colonies following, in time, the example of their neighbours, and throwing off the yoke of British rule, and setting up, as a republic, for themselves; and they adduce the late outbreaks, as they are called, as decidedly symptomatic of the approaching consummation of such an event; whereas these same outbreaks only proved the strength of our attachment to that empire of which we form an integral portion. No! the connexion cannot be severed. The Church, with her five bishops and her four hundred priests, with the thousands and tens of thousands of her firm and devoted adherents, would alone be a safeguard against so deplorable an event. Unless the mother country unnaturally turn her back upon us, and cast us off, they may as well talk of Yorkshire and the other northern counties in England hoisting the tri-coloured flag or the "stripes and stars," as that we should separate ourselves from the mother country. To us here, at least, the one appears not more absurd than the other.

The loss of half my income produced, as may well be supposed, a sad revolution in my little establishment. I may say, indeed, that a new era in my life, as far as its common and ordinary affairs were concerned, now commenced. I had, in the first place, to forego all hope of finishing my house. I therefore covered it in, boarded up the windows and doors, and left it, with the intention of selling it, as well as the little farm on which it stood, as soon as I could find a purchaser. But where I was to live, how I was to pay rent for a house out of a hundred a year, or how I was to support my family, or to educate my children, I was utterly at a loss to discover. I sold one of my horses, shot two of my dogs, discharged my servants, took my boys away

from school. In short, I did a great many things hastily and very foolishly, instead of writing to the Society, as I did at last, and giving them a plain and simple account of all my difficulties and troubles. They promptly replied to my letter, directing me to draw upon their treasurer for fifty pounds to aid me in finishing my house, and at the same time communicated to me the cheering intelligence that our salaries would be again made up to within fifteen or twenty per cent. of their original amount. This, although it would bear somewhat hardly upon us, would not certainly be attended with that distress and ruin which must have ensued had the first reduction been continued.

I should be guilty of the most heartless ingratitude were I to pass over, without the strongest expression of gratitude, this instance of the generous liberality of the Society, so considerately extended to me at my utmost need. But what return can I make? They already have my prayers and my blessing, and I have nought else to offer. They must look, as I know they do, far beyond this world for their reward.

In consequence of this favourable change in my prospects, and with ample means at my command, granted expressly for the purpose, I resumed my building labours at the commencement of the following summer, in order that I might get into a residence within the precincts of my new mission. This was my third attempt, in so many successive years, to accomplish this most desirable object. My being so far away from my parish duties, besides the fatigue it occasioned, was a source of great and constant annoyance, and I had met with so many obstacles in my way, that in again commencing my work, I did it under the fearful apprehension that some new misfortune or other would again compel me to relinquish it, and perhaps for ever. Happily, however, under the blessing of Providence, my anticipations of evil were not to be realised, although I certainly thought at one time they would have been; for the cholera, after a whole year of respite, broke out again; but it did not rage with anything like the same violence which characterised its former visit; nor did people look upon it with the same horror and consternation now that they had become somewhat familiar with it. The impressions it was doubtless intended to produce upon men's minds were neither so deep nor so lasting as before. "When he slew

them, then they sought him, and inquired early after God." But no sooner had the destroying angel stayed his hand and sheathed his sword, than their fears were allayed, and all their resolutions of amendment were entirely forgotten. "They remembered not His hand, nor the day when He delivered them from the enemy."

After some trouble I succeeded in convincing my men that they were as much under the superintending care of a gracious Providence while attending to my work, as they possibly could be elsewhere, and therefore they did not leave it; and by the following Christmas I succeeded in getting my family into the house, or rather into a portion of it, for it was not more than half finished. Although we were very much cramped for room, and destitute of many little comforts and conveniences, yet we were again together, and happy in each other's society.

The first thing we did, on the opening of the spring, was to make a garden. This was a matter of more importance to our comfort than can well be imagined in an old inhabited country like England, where vegetables can be purchased almost at every one's door, and where, even if they could not, the want of them would be less felt than in a hot climate like this. Here, in country places at least, there are none for sale.

Finishing two or three more rooms in my house, building a barn, stables, an ice-house, and a dog-kennel, occupied the whole of the summer. The mention of an ice-house and a dog-kennel may surprise my readers; but in such a climate as this an ice-house is almost indispensable to the comfort of a family; and even if it must be termed a luxury, it is one which is here obtained at so cheap a rate, that were I reduced to earn my daily bread by the sweat of my brow, I do not think I should be disposed to forego it. As to the dog-kennel, it is absolutely necessary in this country to keep dogs, to guard not only the house from thieves and pilferers, but the sheep and fowls from wolves, foxes, and other vermin. Besides, to speak the entire truth, I am passionately fond of dogs, and have all my life been so, although I never was a sportsman. I have at the present moment a Newfoundland dog, a foxhound, a Spanish pointer, and an English setter, all fine specimens of their respective breeds. If I wanted a more plausible and utilitarian excuse for keeping

them, I might advert to the high estimation in which they are held by the whole settlement, in consequence of the great benefit the people derive from their active and unwearied exertions in killing or driving away the obnoxious animals I have mentioned. Before I came to reside in the place neither turkeys nor common barn-door fowls could be kept with any safety. One farmer lost twenty-seven turkeys in less than a week. Dreadful havoc was also often made among the flocks of sheep. Five wolves were seen near one of my neighbour's houses in broad daylight. Another had thirteen sheep killed by them in one night. But now, from the instinctive fear which the cowardly wolf has of the dog, the flocks are perfectly safe, a change as gratifying to me as it is to the settlement at large, and all through the instrumentality of the fine, powerful, and courageous race of dogs which I have brought into the settlement.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Subscription List—The Foundation Stone—The New Church—The Burning of the School-house—Troubles and Annoyances—The Liberality of the Two Venerable Church Societies—A Judgment—A Revolting Incident—Fearful Visitations—A Squatter—A Strange Story—An Overruling Providence.

THE building of my house was not the only thing in which my wishes were thwarted and my expectations disappointed by the untoward and melancholy circumstances which I have mentioned. Previously to the breaking out of the cholera the first time, I had commenced a subscription for my new church. I met with the same difficulties which I had to encounter in a similar undertaking at my first mission. They did not, however, appear to me so formidable now as on that occasion, and consequently gave me much less annoyance. I doubt, indeed, whether I should ever have undertaken the task at all, had I not felt convinced that my past experience would save me from the distress and actual suffering I then endured. It is true that now, as before, I was laughed at for attempting what appeared to them to be impossible. The very idea was declared to be perfectly absurd. "To build a church, and in a back settlement too! I must be totally ignorant of the limited circumstances of the people I had to deal with, or I must be ——" The speaker paused, and I concluded the sentence for him—"Mad, you would say; but never mind, my good friend, here is a plan of the church; look at it." They did so. "What! steeple and all?" they exclaimed in utter amazement. "O yes," I said, "the tower would not cost more than fifty pounds; that is to say, merely the bare walls with a temporary roof, till we can raise funds to finish it."

"Fifty pounds!" one of them exclaimed; "why, you will not be able to get subscriptions to that amount in the whole settlement in three years."

I produced my subscription-list and spread it out before them. The heading contained all the particulars of what I wanted to accomplish. My chief parishioner (he was a worthy, good man) dipped his pen in the ink to sign it, and to put down the sum he intended to give. The money was to be payable in three equal annual instalments; but he was evidently startled when he saw that the first payment was not to be at the expiration of twelve months, but at once and on demand. "Oh!" he cried, "this will never do! Money on demand! It is impossible! All the money in two years?" "Yes," I said, laughing; "if you will set us the example, we will get the money, or at least the subscription for it, and that is the same thing, in two minutes. Come, take me at my word," I continued, as I saw he was inclined to assent to my proposal; "sign away at once, and do not keep me waiting till all my two minutes are expired."

I knew he would give more than any one else in the settlement, and therefore wished to have his name at the head of my list. He knew this too, as well as I did; but still he hesitated, and at length handed me the pen and begged that I would sign before him. I consented, but left the first line for him, and put my name down on the one below it for twenty-five pounds (it was before the reduction of my salary). He looked at me with a smile, as much as to say that I had out-generalled him, but at once put down his name for forty pounds. The train was fired; the impulse was given, and every one subscribed nobly. "Well," said Mr. P——, the giver of the forty pounds, "if this is the way you mean to go to work, there is no doubt about your building the church."

"Steeple and all?" I inquired.

"Yes, steeple and all! We were just talking about it," he continued, "when you came in, and we had all settled what we would give—Mr. D—— five, and Mr. N—— five, and I ten; and that you would be not only satisfied but astonished at our liberality: we had also put you down for five."

He looked again at the list for a moment to add up the sums, when he exclaimed, "Why, here is more than a hundred pounds already, beside the Society's seventy-five pounds. When do you *think we should begin* with it?" "WE," I said to myself: the *word was music to me*, for hitherto I had seemed to stand alone

in my arduous undertaking, but now, at once, it became a common cause.

The three long and tedious years of sorrow, sickness, and misfortune, which I have already detailed, passed by before we could begin to build our church; but early in the spring, after my first winter's residence with my family in the place, the foundation-stone was laid with great rejoicing throughout the whole settlement, in which people belonging to other denominations appeared cordially to participate. When once we had got fairly under way with the building, I went round again among the people and got my subscription-list considerably increased. Some would not subscribe before, because they thought the schoolhouse might do well enough, and that in a new country like this it was out of the question to expect we could have things the same as we had at home; while others refused because the project appeared to them wild and chimerical. But when they saw the work really commenced, the walls gradually rising higher and higher, and its goodly proportions beginning to develop themselves, affording a fair prospect of its being completed, they became of a different opinion, and subscribed cheerfully and to the utmost of their ability.

The shell of the building was completed before the winter set in. We then put a stove in it and proceeded with the inside work. In short, by the middle of the succeeding summer, everything was finished, pews and all, except painting.

I have only been speaking, however, of the body of the church. The steeple was left, as I proposed, in a very unfinished state. It remained so for some years, and might have done so to this day, but for a misfortune, strange as it may seem, that befel the settlement, and which was turned into a blessing as far as the church was concerned, and added considerably to our funds. But to explain how this occurred I must advert to a circumstance which took place some two or three years subsequently to the period of which I am now speaking.

The schoolhouse I have so frequently mentioned was used at stated periods as a court-house for the trial of small causes. On one of these occasions judgment was given against a man of a very vicious and reckless character. In his opinion, as will easily be believed, the decision was a very tyrannical and unjust

one. On the night after the trial the schoolhouse was set on fire and entirely consumed, with all the things which were in it, amongst which were some valuable school-books belonging to my boys, and the whole of my Sunday-school library.

The wretched man was apprehended, sent to gaol, and stood his trial for the capital offence; but the evidence brought before the court was not sufficient in the eye of the law to convict him, and he was accordingly acquitted and turned loose again upon the community, although quite enough was elicited to satisfy every one of his guilt.

The schoolhouse had of course to be rebuilt; but how the means were to be raised to accomplish this object I could not see. We, I mean the Protestant Episcopalians, had expended all we could well spare upon our church. The Presbyterians (for the schoolhouse belonged to all denominations) had still more recently done the same thing upon a chapel they had erected for themselves: the Methodists were similarly circumstanced. I therefore applied to the Society for a grant of twenty-five pounds to assist us in our difficulties, and they promptly acceded to my request.

Very shortly after I had got this money, a bill was brought before the provincial parliament to alter the Act under which these elementary schools had been established, so as to prevent the clergy from exercising any control over them. The enemies of the Church prevailed, as they generally do in these colonies,* and this bill passed and became a law.

I immediately wrote to the Society to inform them of the fact, and recommended that this money should not now, under these altered circumstances, be applied to the purpose for which it had been granted. At the same time, I begged that they would permit me not only to expend this sum upon my church, but that they would add twenty-five pounds more to it for the same purpose. My wishes were instantly complied with. Indeed, I never made a request to either Society which was not granted.

* This is unfortunately the case, notwithstanding a majority of the members in the House of Assembly are, professedly at least, members of the Church. But some of them are, unfortunately, what are called "Low *Churchmen;*" while others are heedless and lukewarm in their attachment *to the Church,* and a few, perhaps, in reality are not Churchmen at all, *except in name.*

The happy consequences were, the finishing of our church, steeple and all, and the payment of all our debts.

It must not be inferred, from my silence on the subject, that in accomplishing this great work I had neither troubles nor difficulties to contend with. I had, indeed, just as hard a task to perform as in building my first church, and met with as many annoyances. One thing, indeed, pressed much more heavily upon me in this instance, than any on the former occasion. This was the difficulty I felt, in my reduced circumstances, in meeting the demand upon me for the amount of my own subscription. But I look back upon this trouble with pleasure now; for my great object has been attained; the church has been finished. And a pretty little church it is,—a neat and well-proportioned building, with lancet windows and a sightly tower. One can hardly find its equal, as a new settlement church, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. There it stands—and long may it do so—a monument of the zeal of my poor people for the establishment of their Redeemer's kingdom upon earth.

And here, before I dismiss the subject, I must not fail to record my humble but heartfelt gratitude to the two great and venerable Church Societies at home for their very kind and liberal assistance. The one gave me seventy-five pounds; the other fifty, and ten pounds' worth of books for my Parochial Lending Library, as well as seven pounds' worth to replace my Sunday-school books which were destroyed in the schoolhouse when it was burnt. This Society also gave me a splendid set of service books for my church.

I must now advert to circumstances and occurrences of minor interest. When I first came to this new settlement, I found everything in confusion. The schoolmaster was an open and habitual drunkard. I got him turned out, and had a decent sober man put in his place, whom I also made my parish-clerk. I then established a Sunday-school, and took great pains in collecting a little money, and purchased a small library for it, which, as I have already mentioned, was unfortunately burnt. And this reminds me of the judgment which came upon the incendiary, probably for this very crime; and so soon after it too, as to lead people to think and to say that he was rightly punished.

His wife and he had both been drinking at a tavern; she was

just as bad and wicked as himself. They had a violent quarrel, and he beat her most unmercifully. Shortly afterwards they returned home, and he went to bed, while she sat brooding over some scheme of revenge for the treatment she had received. When he was fast asleep, she took a carving-fork, went softly to the bed-side, plunged it into one of his eyes, and literally tore it out of the socket. She was taken before the magistrate the following week and committed to prison. There she remained nearly twelve months before she could be brought to trial, her husband not being sufficiently recovered to be able sooner to appear against her. Indeed, for some time his life was despaired of; or I am afraid I must say, to speak more correctly, that hopes were entertained by his neighbours that he would *not* recover, but that the settlement would be delivered from such a monster of iniquity. I have said that a week elapsed between the woman's crime and her apprehension. This was owing to a dreadful accident that happened to one of her children the very next morning.

A boar belonging to one of the inhabitants had most improperly been allowed to go at large upon the village green, where the child, almost in a state of nudity (it was in summer, and the weather was warm), was playing with some other children. I believe they had been teasing the ferocious animal. At any rate, it made a rush at them, when they all ran away; but it soon overtook the hindmost, which happened to be this poor little boy. With one stroke of his tusk it made such a gash in the child's side, that a portion of his entrails instantly protruded. I was immediately sent for, there being no surgeon within fifteen miles. On my reaching the house, I directed them to send off for one immediately, and they did so. I knew, however, that if the child remained unattended to until his arrival, nothing could save it. I therefore carefully replaced the intestines, after embrocating them with olive-oil, and then carefully bandaged up the wound: all which I was very glad to find that the doctor approved of; for I felt that my responsibility was great. The poor child died, after lingering five days and nights; and it was not till after the funeral that the wretched mother was taken into custody.

I do not know anything about the trial: perhaps I did at the

time, but I do not recollect it now. I only remember that the woman came back to her husband, and their one only remaining child, which was an idiot, and that they have been living together ever since, apparently in peace and tranquillity. Perhaps those fearful lessons contributed somewhat to bring about this partial change for the better in their conduct and deportment towards each other;—I say partial change, for they still continue to be in all other respects the same pests to society, the same reprobate outcasts, they ever were.

We had, unfortunately, a number of others in the settlement almost as bad as this wretched couple. Drunkenness, which is indeed the prevailing vice, the besetting sin of this whole continent, was so rife in our little village, that one could hardly walk quietly through it, especially on a Sunday evening, without being shocked or insulted.

Some idea may be formed of the extent to which this vicious habit was carried, from the fact that one-third of the houses in the place were taverns. Now, however, we have happily less than half the number we had at that period; and, what is better still, there is hardly a drunkard in the settlement. It cannot be doubted that the establishment of the church tended greatly to improve the morals of the people, and to promote the interests of true religion; and I would fain hope that my humble endeavours had some share in producing so beneficial a change.

There was something so very extraordinary, and the hand of Providence was so conspicuously manifested in the means by which we got rid of these drunkards, that I must give the reader some account of it.

They all, save the two wretched beings I have mentioned, and another who really reformed, either came to sudden and untimely ends, or were dispersed abroad as outcasts and wanderers over the face of the earth; some of them with the indelible brand of a Cain upon their foreheads.

Two in a fit of drunkenness murdered their wives, and ran away, and have never been heard of since. One, in the same state, insulted and abused a young woman he met with on his way home from a tavern, and the poor victim of his villany was found dead the next morning where he left her: he was hanged for the deed. Another, attempting to cross the river on the ice

missed his way and fell into an open place, where the current was so rapid that the water is never frozen over, and was drowned. Two more came to a similar end, while fishing for shad during the spring freshet. But my calendar of extraordinary events is not completed yet. Another fell over a precipice of some eighty or a hundred feet, and was killed on the spot. I myself saw the crushed and mangled body before it was removed from the spot.

It appeared, from the evidence before the coroner, that this unfortunate man had been drinking in a miserable log-hut hard by with its proprietor. The hut was of the poorest description. The walls were of rough unhewn timber, and the roof of bark. It belonged to a "squatter,"* and was situated on a piece of waste land between the road and the precipice, so near the latter, and so limited in extent, that the legal proprietor had never paid any attention to it, not considering it worth fencing in. When the unfortunate man left this hut, most probably in a state of intoxication, the night was far advanced and very dark, and he must have gone a few steps, a very few, out of his way.

The fate of the squatter himself was equally horrible, and still more mysterious. He was a lone old man; apparently of a retired and unsocial disposition, as he was seldom seen in company with any one. He seemed to have no occupation, and no apparent means of obtaining a livelihood. His dress and appearance were those of a labouring man of the poorest class of Irish; and yet he always paid in ready money for whatever he bought at the stores. He was frequently absent for weeks together; but where, or for what purpose, no one knew. None ever saw him depart or return. The only indication of his absence was an old rusty padlock at the door of his hut, and a rough bass-wood slab before his solitary window as a shutter. This was securely fastened, somehow or other, from the inside. There was also, on such occasions, a similar slab placed over the top of the chimney, or rather, the hole in the roof which served instead of a chimney, so as effectually to prevent any one from peeping into the rude

* Squatters are persons who settle on vacant or ungranted lands without any real authority to do so. They are so numerous that the law has made *some provision* in their behalf. When the lands are sold they have the *right of pre-emption*, or if the land goes at a higher rate than they choose or *are able to give, the* purchaser must pay them for their improvements before *he can turn them off.*

hut. No one was ever known to visit him, except the poor unfortunate man of whom I have just spoken. And yet the old man was not altogether alone either: he had always with him, whether at home or abroad, one constant companion. This was a dog of enormous size, and gaunt as a wolf, but more from want of sufficient food than from his natural conformation. Indeed, from his black ears, and his muzzle of the same colour, as well as from his long shaggy coat, as fine as silk and as white as snow, it was evident that he was a pure and perfect specimen of a species of the Newfoundland breed which is not known in England; at least, it *was* not known a quarter of a century ago, when I left it. They are so rare, even in this country, that I have never seen more than half a dozen of them. There was, in short, a mystery about the man and his dog which no one could penetrate; and mystery, in the eyes of the common people in all countries, begets fear. So generally did this feeling prevail in this instance, that few cared to pass his lonely dwelling after sunset. Besides, there was some story abroad of his having shot a man in his native country, for having offered a higher rent for his "shieling" than he had himself been willing to give for it; and that he had fled to this country to escape the consequences of an act which he, in his mistaken ideas, looked upon only in the light of retributive justice. But the avenger of blood was immediately behind him on his trackless path across the wide Atlantic. At least it was whispered in the neighbourhood that two sons of the murdered man came out in the same ship with him, but lost sight of him on their landing; and, after a long and fruitless search, they at length discovered their victim in this solitary hut. One of these brothers was the man whom I have already said was found dead at the foot of the neighbouring cliff. He was an idle, drunken vagabond, certainly; but his death was no longer considered as accidental. The other brother, although a poor man, was sober, steady, and industrious, and seemed to be a permanent settler in the place. After the funeral of his brother, he was no longer seen at his usual occupation, which was that of a cooper; and, upon inquiry, it was found he had left the settlement and gone no one knew whither.

It was also discovered about the same time, that the Solitary *hut was silent and* tenantless, except that the fierce gaunt

was always there. Weeks thus passed away before it was discovered that his murdered master's body was in the hut, and that the faithful dog who guarded it, although famishing, had never attempted to touch it.

Of course the common people have ever since considered the place haunted: and I really do not wonder at it. With all my philosophy I must acknowledge, although not without some degree of shame, that, although I would not go out of my way to avoid it, yet I have never since passed the burnt and blackened remains of that old ruined hut in the night without uncomfortable feelings. The wild and desolate spot, associated as it is with a recollection of these dreadful and mysterious events — the edge of that fatal cliff where the two strong and powerful men must have been engaged in their fearful struggle for life and death, brought back to my memory, despite my better judgment, all the horrors of ghost and bargbaist, of fairy, wraith and goblin, so deeply imprinted upon my mind in early childhood.

Ye careful and affectionate mothers—and mine was both—ye have indeed a difficult task to perform in saving the susceptible minds of your darling offspring from being contaminated with the foolish tales of the nursery! Do what you can, impressions which ye know not of will inevitably be formed there, impressions which in after-life can never be totally obliterated.

Whether the incidents I have mentioned in the life of this Squatter be true or not, and some of them I give only upon the authority of mere rumour, his dreadful and mysterious end made a deep impression upon the minds of all seriously disposed people. They looked upon it as an additional link in the long chain of evidence which proves the perpetual existence and the unvarying influence of an unseen and overruling power that "ordereth all things both in heaven and earth," and which proves also the eternal truth of His word, who saith "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

CHAPTER XXII.

Politics—The Rebellion—The Battle—The Marauders—The Burning of the Steamer "Caroline"—A Colonel of Militia—Restoration of Tranquillity.

I FEEL very unwilling to mix up in my narrative anything relating to the politics of the country, and yet I perceive that I cannot well go on without adverting to the public events which have lately taken place in this colony. But I have neither the ability nor the inclination to enter into any long and elaborate discussion, and my remarks upon the subject will therefore be as concise as possible, and strictly confined to such matters and measures as had a direct bearing on my own history.

During the last half-century, which carries us back almost to the very infancy of these colonies, there has always been a violent and bitter contest between two conflicting parties or factions, or rather, between a *party* and a *faction*. These have respectively been designated as Tories and Whigs, but without the slightest resemblance to their prototypes at home. The misapplication of these terms, trifling as it may at first sight appear, has been attended with very serious and important consequences. It led the British Government into mistakes and errors in the administration of our affairs, which resulted in rebellion and bloodshed.

The Tories, as they were called, comprising nearly all the wealth, intelligence, and respectability in the country, were in reality not Tories, but Conservative Whigs; while the Whigs—save the mark!—could scarcely count upon a man in their ranks who was not a traitor and a rebel. And consequently the contest between these Destructives and Conservatives has ever been, not whether this or that system of politics should prevail,—not whether this or that party should be predominant, but whether we should continue to constitute an integral portion of that glorious empire which extends its sway from pole to pole, or should be thrown into the grasp of a neighbouring republic, whose arms are so anxiously stretched out to receive us.

Thus when the Whigs in England obtained the ascendancy and got into power, they, as a matter of course, sent out Whig governors to this country, who, on their arrival, being misled by the misapplication of these terms of Whig and Tory, immediately attached themselves to the former or rebel party, thereby giving them an importance and an influence which, from the insignificancy—not of their numbers, for they had the whole rabble rout of the country at their heels, but—of their real weight and power, they otherwise could not have expected to obtain. The natural and necessary consequence was—a rebellion—a civil war. How it was carried on, and how it ended, are matters of general history, and belong not to my personal narrative. I shall therefore speak only of such circumstances connected with this important and fearful event as concerned my people and myself.

The leaders in this faction, from the countenance and support they thus unexpectedly received, instead of the attitude of humble and respectful suppliants for measures which they ought to have been well aware could never be conceded to them, assumed at once one of a more determined aspect. They had recourse to threats, and they appealed to the worst passions of the people, that they might be enabled to carry these threats into effect by physical force. Their followers flew to arms. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Military law was proclaimed, and the whole country was instantly thrown into a state of confusion, consternation, and anarchy.

My people, as well as those of every other religious denomination in the place, rose *en masse* as one man. We applied to the Government for a supply of arms. Our request was gladly acceded to, and two hundred and fifty firelocks were put into the hands of our young men. About a hundred and fifty more had fire-arms of their own. Thus equipped we set off in high spirits to join a small detachment of regular troops which had been ordered to march into the very heart of the disaffected settlements, where the rebel forces had taken up a very advantageous position. They had among them a man * possessed of some know-

* This unfortunate man, after his forces were dispersed, hid himself in a *ditch.* His pursuers, however, were upon his track, and found him. When *he saw them approaching* to take him prisoner, he drew a pistol from his *sash and shot himself.* Five hundred pounds had been promised for his *capture.*

ledge of military tactics, which he had acquired in actual service in the petty warfare so long and so fruitlessly carried on in the South American republics. Under this man's instructions they fortified their position and barricaded the approaches to it with fallen trees and other timber, and succeeded in rendering it somewhat formidable.

Ecclesiastics in the olden time frequently laid aside the cowl and the cassock for the hauberk and cuirass, and why not now, when our altars, our hearths, nay, our very existence were at stake? Although I may not presume to class myself with those heroic and warlike Churchmen of old, I considered it no less my imperative duty to share with my people the imminent peril which I had induced them to encounter.

At the commencement of our march an incident occurred which would have satisfied me as to the propriety of my conduct on this occasion, if I had entertained any doubt concerning it. We had not proceeded beyond the house next to my own, when we were joined by three stalwart young men, the only children of their aged parents. The poor mother was wringing her hands at her cottage door, and loudly bewailing her bereavement, as she considered it. I accosted her with all the soothing words I could think of, to allay her grief. My efforts were unheeded for some time, and when they did attract her notice, instead of producing the effect intended, they seemed to add gall to the bitterness of her overwrought feelings.

"It 's all very fine," she said, "for the likes o' ye to raise the whole country side to go and fight for ye, while ye're sittin quietly, and safely too, by ye're own fireside, God forgi'e me for speaking so to your reverence; and my poor boys—"

"Not so fast, my good woman," I replied, interrupting her, "you are quite mistaken. There shall no danger befal your sons in which I myself, unarmed as I am, will not share; and if possible I will restore them all again to you, alive and unscathed."

"What!" she exclaimed, in perfect amazement, "you do not mean to say that *you 're* going with them?"

"Yes!" I replied, "most certainly, I do say so; I *am* going with them."

"*Oh! if that 's the* case, I 'm satisfied," she said, her counte-

nance suddenly lighting up with a gleam of satisfaction, which as suddenly vanished; and she added, after a slight pause, "But no! it cannot be! What? you leave your parish, your family, your dying child (one of our dear little children was dangerously ill at the time)! No! no!" she continued, "you only say so to pacify a poor heartbroken woman."

One of her sons now came and whispered a word in her ear, when she instantly exclaimed, "Well, well! I wouldn't have believed it! Oh yes," she continued, "my boys shall go with you to the very end of the world, and God bless you for ever!" She then turned her tearful eyes upon her sons, and attempted to say something to them; but the mother's feelings overcame her, and she could not speak. She conveyed to us her meaning, however, just as distinctly as words could have done, by a motion of her hand, in the direction of our march, as she re-entered her cottage, as much as to say, "Go on!" And on we went, receiving fresh accessions to our little band almost at every step, till it gathered and grew into a force of full fifteen hundred men, all with effective arms, and willing hands to wield them.

After marching several miles, we came up with a company belonging to the —— regiment, which we were aware had preceded us. We now halted and bivouacked for the night; and a cold night it was, the thermometer being nearly down to zero: we managed, however, to keep ourselves tolerably warm and comfortable by means of large fires, which we made out of the timber of the numerous log-fences in our immediate vicinity. To me, and to many more besides, that bivouac was indeed a novel and romantic scene. I could not sleep; or, if sometimes I fell into a dose, the "All 's well" of the sentries, which ever and anon was uttered close beside me, would rouse me up again to listen as the word was caught up from point to point by the other sentinels.

In the morning we again pursued our march, until we came to a rude barricade thrown across the road by the rebels. It was formed of logs and fallen trees, through which we could easily have cut our way in a few minutes, as it was not defended; but we had to lose some time in reconnoitring the woods on either side, lest we should fall into an ambuscade. No enemy, however, appeared to defend it, although small parties of them were seen

on the heights of the adjoining hills. They had no apparent motive for thus showing themselves, except to watch our motions, and then to fall back again upon their main body, from which they had doubtless been dispatched for this purpose. They retreated as we advanced, and took good care, according to their ideas of distance, to keep beyond the reach of our arms. But we had a few men with long rifles, whose range they had not measured correctly. These got a shot or two at them, which showed them their danger, and made them keep at a more respectful distance.

At length, without further obstruction, we reached a populous village, where we were met by two regiments of regular troops and a brigade or two of artillery. Here we also came up with the enemy. They occupied a well-chosen and rather formidable position, and were evidently determined to make a desperate stand. Our arrival was the signal of battle; and we had no sooner taken up the position assigned to us by an aide-de-camp than the fight began. The roar of artillery and musquetry, the clashing of sabres and bayonets, the shouts of the combatants, the groans of the wounded and dying, the murdering charge of the cavalry, altogether, as might naturally be supposed, gave rise to feelings in a novice like myself which it would be impossible to describe. I may say, however, that these feelings were very different from what I had supposed they would have been before the action commenced. Fear and apprehension prevailed then; partly for my own personal safety, but more, I think, from some other cause, I hardly know what, unless it was the suspense, the death-like stillness which prevailed before the battle began, during which minutes seemed hours. But the moment the first shot was fired the spell was broken, the oppressive weight was removed from my mind, and all was excitement and triumphant exultation, as I saw my young men so fearlessly and so resolutely rush upon the foe.

The battle lasted several hours: the rebels fought at first with more cool and determined bravery than we had given them credit for possessing; and even afterwards, when all but discomfited, they fought with desperation; their leaders at least did. One of them, whose means of escape were cut off, refused quarter as the price of his surrender, and fought alone till he was ac-

tually shot down. Another shot himself, to avoid being taken alive. A great many of the poor deluded wretches were killed upon the field of battle: many, as they were running away, were deliberately shot by such of our men as had rifles. I myself heard one man boast of having brought down three of them, just as if they had been so many wild beasts of the forest. Several of our own men were wounded, and some few killed; but how many I never could ascertain.

The horrors of that fearful day were by no means over, as we supposed, when the victory was achieved, and we had turned away on our homeward journey from that doomed village. Before we were out of sight every house was in flames, and in a few hours more it was a heap of ruins. On the evening of the following day, to the unspeakable delight of our families and friends, we arrived safe and unharmed at our several homes.

We were under the firm impression that the rebellion had now been entirely suppressed; and so indeed it was, but still we were not allowed to rest in peace. Bands of marauders from the neighbouring republic, under the specious but flimsy pretext of sympathy in the sufferings of an oppressed people struggling for their liberty, but actuated in reality by the vilest motives, made frequent incursions into our now otherwise quiet settlements. These inroads, made under the cover of night, were generally stained with blood and rapine, and always accompanied with plundering and conflagration. Other attacks, however, were made by larger bodies of men in open day, and in defiance of the whole force of the country. We had indeed several hard-fought battles with them. Although invariably defeated, nothing seemed to deter them from these vain and preposterous attempts to liberate us from what they termed "the bondage and tyranny of monarchical institutions." In two instances our troops killed or captured the whole party. The officers were either hanged or transported, while the men were sent back to their own country without the slightest punishment; let loose, as it were on purpose to commit fresh and, if possible, more horrid outrages. In another instance, when these marauders had taken possession of an island in one of the lakes, a gallant little party of our men cut out from one of the harbours of the republic a steamer, the Caroline, that supplied them with provisions, &c.,

set it on fire, and sent it in flames over the far-famed falls of Niagara. Still they persevered; and at length an attack was made upon a part of the country considered to be in a defenceless state, owing to there being no regular troops within a distance of some hundreds of miles. A colonel of militia, a man of a brave and resolute character, immediately mustered the men under his command to repel the Americans. After a hard-fought battle, he succeeded in driving back the enemy, many of whom were killed in the action, and some few taken prisoners; these he ordered immediately to be shot. This was a lesson which they could not misunderstand, and they evidently felt its import, for we had no more of their incursions. The determined conduct of this militia officer put an end at once to this miserable and petty warfare, which had kept the whole of our frontier country in a state of perpetual alarm and apprehension.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Pluralities—Clergy Reserves—Another New Church—A Ferry—A Perilous Adventure—Another Grace Darling—Humane Society—An Interesting Scene.

DURING the last half-century a great deal of violent discussion has arisen in England on the subject of clergymen holding more livings than one. This system was at one time carried to such an extravagant excess as to induce the British legislature to take the subject into its consideration as a grave question of national importance. It was time indeed that it did so, as it had become so palpable and obvious an evil as to give rise to the most bitter feelings of animosity against the Church, and was the war-cry of many of her most insidious enemies. In admitting, however, the necessity of legislative interference for the correction of this evil, we do not concede to our opponents the point they have always so strenuously contended for, namely, that this evil existed, and this interference became necessary, in consequence of an inherent and constitutional defect in our glorious Establishment. On the contrary, I maintain that the evil originated in the zealous and unwearied labours and exertions of the clergy during a very long period, when such labours were totally and absolutely unrequited, and during another of perhaps equal or longer duration, when they were but very partially remunerated. When, however, such a change occurred in the whole circumstances and economy of the country as to increase the value of these livings more than fivefold, and some such instances have occurred within my own recollection, then was the outcry raised against pluralities, and the ill-paid and starved incumbents of the same parishes half a century before were forgotten.

I have been led into these remarks from the circumstance of *my being* to all intents and purposes a pluralist myself: but unfortunately for me, my incumbency falls within the category I have first adverted to, namely, the period during which clerical

labour is entirely unrequited. My mission comprises three townships, which will, doubtless, in time be erected into as many distinct and separate parishes. From each of these townships I now receive about three pounds a year; not more, altogether, than half as much as pays me for keeping a horse, which I am obliged to keep on their account. One of them is endowed with a few acres of land, and the two others may very likely in the course of time be similarly endowed. These lands, although valueless at present, because they are unproductive, may some fifty years hence become very productive, sufficiently so at least to afford an adequate support to as many incumbents, when each parish would naturally expect to have a pastor of its own; and an outcry would be raised, and very justly, if this boon should be denied them. Thus, while the infancy of the Church in this country during the last fifty years has shown the origin of pluralities, its more matured growth in the next fifty may, and most likely will, be illustrative of their history.

The municipal divisions in these colonies consist of districts, counties, and townships, or seigniories, but generally townships. These last are squares, or rather parallelograms, containing from sixty to a hundred square miles each, one-seventh of which was reserved in lieu of tithes,* and appropriated to the maintenance of the Established Church, a provision quite sufficient for the purpose intended.

This wise and beneficent scheme was not, however, to be carried out. A strange infatuation seemed to have taken possession of the minds of those in power. Evil counsels prevailed, and those lands were taken from us under the specious pretext of justice, and divided nearly equally among all the prevailing denominations of professing Christians.

This tyrannical and unjust measure, worthy the days of the darkest despotism, has been followed by other attempts of similar spoliation, but hitherto, happily, without success. The friends of the Church seem at length to be roused from their indifference, and, impressed with a due sense of those important duties

* Tithes are paid in seigniories, and therefore no reserves have been made in them. *They are inhabited* chiefly by Papists, and, if I mistake not, lands *are held under this* peculiar tenure in only one of the North American *provinces.*

she has a right to expect from her children, have manfully come forward to vindicate and maintain her rights.

My present mission consists of three townships; but I have hitherto confined my narrative to what occurred in one only. This has been owing to its having been chosen as my head-quarters, and the central point of my labours, because it contained more members of the Church than either of the others. Of the other two, composing the outposts, as it were, of my mission, I shall now proceed to give some account; but all I have to say concerning one of them will occupy but a very brief space.

In this township the Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, even Mormons, and I do not know how many sects besides, had long been labouring, and most successfully too, to create and maintain such a spirit of fanaticism as to infect nearly the whole of the infatuated inhabitants. This was particularly manifest in their violent hostility to the Church. They looked upon it in no other light than as a very specious, and, therefore, a very dangerous system of Popery. I need hardly add, that all my attempts to obtain a footing amongst them were fruitless and ineffectual.

In the other township to which I have alluded as constituting part of the extensive district over which my missionary labours extended, a much better and more rational feeling prevailed; consequently, my exertions there in establishing the Church were, under the Divine blessing, completely successful.

The greatest obstacle in our way at the commencement of our labours in, I believe, all new settlements, arises from the firm conviction and belief, on the part of the inhabitants, of their utter inability to build a church, notwithstanding the encouragement and assistance from the two great Church Societies at home. This assistance, heretofore, could always be depended upon; now, however, the case is very different. Enormously as the resources of these Societies have increased, yet our demands upon them have increased in a still greater ratio, so that they are often under the painful necessity of refusing to accede to them.

Although fully aware that, in consequence of the circumstances I have just mentioned, I could not place much dependance upon pecuniary aid from these Societies, I determined to

erect a church in this township, or to make the attempt at least, and I immediately got a subscription set on foot for the purpose.

Connected with the building of my first church, I have in an early part of this volume entered fully, perhaps tediously, into a detail of all the particulars. It did indeed appear to me at the time a most arduous and fearful undertaking; and such, in fact, it proved to be. Of the building of my second church I have said very little; and of this my third I shall say still less; and for this simple reason, that the history of the two last, in all its more important features, would have been a mere transcript of that of the first: with this difference, however, that in the two latter instances the difficulties and obstacles in my way were encountered without fear or apprehension, while the annoyances I had to endure were submitted to with more patience and resignation than on the first occasion. A demand for money, for instance, which I could not promptly meet, did not now, as formerly, distress me so much as to deprive me of a night's rest.

Although, as I feared would be the case, I did not obtain any assistance from home towards this church, yet I managed, with the blessing of God, to get it completed, or nearly so; not, however, without incurring some debts, which I do not see how we shall ever manage to pay, unless the Societies should yet be able to help us, which we well know they will do if they can. This church is a very neat and well-proportioned stone* building, fifty-five feet long by thirty-four wide, without the tower. The tower is thirteen feet square and forty-two high. We intend, when we can raise funds for the purpose, to finish it off with a spire about twenty-five feet high, to be covered with tin.

In attending to the building of the church, as well as to all my duties in the township in which it was situated, I had to cross a large and rapid river. In the winter this was easy enough, as during that season the ice is seldom less than two feet thick. In the spring it is impassable in this particular vicinity for more than a month, during the continuance of the freshets, when it rises to an enormous height, sometimes as much

* *Many country churches here are built of wood, more perhaps than of any other material, and some are built of brick. My first was of this latter material, but my two last were of stone.*

as nineteen feet; on one occasion it exceeded even that height by several feet, and it then left a memento of the extraordinary circumstance which remained for more than twenty years. In the midst of a violent rapid, some sixty miles higher up the river, there stands a small pillar-shaped rock, twenty-two feet high above the "low-water mark." On its top, which is not more than ten or twelve feet square, is, or rather was, a small birch-tree. Against this tree, upon the top of this isolated rock, a mast, a large pine-log, about four feet in diameter at the butt-end and about eighteen feet long, was left by that stupendous flood. I saw it myself in one of my excursions to some far off settlement in the neighbourhood. There were no other means by which the log could possibly have been deposited there.

In the summer and autumn the communication was convenient enough by means of a ferry.

A young man and his sister have kept this ferry several years, during which they have performed many acts of heroic benevolence, and have rescued numbers of their fellow-creatures from a watery grave. One of these had so much of perilous adventure in it, that I shall make no apology for giving some account of it, the more especially as I was myself one of the trembling and anxious spectators of the whole scene.

A raft of timber on its way down the river to the nearest port was dashed to pieces by the violence of the rapids. There was the usual number of men upon it, all of whom, except two, were fortunate enough to get upon a few logs, which kept together, and were comparatively safe, whilst their two poor comrades were helplessly contending with the tumbling waves, almost within reach of them, but without their being able to afford them the slightest assistance. After a minute or two, and when one more would have been their last, a long oar, or sweep, belonging to the wrecked raft, came floating by. They instantly seized it, and held on till they were carried down more than a mile, loudly calling for help as they went along; but what aid could we render them? No craft, none at least which were on the banks of the river, could live in such a boiling torrent as that; for it was during one of the high spring freshets. But the ferryman was of a different opinion, and could not brook the

thought of their dying before his eyes without his making a single effort to save them. "How could I stand idly looking on," he said to me afterwards, "with a tough ash oar in my hand, and a tight little craft at my feet, and hear their cries for help, and see them drowned?" He determined at all risks to try to rescue them from the fate which seemed to us inevitable. He could not, however, go alone, and there was not another man on that side of the river within half a mile of him. His sister knew this, and courageously, like another Grace Darling, proposed at once to accompany him in his perilous adventure. From being so often on the water with her brother, she knew well how to handle an oar. Often, indeed, without him she had paddled a passenger across the ferry in her little canoe. He accepted her proposal, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the light punt put off from the shore opposite to that from which we were idly and uselessly looking on, and go gallantly over the surging torrent towards the sinking men. We feared, however, that it would not be in time to save them, as their cries for help grew fainter and fainter, till each one, we thought, would have been their last. We saw that the oar, with the drowning men clinging to it, was floating rapidly down the middle of the stream, which in this particular locality is more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, and would, inevitably, in two or three minutes more be in the white water among the breakers, when their fate must be sealed, and the boat, if it followed, be dashed to pieces among the rocks. This was the principal point of danger, and they had to run down within a most fearful proximity of it in order to cross the course down which the drowning men were drifting, and, as they did so, to seize hold of them without losing their own headway; for there was not time for that. They succeeded in shooting athwart the current, rapid as it was, just below the men. With breathless and painful anxiety we saw them execute this dangerous manœuvre. We saw the ferryman lean over the side of his boat for a moment, as it passed them, while his sister backed water with her oar.

"They are saved!" some one said, close behind me, in a whisper so deep and earnest that I started, and turned to look at the speaker; when another, who heard him, exclaimed, "No, No! *they are gone! they* are lost! the boat has left them." And

sure enough it had. But in an instant afterwards, just as we thought they were about to be driven into the fatal breakers, they turned, to our inexpressible delight, as if drawn by some invisible power (the rope the ferryman had attached to the oar was, indeed, invisible to us), and followed the boat.

The ferryman and his sister had yet to pull a fearful distance for the time they had to do it in, to get out of that part of the current leading to the breakers. And they accomplished it. The man had the bow oar, and we could see the tough ash bend like a willow wand as he stretched out to keep the head of the boat partially up the stream. His sister, too, "kept her own," and the little punt shot out rapidly into the comparatively quiet stream, beyond the influence of that fearful current, which was rapidly driving them upon the breakers.

When this was accomplished, our fears for the safety of the noble-hearted brother and sister were at an end, and we took a long breath; it was, indeed, a relief to do so. Still we continued to watch their further proceedings with the deepest interest.

The moment they got into a less rapid current, which, they knew, led into comparatively still water, they ceased rowing, and allowed the punt to float down with it. The young ferryman now drew up the sweep alongside, and succeeded in getting the two unfortunate men into his boat. While he was doing this his sister went aft, and used her oar as a rudder to steer the boat. At the foot of the current, which they soon afterwards reached, there was no further danger. But we watched them still; and we saw them row ashore, on their own side of the river. One of the poor fellows was so much exhausted that the ferryman had to carry him on his back to the nearest house, where he soon recovered.

Twelve months after this took place I had the satisfaction of presenting to this worthy ferryman, in the presence of above five hundred men, a beautiful silver medallion, sent out to me by the Royal Humane Society, to which I had transmitted an account of the occurrence. Nor was the heroine of my story forgotten. A similar medallion was given to him for his sister. She could not, with propriety, be present herself, as it was the annual muster-day of the militia in that locality.

A concise account of the particulars of the transaction, beautifully engrossed on vellum, and signed by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, as President of the Society, accompanied each medallion. I need scarcely add, that the old and widowed mother of these young people, who lives with them and is wholly dependent upon them for her support, was a proud woman that day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Spring—The Aurora Borealis—A Dry Summer—Dreadful Conflagrations—Benevolent Contributions—Domestic Afflictions—Conclusion.

THE inhabitants of more temperate climates can neither understand nor appreciate the feelings of delight with which we welcome the first approach of Spring. After the whole face of the earth has been covered with snow to the depth of two or three feet, during four or five long and weary months, no wonder if we hail with joy the first glimpse of the green and smiling fields, the bursting buds and the sweet odoriferous blossoms. No wonder if we gather the earliest wild flowers with childlike and enthusiastic pleasure, and are enchanted with the thrilling music of the "woods and forests green."

I love the spring. It harmonizes so perfectly with all my hopes of life and happiness, and peace both here and hereafter. And how many pleasing associations and events does it bring along with it. First in importance comes Easter, that great and glorious festival, so wisely and so appropriately celebrated during this vivifying and exhilarating season. Then, again, it is the line of demarcation between the two grand divisions of the year, for in this country we can hardly be said to have more than two, winter and summer: it is the harbinger of a change from all that is lifeless and gloomy, to the bright and glorious summer, when all nature is renewed in life and vigour.

The Spring of this year was marked by one of those extraordinary exhibitions of the Aurora Borealis, which are seldom witnessed even in this country, and never in England.

One evening when there was no moon, and just as the sun had set and the twilight was coming on, a bright light, like that which precedes the sun's rising, was seen in the east. This light, after remaining motionless for a few minutes, assumed a columnar appearance and a fiery red colour, and began to dance and

flicker, and shoot up into the cloudless sky, like the flames from one of our mountains when on fire,* whilst a hissing noise was distinctly audible. This continued only for a few minutes, when other fires seemed to rise, one after another in quick succession, on either side till the horizon all around was in a blaze. The light they emitted was beautiful and bright, so bright that one could see to read by it.

The flames shot up their serpent tongues fiercer and higher till they approached the zenith, where they all met together, and formed what might have been compared, from its deep red colour, to a coronal of blood and fire.

At length all these rapid flickering motions ceased, and although the light continued, it was motionless; at the end of a couple of hours it gradually faded away.

I was very much surprised the day following to find that nearly the whole neighbourhood had been in a dreadful state of fear and consternation. At first they thought the time had come "when the earth and all that is therein" was to be burnt up. And then, when the fires, as they supposed them to have been, were extinguished, and they saw and understood what it was that had thus frightened them, they fancied it to be the portentous forerunner of some dire calamity—the cholera, perhaps, or another rebellion, or a war with the United States. This last supposition brought back many an old man's tale of the wonderful northern lights which were seen immediately before the great American war in 1776, and which the superstitious fears of the multitude turned into hosts of living beings fiercely contending in the sky.

The dry and hot summer which succeeded was marked by several fearful and calamitous conflagrations. One very large

* Many of the mountains in this country are covered with dense forests. The leaves which fall every autumn accumulate, sometimes for years, until we have a particularly dry summer, when, somehow or other, either by accident or design, they are always set on fire, and burn sometimes for several days. The mountains in one of the States of the neighbouring Republic are on fire at this very moment while I am now writing, and have been burning for more than a week, and we can distinctly see the red glare in the sky above them, although, from their great distance, even the tops of the mountains themselves from whence the flames arise are beyond the limits of our horizon.

town in the United States, near the frontier line, was almost totally consumed. A space of sixty acres of the most densely peopled portion of it became one mass of ruins. In one of our own small towns the church and about two hundred houses were burnt; and in Quebec two thousand houses were destroyed, and twelve thousand persons reduced, in a few hours, to houseless beggary and destitution.

In all the towns and villages, as well as in all the scattered settlements throughout this country, a great majority of the houses are built of wood; they are consequently, in this dry climate, very liable to take fire, and, in a long drought, such as occurred during this summer, they become so inflammable, that the slightest spark of fire, even from a pipe (and nine people out of ten of the whole population smoke always), is sufficient to set a whole country side in a blaze; so that the wonder is, not that such fearful conflagrations should happen once in every ten or fifteen years, but that they should not occur much more frequently.

The public, both here and at home, readily and generously responded to the call made upon their benevolence, and in a few weeks upwards of ten thousand pounds were subscribed and expended in relieving the miseries of the most wretched of the sufferers by this dreadful and calamitous visitation.

The reader will have observed that in the last few chapters I have said very little about my duties. The fact is, I had little to say that I had not said before. They had become so uniform, and were so similar to those I had already described, that I could give no account of them without subjecting my narrative to the imputation of being spun out to a tedious and unnecessary length.

This, I hope, will be a sufficient apology, not only for the omission I have adverted to, but for my having entered so minutely into other matters.

In the last casual reference I made to my family, I mentioned that at the time I accompanied my people in their march against the rebels, I had left one of my children dangerously ill. This was a fine little boy, about fourteen months old. He had been gradually sinking for several months, under some chronic disease, which terminated in a rapid decline. He lingered on for more than a month longer, until the following Christmas Eve,

when his blessed spirit took its flight to Him who gave it; and, in sadness and sorrow, we laid his earthly remains by the side of those of his little brother—for he was the second we had lost since we came to our present place of abode.

Severely as we felt the loss of our two little boys, it was comparatively light when contrasted with our distress at the death of our youngest daughter. This was indeed the heaviest affliction that had ever yet befallen us. She was twelve years old, and her sweetness of disposition, her amiable and affectionate conduct, her meek and submissive deportment, endeared her to all who knew her. But, above all, her fervent and serious piety, strikingly contrasted as it was with her playfulness and vivacity, gave her a hold upon our hearts and affections which no words can describe.

She was for more than a year in a weak and delicate state of health, alternating between better and worse. She always supposed she should recover, until the fatal truth was communicated to her by a dear friend who undertook the sorrowful task, which we felt ourselves unable to perform. She received the fatal intimation with the utmost calmness; not a feature in her face moved, not a sigh nor a murmur escaped her lips; and when her broken-hearted mother and myself went to her, she said, with a smile which nothing but death can ever make us forget, "You should not cry; it is the Lord's will, you know, and I am only going to my little brothers." It was a hard trial, but "we mourn not like those who have no hope"—"we shall go to them, but they will not return to us."

We lost three other children, but we have six still left to us. They are now all nearly grown up, and promise, under the blessing of God, to be the solace of our declining years. But we are deprived, in a great measure, of their society—that of our sons at least. They are scattered far and wide over this all but boundless country, and we can only hope to see them once a year, during a hurried visit to us of a few days.

My missionary life is drawing to its close, and this little, unpretending account of it must end here. Were I to prolong it,

I fear that it would consist only of a wearisome detail of afflicting and distressing incidents, arising partly out of my reduced circumstances, and partly from the infirmities of age, which I feel are gradually creeping upon me. Still I hope that, so long as I am spared to watch over my flock, I may be found a faithful shepherd, and not ungrateful for the numberless mercies and blessings which my heavenly Master has heaped upon me.

THE END.

London: Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street.

JOURNEYS ACROSS THE PAMPAS,

&c. &c.

ROUGH NOTES

TAKEN DURING SOME RAPID

JOURNEYS ACROSS THE PAMPAS

AND AMONG

THE ANDES.

BY SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD, BART.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE sudden rise and fall, the unexpected appearance and disappearance, of so many Mining Companies, is a subject which must necessarily occupy a few lines in the future history of our country; and when the exultation of those who have gained, and the disappointment of those who have lost, are alike forgotten, the Historian who calmly relates the momentary existence of these Companies, will only inquire into the general causes of their formation and the general causes of their failure.

That a commercial error has been committed no one can deny; and it must also be admitted that this error was not confined to a few individuals, or to any association of individuals, but, like a contagious disease, it pervaded all classes of society; and that among the lists of Shareholders in these speculations were to be found the names of people of the first rank, character, and education in the country.

Experience has at last been purchased at a very great loss, and by it we now learn that both the formation of these Companies and their failure have proceeded from one cause—our ignorance of the country which was to be the field of the speculation. But although this must be confessed, yet let it also be remembered that the error was accompanied by all the noble characteristics which distinguish our country.

Had we known the nature of the different countries, it would have been deemed imprudent to have forwarded to them expensive machinery, to have given liberal salaries to every individual connected with the speculation, to have invited the Native

to share the profits, to have intrusted the Capital to solitary individuals, &c. Still, had the Foundation been good, the Building was nobly planned; and it was undeniably the act and the invention of a country teeming with energy, enterprise, liberality, unsuspecting confidence, and capital.

Without lamenting over losses which are now irrecoverable, it is only necessary to keep in mind that the *cause* which produced them continues to exist, and that we are still in ignorance of the countries in which our money lies buried. Many of the individuals who had charge of the different Companies had undoubtedly opportunities of making important observations, and from them valuable data will probably be obtained.

I myself had the sole management of one of these Companies; but, from particular circumstances, it will be proper to show that, excepting for my Reports, I had little time or opportunity to make any memoranda beyond those of the most trifling description of personal narrative.

I was on duty at Edinburgh, in the corps of Engineers, when it was proposed to me to take charge of an Association, the object of which was to work the Gold and Silver Mines of the Provinces of Rio de la Plata; and, accordingly, at a very few days' notice, I sailed from Falmouth, and landed at Buenos Aires about a week after the Cornish Miners had arrived there.

Accompanied by two highly respectable Captains of the Cornish Mines, a French Assayer (who had been brought up by the celebrated Vauquelin), a Surveyor, and three miners, I proceeded across the great plains of the Pampas to the Gold-mines of San Luis, and from thence to the Silver-mines of Uspallata, which are beyond Mendoza, about a thousand miles from Buenos Aires.

I then left my party at Mendoza, and from the Mines I rode back again to Buenos Aires by myself, performing the distance *in eight days.* I there unexpectedly received letters which made *it necessary for me to go* immediately to Chili, and I accordingly *again crossed the* Pampas, and, joining my party at Mendoza,

we went over the Andes to Santiago, and from thence, without any delay, we went together in different directions about twelve hundred miles, to inspect gold and silver mines. On the night that I concluded my Report on the last mine, we again set off to re-cross the Cordillera; and, leaving my party in the plains, I rode across the Pampas to Buenos Aires, and as soon as I arrived there I felt it my duty to dismiss a portion of the miners, and return with the rest to England.

The sole object of my journeys was to inspect certain mines. We went to the bottom of them all, and, assisted by the individuals who accompanied me, I made, to the best of my ability, a circumstantial Report on each. As the miners were remaining idle and without employment at Buenos Aires, it was highly desirable that I should go from place to place as rapidly as possible, and for upwards of six thousand miles I can truly declare that I was riding against Time.

The fatigue of such long journeys, exposed to the burning sun of summer, was very great, and particularly in Chili, because, in visiting mines in the Andes, we were subjected to such sudden changes of climate, that we were occasionally overpowered by the sun in the morning, while at night we had to sleep upon one hundred and twenty feet of snow; for almost the whole time we slept out on the ground, chiefly subsisting upon beef and water.

The Reports which I collected, and the result of the communications which I officially had with the Ministers, Governors, Deputies, and other individuals concerning the mines, I do not feel inclined to publish; because as the mines which I visited almost all belong to private individuals, and are now for sale, it might be considered a violation of the attentions which I often received, to state unnecessarily the dimensions, contents, or the assay of their lodes, although the climate and the general features of the country are, of course, public property.

During my journeys I kept no regular journal, for the country I visited was either a boundless plain or desert mountains; but

I occasionally made a few rough notes, describing anything which interested or amused me.

These notes were written under great variety of circumstances, sometimes when I was tired, sometimes when I was refreshed, sometimes with a bottle of wine before me, and sometimes with a cow's-horn filled with dirty brackish water; and a few were written on board the packet.

They were only made to amuse my mind under a weight of responsibility to which it had never been accustomed, and therefore they are necessarily in that incoherent, unconnected state which makes them, I am fully aware, but little suited to meet the critical eye of the public: still, as it has been my misfortune to see the failure of an English Association—to witness the loss it has sustained—and for a few moments, at Buenos Aires and Monte Video, to stand upon spots where we have lost what no money can repay us; as I feel persuaded that these military and mercantile failures have proceeded from our ignorance of the country, I have resolved upon throwing before the public the few memoranda I possess; and although I am conscious that they are of too trifling a nature to throw much light upon the subject, yet they may, perhaps, assist in making the "darkness visible," and I trust that the rough, unpolished state in which they appear will at least be a proof that I have no other object.

Lower Grosvenor-Street,
September 1, 1826.

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ROUGH NOTES.

DESCRIPTIVE OUTLINE OF THE PAMPAS.

THE mountains of the Andes run about North and South through the whole of South America, and they are consequently nearly parallel to the two shores of the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, dividing the country between them into two unequal parts, each bounded by an ocean and by the Cordillera.

It would at first be expected that these twin countries, separated only by a range of mountains, should bear a great resemblance to each other; but variety is the attribute of Omnipotence, and Nature has granted to these two countries a difference of climate and geological construction which is very remarkable.

From the tops of the Andes she supplies both of them with water; by the gradual melting of the snow they are both irrigated exactly in proportion to their wants; and vegetation, instead of being exhausted by the burning sun of summer, is thus nourished and supported by the very heat which threatened to destroy it.

The water, however, which flows through Chili towards the Pacific, is confined in its whole course, and forces its way through a country as mountainous as the Highlands of Scotland or Switzerland. The water which descends from the east side of the Cordillera meanders through a vast plain, nine hundred miles in breadth; and at the top of the Andes, it is singular to observe on the right and left the snow of one storm, part of which is decreed to run into the Pacific, while the other is to add to the distant waves of the Atlantic.

The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is *about nine* hundred miles in breadth; and the part which I have

visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Aires, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change; the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

Although a few individuals are either scattered along the

path which traverses these vast plains, or are living together in small groups, yet the general state of the country is the same as it has been since the first year of its creation. The whole country bears the noble stamp of an Omnipotent Creator, and it is impossible for any one to ride through it, without feelings which it is very pleasing to entertain; for although in all countries "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work," yet the surface of populous countries affords generally the insipid produce of man's labour. It is an easy error to consider that he who has tilled the ground, and has sown the seed, is the author of his crop; and, therefore, those who are accustomed to see the confused produce, which in populous and cultivated countries is the effect of leaving ground to itself, are at first surprised in the Pampas to observe the regularity and beauty of the vegetable world when left to the wise arrangements of nature.

The vast region of grass in the Pampas for four hundred and fifty miles is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one may gallop between them in every direction. The young trees are rising up, others are flourishing in full vigour, and it is for some time that one looks in vain for those which in the great system of succession must necessarily somewhere or other be sinking towards decay. They are at last discovered, but their fate is not allowed to disfigure the general cheerfulness of the scene, and they are seen enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. The extremities of their branches break off as they die, and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, and at last is gradually concealed from view by the young shoot, which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rises rapidly above it, and conceals its decay. A few places are met with which have been burnt by accident, and the black, desolate spot, covered with the charred trunks of trees, resembles a scene in the human world of pestilence or war. But the fire is scarcely extinct when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other, and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground while the sapless trunks are evidently *mouldering into* dust.

The rivers all preserve their course, and the whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive out their cattle to graze, and, without any previous preparation, plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.

The climate of the Pampas is subject to a great difference of temperature in winter and summer, though the gradual changes are very regular. The winter is about as cold as our month of November, and the ground at sunrise is always covered with white frost, but the ice is seldom more than one-tenth of an inch thick. In summer the sun is very oppressively hot,* and its force is acknowledged by every living animal. The wild horses and cattle are evidently exhausted by it, and the *siesta* seems to be a repose which is natural and necessary to all. The middle of the day is not a moment for work, and as the mornings are cool, the latter are evidently best adapted for labour, and the former for repose.

The difference between the atmosphere of Mendoza, San Luis, and Buenos Aires, which are all nearly under the same latitude, is very extraordinary: in the two former, or in the regions of wood and grass, the air is extremely dry; there is no dew at night; in the hottest weather there is apparently very little perspiration, and the dead animals lie on the plain dried up in their skins, so that occasionally I have at first scarcely been able to determine whether they were alive or dead. But in the province of Buenos Aires, or in the region of thistles and clover, vegetation clearly announces the humidity of the climate. In sleeping out at night, I have found my poncho (or rug) nearly wet through with the dew, and my boots so damp that I could scarcely draw them on. The dead animals on the plain are in a rapid state of putrefaction. On arriving at Buenos Aires, the walls of the houses are so damp that it is cheerless to enter them; and sugar, as also all deliquescent salts, are there found nearly dissolved. This dampness, however, does not appear to be un-

* I have twice ridden across the Morea, which lies nearly in the same latitude (north) as the path across the Pampas, and I think the climate of the latter is hotter than the Morea, Sicily, Malta, or Gibraltar, in summer, and colder in winter.

healthy. The Gauchos and even travellers sleep on the ground, and the inhabitants of Buenos Aires live in their damp houses without complaining of rheumatism, or being at all subject to cold; and they certainly have the appearance of being rather more robust and healthy than those who live in the drier regions. However, the whole of the Pampas may be said to enjoy as beautiful and as salubrious an atmosphere as the most healthy parts of Greece and Italy, and without being subject to malaria.

The only irregularity in the climate is the pampero, or south-west wind, which, generated by the cold air of the Andes, rushes over these vast plains with a velocity and a violence which it is almost impossible to withstand. But this rapid circulation of the atmosphere has very beneficial effects, and the weather, after one of these tempests, is always particularly healthy and agreeable.

The south part of the Pampas is inhabited by the Pampas Indians, who have no fixed abode, but wander from place to place, as the herbage around them becomes consumed by their cattle.

The north part of the Pampas, and the rest of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, are inhabited by a few straggling individuals, and a few small groups of people, who live together, only because they were born together. Their history is very curious.

As soon as by the fall of the Spaniards their independence was established, and they became free, the attention of many individuals of the provinces of La Plata was directed towards the due constitution of governments which might maintain the freedom that was gained, encourage population, and gradually embellish the surface of a most interesting and beautiful country with the arts, manufactures, and sciences, which had hitherto been denied it; but the singular situation of the country presented very serious difficulties.

Although immense regions of rich land lay uncultivated and unowned, yet something had been done. Small towns and establishments (originally chosen for mining purposes), five hundred and seven hundred miles distant from each other, were *thinly scattered* over this vast extent of country; and thus a

skeleton map of civilization had been traced, which the narrow interests of every individual naturally supported.

But although a foundation was thus laid, the building plan of the Spaniards was missing. It had been destroyed in the war, and all that was known of it was, that it had been formed for purposes inapplicable to the great political system which should now be adopted.

It was soon perceived that the provinces of the Rio de la Plata were without a harbour; that the town of Buenos Aires was badly situated; and as the narrow policy of Spain had forbid the planting of the olive and the grape, the spots which were best adapted to the natural produce of the country had been neglected: whilst, for mining, and other purposes connected with the Spanish system, towns had been built in the most remote and impracticable situations; and men found themselves living together in groups they knew not why, under circumstances which threw a damp over exertion, and under difficulties which it appeared hopeless to encounter.

Their situation was, and still is, very lamentable. The climate easily affords them the few necessaries of life. Away from all practicable communication with the civilised world, they are unable to partake of the improvements of the age, or to shake off the errors and the disadvantages of a bad political education. They have not the moral means of improving their country, or of being improved by it; and oppressed by these and other disadvantages, they naturally yield to habits of indolence and inactivity. The town, or rather the secluded village, in which they live, is generally the seat of government of the Province, and but too often affords a sad political picture.

People who, although they are now free, were brought up under the dark tyranny of the Spanish government, with the narrow prejudices which even in populous countries exist among the inhabitants of small communities, and with little or no education, are called upon to elect a governor, and to establish a junta, to regulate the affairs of their own province, and to send a deputy to a distant national assembly at Buenos Aires. The consequence (as I have witnessed) is what might naturally be expected. The election of the governor is seldom unanimous, and he is scarcely seated before he is overturned, in a manner

which, to one accustomed to governments on a larger scale, appears childish and ridiculous.

In more than one province the governor is exceedingly tyrannical: in the others, the governor and the junta appear to act for the interest of their own province; but their funds are so small, and the internal jealousies they have to encounter so great, that they meet with continual difficulties; and with respect to acting for the national interest, the thing is impossible. How can it be expected that people of very slender incomes, and in very small insulated societies, will forget their own narrow interests for the general welfare of their country? It is really against Nature; for what is politically termed their country, is such an immense space, that it must necessarily become the future seat of many different communities of men; and if these communities, however enlightened they may become, will never be able to conquer that feeling which endears them to their homes, or the centrifugal prejudice with which they view their neighbours, how can it be expected that a feeble government and a few inhabitants can do what civilization has not yet been able to perform; or that the political infant will not betray those frailties which his manhood will be incapable of overcoming? And the fact is, that each province does view its neighbouring one with jealousy; and as I travelled through the country, I invariably found that *mala gente* is the general appellation which the people give to those of the adjoining province, and that they, as well as the inhabitants of the towns, are all jealous of the power and influence of the town of Buenos Aires: and when it is explained, that the policy of Buenos Aires is to break the power of the monks and priests; that these people have still very great influence in most of the distant provinces, and that the maritime interests of Buenos Aires are necessarily often at variance with those of the inland provinces, it will be perceived how forcibly this jealousy is likely to act.

The situation of the Gaucho is naturally independent of the political troubles which engross the attention of the inhabitants of the towns. The population or number of these Gauchos is very small, and at great distances from each other: they are scattered here and there over the face of the country. Many of them are descended from the best families in Spain; they posses

good manners, and often very noble sentiments: the life they lead is wild, but interesting—they generally inhabit the huts in which they were born, and in which their fathers and grandfathers lived before them, although, to a stranger, they appear to possess few of the allurements of *dulce domum.* They are all built in the same simple form; for although luxury has ten thousand plans and elevations for the frail abode of its more frail tenant, yet the hut in all countries is the same; and therefore there is no difference between that of the South American Gaucho and the Highlander of Scotland, except that the former is built of mud, and covered with long yellow grass, while the other is formed of stones, and thatched with heather. The materials of both are the immediate produce of the soil, and both are so blended in colour with the face of the country, that it is often difficult to distinguish them; and as the pace at which one gallops in South America is rapid, and the country flat, one scarcely discovers the dwelling before one is at the door. The corrál is about fifty or one hundred yards from the hut, and is a circle of about thirty yards in diameter, enclosed by a number of strong rough posts, the ends of which are struck into the ground. Upon these posts are generally a number of idle-looking vultures or hawks,* and the ground around the hut and corrál is covered with bones and carcasses of horses, bullocks' horns, wool, &c., which give it the smell and appearance of an ill-kept dog-kennel in England.

The hut consists generally of one room, in which all the family live,—boys, girls, men, women, and children, all huddled together. The kitchen is a detached shed a few yards off; there are generally holes, both in the walls and in the roof of the hut, which one at first considers as singular marks of the indolence of the people. In the summer this abode is so filled with fleas and

* The hawks are very tame, and they are seldom to be seen except at the huts; but occasionally they have followed me for many leagues, keeping just before me, and with their round black eyes gazing intently on my face, which I fancied attracted their notice from being burnt by the sun, and I literally often thought they were a little inclined to taste it. They are constantly in the habit of attacking the horses and mules who have sore backs; and I have often observed these birds hovering about six inches above them. It is curious to compare the countenance of the two animals: the hawk, *with his head bent downwards*, and his eye earnestly fixed upon the wound; *the mule with his back* crouched down, his ears lying back, whisking his *tail, afraid to eat*, and apparently not knowing whether to rear or kick.

binchucas (which are bugs as large as black beetles), that the whole family sleep on the ground in front of their dwelling; and when the traveller arrives at night, and, after unsaddling his horse, walks among this sleeping community, he may place the saddle or recado on which he is to repose close to the companion most suited to his fancy;—an admirer of innocence may lie down by the side of a sleeping infant; a melancholy man may slumber near an old black woman; and one who admires the fairer beauties of creation, may very demurely lay his head on his saddle within a few inches of the idol he adores. However, there is nothing to assist the judgment but the bare feet and ankles of all the slumbering group, for their heads and bodies are covered and disguised by the skin and poncho which cover them.

In winter the people sleep in the hut, and the scene is a very singular one. As soon as the traveller's supper is ready, the great iron spit on which the beef has been roasted is brought into the hut, and the point is struck into the ground: the Gaucho then offers his guest the skeleton of a horse's head, and he and several of the family, on similar seats, sit round the spit, from which, with their long knives, they cut very large mouthfuls.* The hut is lighted by a feeble lamp, made of bullock's tallow; and it is warmed by a fire of charcoal: on the walls of the hut are hung, upon bones, two or three bridles and spurs, and several lassos and balls: on the ground are several dark-looking heaps, which one can never clearly distinguish; on sitting down upon these when tired, I have often heard a child scream underneath me, and have occasionally been mildly asked by a young woman, what I wanted?—at other times up has jumped an immense dog! While I was once warming my hands at the fire of charcoal, seated on a horse's head, looking at the black roof in a reverie, and fancying I was quite by myself, I felt something touch me, and saw two naked black children leaning over the charcoal in the attitude of two toads: they had crept out from under some of the ponchos, and I afterwards found that many

* When first I lived with the Gauchos, I could not conceive how they possibly managed to eat so quickly meat which I found so unusually tough; but an old Gaucho told me it was because I did not know what parts to select, and he immediately cut me a large piece which was quite tender. I always afterwards begged the Gauchos to help me, and they generally smiled at my having discovered the secret.

other persons, as well as some hens sitting upon eggs, were also in the hut. Whilst sleeping in these huts, the cock has often hopped upon my back to crow in the morning; however, as soon as it is daylight, everybody gets up.

The life of the Gaucho is very interesting, and resembles that beautiful description which Horace gives of the progress of a young eagle:—

> Olim juventas et patrius vigor
> Nido laborum propulit inscium,
> Vernique jam nimbis remotis
> Insolitos docuêre nisus
> Venti paventem; mox in ovilia
> Demisit hostem vividus impetus,
> Nunc in reluctantes dracones,
> Egit amor dapis, atque pugnæ.

Born in the rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his life he crawls about without clothes, and I have more than once seen a mother give a child of this age a sharp knife, a foot long, to play with. As soon as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupations of his future life: with a lasso made of twine he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs, as they walk in and out of the hut. By the time he is four years old he is on horseback, and immediately becomes useful by assisting to drive the cattle into the corrál. The manner in which these children ride is quite extraordinary: if a horse tries to escape from the flock which are driven towards the corrál, I have frequently seen a child pursue him, overtake him, and then bring him back, flogging him the whole way: in vain the creature tries to dodge and escape from him, for the child turns with him, and always keeps close to him; and it is a curious fact, which I have often observed, that a mounted horse is always able to overtake a loose one.

His amusements and his occupations soon become more manly —careless of the biscacheros (the holes of an animal called the biscacho) which undermine the plains, and which are very dangerous, he gallops after the ostrich, the gáma, the lion, and the tiger: he catches them with his balls; and with his lasso he daily assists in catching the wild cattle, and in dragging them to

the hut, either for slaughter or to be marked. He breaks in the young horses in the manner which I have described, and in these occupations is often away from his hut many days, changing his horse as soon as the animal is tired, and sleeping on the ground. As his constant food is beef and water, his constitution is so strong, that he is able to endure great fatigue; and the distances he will ride, and the number of hours that he will remain on horseback, would hardly be credited. The unrestrained freedom of such a life he fully appreciates; and, unacquainted with subjection of any sort, his mind is often inspired with sentiments of liberty which are as noble as they are harmless, although they of course partake of the wild habits of his life. Vain is the endeavour to explain to him the luxuries and blessings of a more civilised life; his ideas are, that the noblest effort of man is to raise himself off the ground, and ride instead of walk—that no rich garments or variety of food can atone for the want of a horse—and that the print of the human foot on the ground is the symbol of uncivilization.

The Gaucho has by many people been accused of indolence: those who visit his hut find him at the door with his arms folded, and his poncho thrown over his left shoulder like a Spanish cloak; his hut is in holes, and would evidently be made more comfortable by a few hours' labour: in a beautiful climate, he is without fruit or vegetables; surrounded by cattle, he is often without milk; he lives without bread, and he has no food but beef and water, and therefore those who contrast his life with that of the English peasant accuse him of indolence: but the comparison is inapplicable, and the accusation unjust; and any one who will live with the Gaucho, and will follow him through his exertions, will find that he is anything but indolent, and his surprise will be that he is able to continue a life of so much fatigue. It is true that the Gaucho has no luxuries; but the great feature of his character is, that he is a person without wants: accustomed to live constantly in the open air, and to sleep on the ground, he does not consider that a few holes in his hut deprive it of its comfort. It is not that he does not like the taste of milk, but he prefers being without it to the every-day occupation of going in search of it. He might, it is true, make cheese, and sell it for money, but if he has got a good saddle and sharp spurs, he does

not consider that money has much value: in fact, he is contented with his lot; and when one reflects that, in the increasing series of human luxuries, there is no point that produces contentment, one cannot but feel that there is perhaps as much philosophy as folly in the Gaucho's determination to exist without wants; and the life he leads is certainly more noble than if he were slaving from morning till night to get other food for his body or other garments to cover it. It is true he is of little service to the great cause of civilization, which it is the duty of every rational being to promote; but an humble individual, living by himself in a boundless plain, cannot introduce into the vast uninhabited regions which surround him either arts or sciences: he may, therefore, without blame be permitted to leave them as he found them, and as they must remain, until population, which will create wants, devises the means of supplying them.

The character of the Gaucho is often very estimable; he is always hospitable—at his hut the traveller is sure to find a friendly welcome, and he will often be received with a natural dignity of manner which is very remarkable, and which he scarcely expects to meet with in such a miserable-looking hovel. On entering the hut, the Gaucho has constantly risen to offer me his seat, which I have declined, and many compliments and bows have passed, until I have accepted his offer,—the skeleton of a horse's head. It is curious to see them invariably take off their hats to each other as they enter a room which has no window, a bullock's hide for a door, and but little roof.

The habits of the women are very curious: they have literally nothing to do; the great plains which surround them offer them no motive to walk, they seldom ride, and *their* lives certainly are very indolent and inactive. They have all, however, families, whether married or not; and once when I inquired of a young woman employed in nursing a very pretty child, who was the father of the "criatura," she replied, "Quien sabe?"

The religion which is professed throughout the provinces of the Rio de la Plata is the Roman Catholic, but it is very different in different places. During the reign of the Spaniards, the monks and priests had everywhere very great influence; and the dimensions of the churches at Buenos Aires, Lucan, Mendoza, &c., show the power and riches they possessed, and the greedy

ambition which governed them. It is a sad picture to see a number of small, wretched-looking huts surrounding a church whose haughty elevation is altogether inapplicable to the humility of the Christian religion; and one cannot help comparing it with the quiet village church of England, whose exterior and interior tend rather to humble the feelings of the arrogant and proud, while to the peasant it has the cheerful appearance of his own home. And when it is considered that the churches in South America were principally built for the conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith, it is melancholy to think that the priests should have attempted, by the pomp of their temples, and by the mummery of candles, and pictures, and images, to have done what by reason, and kindness, and humility, would surely have been better performed. But their secret object was to extort money; and as it is always easier to collect a crowd of people by bad passions than by good, they therefore made their temples as attractive as possible, and men were called to see and to admire, instead of to listen and to reflect.

The power of the priests and monks has fallen very much since the revolution. At Buenos Aires most of the convents have been suppressed, and the general wish of almost all parties is to suppress the remainder. Occasionally, an old mendicant friar is seen, dressed in grey sackcloth, and covered with dirt; but as he walks through the street, looking on the ground, his emaciated cheek and sunken eye show that his power is crushed, and his influence gone. The churches have lost their plate, the candles are yellow, the pictures are bad, and the images are dressed in coarse English cotton. On great days, the ladies of Buenos Aires, dressed in their best clothes, are seen going to church, followed by a black child, in yellow or green livery, who carries in his arms an English hearth-rug, always of the most brilliant colours, on which the lady kneels, with the black child behind her; but generally the churches are deserted, and nobody is to be seen in them but a decrepit old woman or two, whispering into the chinks of the confessional box. The sad consequence of all this is, that at Buenos Aires there is very little religion at all.

At Mendoza there are several people who wish to put down the priests; still, however, they have evidently considerable

power. Once a year the men and women are called upon to live for nine days in a sort of barrack, which, as a great favour, I was allowed to visit. It is filled with little cells, and the men and women, at different times, are literally shut up in these holes, to fast and whip themselves. I seriously asked several people whether this punishment was *bonâ fide* performed, and they assured me that most of them whipped themselves till they brought blood. At Mendoza I was one day talking very earnestly to a person at the hotel, when a poor-looking monk arrived with a little image, surrounded with flowers: this image my friend was obliged to kiss, and the monk then took it to every individual in the hotel—to the landlord, his wife, his servants, and even to the black cook, who all kissed it, and then of course paid for the honour. The cook gave the monk two eggs.

The priests at Mendoza lead a dissolute life; most of them have families, and several live openly with their children. Their principal amusement, however, odd as it may sound, is cock-fighting every Thursday and Sunday. I was riding one Sunday when I first discovered their arena, and got off my horse to look at it. It was crowded with priests, who had each a fighting-cock under his arm; and it was surprising to see how earnest and yet how long they were in making their bets. I stayed there more than an hour, during which time the cocks were often upon the point of fighting, but the bet was not settled. Besides the priests, there were a number of little dirty boys, and one pretty-looking girl present. While they were arranging their bets, the boys began to play, so the judge instantly ordered all those who had no cocks to go out of the arena; upon which the poor girl and all the little boys were immediately turned out.

I soon got tired of the scene; but before I left them, I could not help thinking what an odd sight it was, and how justly shocked people in England would be to see a large body of clergymen fighting cocks upon a Sunday.

At San Juan the priests have rather more power than at Mendoza; and this they showed the other day, by taking the governor prisoner whilst he was in bed, and burning, by the hands of the gaoler, on the Plaza, the Carta de Mayo, which, to encourage the settlement of the English in this province, had lately granted religious toleration to strangers. In the other

provinces the priests have more or less power, according to their abilities, and generally according to their greater or less communication with Buenos Aires.

The religion of the Gaucho is necessarily more simple than in the town, as his situation places him out of the reach of the priests. In almost all the huts there is a small image or picture, and the Gauchos have sometimes a small cross round their necks. In order that their children should be baptized, they carry them on horseback to the nearest church, and I believe the dead are generally thrown across a horse and buried in consecrated ground: though the courier and postilion who were murdered, and whose funeral service I attended, were buried in the ruins of an old hut in the middle of the Plain of Sta. Fé. When a marriage is contracted, the young Gaucho takes his bride behind him on his horse, and in the course of a few days they can generally get to a church.

THE TOWN OF BUENOS AIRES

Is far from being an agreeable residence for those who are accustomed to English comforts. The water is extremely impure, scarce, and consequently expensive. The town is badly paved and dirty, and the houses are the most comfortless abodes I ever entered. The walls, from the climate, are damp, mouldy, and discoloured. The floors are badly paved with bricks, which are generally cracked, and often in holes. The roofs have no ceiling, and the families have no idea of warming themselves except by drinking hot maté, or by huddling round a fire of charcoal, which is put outside the door until the carbonic acid gas has rolled away.

Some of the principal families at Buenos Aires furnish their rooms in a very expensive but comfortless manner: they put down upon the brick floor a brilliant Brussels carpet, hang a lustre from the rafters, and place against the damp wall, which they whitewash, a number of tawdry North American chairs. They get an English pianoforte, and some marble vases, but they have no idea of grouping their furniture into a comfortable form: the ladies sit with their backs against the walls, without any apparent means of employing themselves; and when a stranger calls upon them, he is much surprised to find that they have the uncourteous custom of never rising from their chairs. I had no time to enter into any society at Buenos Aires, and the rooms looked so comfortless, that, to tell the truth, I had little inclination. The society of Buenos Aires is composed of English and French merchants, with a German or two. The foreign merchants are generally the agents of European houses; and as the customs of the Spanish South Americans, their food, and the hours at which they eat it, are different from those of the English and French, there does not appear to be much communication between them.

At Buenos Aires the men and women are rarely seen walking

together; at the theatre they are completely separated; and it is cheerless to see all the ladies sitting together in the boxes, while the men are in the pit,—slaves, common sailors, soldiers, and merchants, all members of the same republic.

The town is furnished with provisions by the Gauchos in a manner that shows a great want of attention to those arrangements which are generally met with in civilised communities. Milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and beef are brought into the town by individuals at a gallop,* and are only to be had when they choose to bring them. The necessaries of life are brought together without due arrangement, and the consequence is, that (except beef) they are dearer than in London, and sometimes are not to be had at all. I happened to leave Buenos Aires just as the fig-season was over, and though it was the middle of summer no fruit was to be had: the townspeople seemed to be quite satisfied with this reason, and I could not persuade them that some one should arrange a constant supply and succession of fruits, and not leave it entirely to the Gaucho. But the same want of arrangement exists in all instances. If one has been taken out to dinner in a carriage, and in the evening ventures to inquire why it has not arrived, the answer is that it is raining, and that those who let carriages will not allow them to go out if it rains.

During the short time I was at Buenos Aires I lived in a house out of the town, which was opposite the English burying-ground, and very near the place where the cattle were killed. This latter spot was about four or five acres, and was altogether devoid of pasture; at one end of it there was a large corrál enclosed by rough stakes, and divided into a number of pens,

* One of the most striking pictures in and near Buenos Aires is the young Gaucho who brings milk. The milk is carried in six or eight large earthen bottles, which hang on each side of the saddle. There is seldom room for the boy's legs, and he therefore generally turns his feet up behind him on the saddle, and sits like a frog. One meets these boys in squads of four or five, and the manner in which they carry on a gamboling game as they gallop along in their red cloth caps, with their scarlet ponchos flying behind them, has a singular appearance. The butchers' shops are covered carts, which are not very agreeable objects. The beef, mangled in a most shocking manner, is swinging about; and I have continually seen a large piece tied by a strip of hide to the tail of the cart, and dragged along the ground, with a dog trying to tear it.

each of which had a separate gate. These *cells* were always full of cattle doomed to slaughter. I several times had occasion to ride over this field, and it was curious to observe its different appearances. In passing it in the day or evening, no human being was to be seen: the cattle, up to their knees in mud, and with nothing to eat, were standing in the burning sun, occasionally lowing, or rather roaring, at each other. The ground in every direction was covered with groups of large white gulls, some of which were earnestly pecking at the slops of blood which they had surrounded, whilst others were standing upon their tip-toes, and flapping their wings as if to recover their appetite. Each slop of blood was the spot where a bullock had died; it was all that was left of his history, and pigs and gulls were rapidly consuming it. Early in the morning no blood was to be seen; a number of horses, with the lassos hanging to their saddles, were standing in groups apparently asleep: the mataderos were either sitting or lying on the ground close to the stakes of the corrál, and smoking cigars: while the cattle, without metaphor, were waiting until the last hour of their existence should strike; for as soon as the clock of the Recoléta struck, the men all vaulted on their horses, the gates of all the cells were opened, and in a very few seconds there was a scene of apparent confusion which it is quite impossible to describe. Every man had a wild bullock at the end of his lasso; some of these animals were running away from the horses, and some were running at them; many were roaring, some were hamstrung, and running about on their stumps; some were killed and skinned, while occasionally one would break the lasso. The horse would often fall upon his rider, and the bullock endeavour to regain his liberty, until the horseman at full speed caught him with the lasso, tripping him off the ground in a manner that might apparently break every bone in his body. I was more than once in the middle of this odd scene, and was really sometimes obliged to gallop for my life, without exactly knowing where to go, for it was often Scylla and Charybdis.

I was one day going home from this scene when I saw a man on foot select a very large pig from a herd, and throwing a lasso over his neck, he pulled it with all his strength, but the pig had no idea of obeying the summons: in an instant a little child

rode up, and very quietly taking the end of the lasso from the man, he lifted up the sheep-skin which covered the saddle, fixed the lasso to the ring which is there made for it, and then instantly set off at a gallop. Never did any one see an obstinate animal so completely conquered! With his tail pointing to the ground, hanging back, and with his four feet all scratching along the ground like the teeth of a harrow, he followed the boy evidently altogether against his will; and the sight was so strange that I instantly galloped by the side of the pig to watch his countenance. He was as obstinate as ever until the lasso choked him, and then he fainted and fell on his side. The boy dragged him in this state, at a gallop, more than three-quarters of a mile over hard rough ground, and at last suddenly stopped, and, jumping off his horse, began to unloose the lasso:—"Está muerto!" (he is dead) said I to the boy, really sorry for the pig's fate. "Stá vivo!" exclaimed the child, as he vaulted on his horse, and galloped away. I watched the pig for some time, and was observing the blood on his nose, when, to my great surprise, he began to kick his hind leg: he then opened his mouth, and at last his eyes; and after he had looked about him a little, like Clarence after his dream, he got up, and very leisurely walked to a herd of ten or twelve pigs of about the same size as himself, who were about twenty yards off. I slowly followed him, and when I came to the herd, I saw that, from the same cause, they had every one of them bloody noses.

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The house which I had near Buenos Aires was not only opposite the English burying-ground, but on the road to the Recoléta, which was the great burial-place for the town: about half a dozen funerals passed my window every day, and during the few days I was at Buenos Aires I scarcely ever rode into the town without meeting one.

Although the manners, customs, amusements, and fashions of different nations are constantly changing, and are generally different in different climates, yet one would at first expect that so simple an act as that of consigning to its narrow bed the body of a dead man would, in all countries and in all places, be the *same,—but though* death is the same, funerals are very different

In the old world, how often does the folly and vanity and vexation of spirit in which a man has lived accompany him to the tomb; and how often are the good feelings of the living overpowered by the vain pomp and ostentation which mock the burial of the dead! In South America the picture is a very different one, and certainly the way in which the people were buried at Buenos Aires appeared more strange to my eyes than any of the customs of the place. Of late years a few of the principal people have been buried in coffins, but generally the dead are called for by a hack hearse, in which there is a fixed coffin, into which they are put, when away the man gallops with the corpse, and leaves it in the vestibule of the Recoléta. There is a small vehicle for children, which I positively thought was a mountebank's cart: it was a light open tray, on wheels painted white, with light blue silk curtains, and driven at a gallop by a lad dressed in scarlet, with an enormous plume of white feathers in his hat. As I was riding home one day, I was overtaken by this cart (without its curtains, &c.), in which there was the corpse of a black boy, nearly naked. I galloped along with it for some distance; the boy, from the rapid motion of the carriage, was dancing sometimes on his back and sometimes on his face; occasionally his arm or leg would get through the bar of the tray, and two or three times I really thought the child would have bounded out of the tray altogether. The bodies of the rich were generally attended by their friends; but the carriages with four people in each were seldom able to go as fast as the hearse.

I went one day to the Recoléta, and just as I got there the little hearse drove up to the gate. The man who had charge of the burial-place received from the driver a ticket, which he read, and put into his pocket; the driver then got into the tray, and taking out a dead infant of about eight months old, he gave it to the man, who carried it swinging by one of its arms into the square-walled burial-ground, and I followed him. He went to a spot about ten yards from the corner, and then, without putting his foot upon the spade, or at all lifting up the ground, he scratched a place not so deep as the furrow of a plough. While he was doing this the poor little infant was lying before us on the ground upon its back: it had one eye open, and the other shut; its face was unwashed, and a small piece of dirty cloth was tied

round its middle: the man, as he was talking to me, placed the child in the middle of the furrow, pushed its arms to its side with the spade, and covering it so barely with earth that part of the cloth was still visible, he walked away and left it. I took the spade, and was going to bury the poor little child myself, when I recollected that as a stranger I should probably give offence, and I therefore walked towards the gate. I met the same man, with an assistant, carrying a tray, in which was the body of a very old man, followed by his son, who was about forty years of age; the party were all quarrelling, and remained disputing for some minutes after they had brought the body to the edge of the trench. This trench was about seven feet broad, and had been dug from one wall of the burial-ground to the other: the corpses were buried across it by fours, one above another, and there was a moveable shutter which went perpendicularly across the trench, and was moved a step forward as soon as the fourth body was interred. One body had already been interred; the son jumped down upon it, and while he was thus in the grave, standing upon one body and leaning against three, the two grave-diggers gave him his father, who was dressed in a long, coarse, white linen shirt. The grave was so narrow that the man had great difficulty in laying the body in it, but as soon as he had done so, he addressed the lifeless corpse of his father, and embraced it with a great deal of feeling:—the situation of the father and son, although so very unusual, seemed at the moment any thing but unnatural. In scrambling out of the grave, the man very nearly knocked a woman out of the tier of corpses at his back; and as soon as he was up, the two attendants with their spades threw earth down upon the face and the white dress of the old man, until both were covered with a very thin layer of earth: the two men then jumped down with heavy wooden rammers, and they really rammed the corpse in such a way that, had the man been alive, he would have been killed. We then all walked away.

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MODE OF TRAVELLING.

THERE are two ways of travelling across the Pampas—in a carriage, or on horseback. The carriages are without springs either of wood or iron, but they are very ingeniously slung on hide-ropes, which make them quite easy enough. There are two sorts of carriages, a long vehicle on four wheels, like a van (with a door behind), which is drawn by four or six horses, and which can carry eight people; and a smaller one on two wheels, about half the length, which is usually drawn by three horses.

When I first went across the Pampas, I purchased for my party a large carriage, and also an enormous two-wheeled covered cart, which carried about twenty-five hundredweight of miners' tools, &c. I engaged a capatáz (headman), and he hired for me a number of peons, who were to receive thirty or forty dollars each for driving the vehicles to Mendoza.

The day before we started, the capatáz came to me for some money to purchase hides, in order to prepare the carriages in the usual way. The hides were soaked, and then cut into long strips, about three-quarters of an inch broad, and the pole, as also almost all the woodwork of the carriage, was firmly bound with the wet hide, which, when dry, shrunk into a band nearly as hard as iron. The spokes, and, very much to our astonishment, the fellies, or the circumference of the wheels, were similarly bound, so that they actually travelled on the hide. We all declared it would be destroyed before it got over the pavement of Buenos Aires, but it went perfectly sound for seven hundred miles, and was then only cut by some sharp granite rocks over which we were obliged to drive.

With respect to provisions, we were told (truly enough) that there is little to be had on the Pampas but beef and water; and a quantity of provisions, with cherry-brandy, &c. &c., was collected by the party, some of whom, I believe, fancied that I was going to take them, not to El Dorado, but to "that undiscovered country from which no traveller returns." However, when we

were ready to start, one of them found out that the loaves and fishes, the canteen, &c., were left out (whether by accident or design, it matters not), and they then all cheerfully consented to "rough it," which is in fact the only way to travel without vexation in any country. We took with us some brandy and tea, but so destitute were we of other luxuries, that the first day we had nothing to drink our tea out of but egg-shells.

As it had been reported to the government of Buenos Aires that the Pampas Indians had invaded the country through which we had to pass, the minister was kind enough to give me an order to a Commandant who was on the road with troops, for assistance if required; and besides this, we purchased a dozen muskets, some pistols and sabres, which were slung to the roof of the carriage.

As it is customary to pay the peons half their money in advance, and as men who have been paid in advance have in all countries a number of thirsty friends, it is very difficult to collect all the drivers. Ours were of all colours, black, white, and red; and they were as wild a looking crew as ever was assembled. We had six horses in the carriage, six in the cart, each of which was ridden by a peon, and I, with one of the party, rode.

The travelling across the Pampas a distance of more than nine hundred miles is really a very astonishing effort. The country, as before described, is flat, with no road but a track, which is constantly changed. The huts, which are termed posts, are at different distances,* but upon an average, about twenty miles from each other; and in travelling with carriages, it is necessary to send a man on before, to request the Gauchos to collect their horses.

The manner in which the peons drive is quite extraordinary. The country, being in a complete state of nature, is intersected with streams, rivulets, and even rivers, with pantanos (marshes), &c., through which it is absolutely necessary to drive. In one instance the carriage, strange as it may seem, goes through a lake, which of course is not deep. The banks of the rivulets are often very precipitous, and I constantly remarked that we drove over and through places which in Europe any military officer would, I believe, without hesitation report as impassable.

* *The distance between each post is published at Buenos Aires, in the Road-book and Almanac.*

The mode in which the horses are harnessed is admirably adapted to this sort of rough driving. They draw by the saddle instead of the collar, and having only one trace instead of two, they are able, on rough ground, to take advantage of every firm spot; where the ground will only bear passing over once, every peon takes his own path, and the horses' limbs are all free and unconstrained.

In order to harness and unharness, the peons have only to hook and unhook the lasso which is fixed to their saddle; and this is so simple and easy, that we constantly observed, when the carriage stopped, that before any one of us could jump out of it, the peons had unhooked, and were out of our sight to catch fresh horses in the corrál.

If, in a gallop, anything was dropped by one of the peons, he would unhook, gallop back, and overtake the carriage without its stopping for him. I often thought how admirably in practice this mode of driving would suit the particular duties of that noble branch of our army, the Horse Artillery.

The rate at which the horses travel (if there are enough of them) is quite surprising. Our cart, although laden with twenty-five hundredweight of tools, kept up with the carriage at a hand-gallop. Very often, as the two vehicles were going at this pace, some of the peons, who were always in high spirits, would scream out, "Ah mi patrón!" and then all shriek and gallop with the carriage after me; and frequently I was unable to ride away from them.

But strange as the account of this sort of driving may sound, the secret would be discovered by any one who could see the horses arrive. In England, horses are never seen in such a state: the spurs, heels, and legs of the peons are literally bathed with blood, and from the sides of the horses the blood is constantly flowing rather than dropping.

After this description, in justice to myself, I must say that it is impossible to prevent it. The horses cannot trot, and one cannot draw the line between cantering and galloping, or, in merely passing through the country, alter the system of riding, which all over the Pampas is cruel.

The peons are capital horsemen, and we saw them several *times, at a gallop,* throw the rein on the horse's neck, take from

one pocket a bag of loose tobacco, and with a piece of paper, or a leaf of the Indian corn, make a cigar, and then take out a flint and steel and light it.

The post-huts are from twelve to thirty-six miles, and in one instance fifty-four miles from each other; and as it would be impossible to drag a carriage these distances at a gallop, relays of horses are sent on with the carriage, and are sometimes changed five times in a stage.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a wilder sight than our carriage and covered cart, as I often saw them,* galloping over the trackless plain, and preceded or followed by a troop of from thirty to seventy wild horses, all loose and galloping, driven by a Gaucho and his son, and sometimes by a couple of children. The picture seems to correspond with the danger which positively exists in passing through uninhabited regions, which are so often invaded by the merciless Indians.

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In riding across the Pampas, it is generally the custom to take an attendant, and people often wait to accompany some carriage; or, if they are in condition, ride with the courier, who gets to Mendoza in twelve or thirteen days. In case travellers wish to carry a bed and two small portmanteaus, they are placed upon one horse, which is either driven on before, or by a halter tied to the postilion's saddle.

The most independent way of travelling is without baggage and without an attendant. In this case, the traveller starts from Buenos Aires or Mendoza with a Gaucho, who is changed at every post. He has to saddle his own horses, and to sleep at night upon the ground on his saddle; and as he is unable to carry any provisions, he must throw himself completely on the feeble resources of the country, and live on little else than beef and water.

It is, of course, a hard life; but it is so delightfully inde-

* I was one day observing them, instead of looking before me, when my horse fell into a biscachero, and rolled over upon my arm. It was so crushed that it made me very faint; but before I could get into my saddle, the carriages were almost out of sight, and while the sky was still looking green from the pain I was enduring, I was obliged to ride after them, and I believe I had seven miles to gallop as hard as my horse could go, before I could overtake the carriage to give up my horse.

pendent, and if one is in good riding condition, so rapid a mode of travelling, that I twice chose it, and would always prefer it; but I recommend no one to attempt it unless he is in good health and condition.

When I first crossed the Pampas, I went with a carriage; and although I had been accustomed to riding all my life, I could not ride at all with the peons, and after galloping five or six hours was obliged to get into the carriage; but after I had been riding for three or four months, and had lived upon beef and water, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me. Although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak, yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle, on the ground, always so completely restored me, that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten or twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water.

At first, the constant galloping confuses the head, and I have often been so giddy when I dismounted that I could scarcely stand; but the system, by degrees, gets accustomed to it, and it then becomes the most delightful life which one can possibly enjoy. It is delightful from its variety, and from the natural train of reflections which it encourages—for, in the grey of the morning, while the air is still frosty and fresh, while the cattle are looking wild and scared, and while the whole face of nature has the bloom of youth and innocence, one indulges in those feelings and speculations in which, right or wrong, it is so agreeable to err: but the heat of the day and the fatigue of the body gradually bring the mind to reason; before the sun has set many opinions are corrected, and, as in the evening of life, one looks back with calm regret upon the past follies of the morning.

In riding across the Pampas with a constant succession of Gauchos, I often observed that the children and the old men rode quicker than the young men. The children have no judgment, but they are so light, and always in such high spirits, that they skim over the ground very quickly. The old grey-headed Gaucho is an excellent horseman, with great judgment; and

although his pace is not quite so rapid as the children's, yet, from being constant and uniform, he arrives at his goal nearly in the same time. In riding with the young men, I found that the pace was unavoidably influenced by their passions, and by the subject on which we happened to converse; and when we got to the post, I constantly observed that, somehow or other, time had been lost.

In crossing the Pampas, it is absolutely necessary to be armed, as there are many robbers or salteadores, particularly in the desolate province of Santa Fé.

The object of these people is of course money, and I therefore always rode so badly dressed and so well armed, that although, with no one but a child as a postilion, I once passed a gang of these salteadores who had evidently halted for no good purpose, they did not think it worth while to attack me. I always carried two brace of detonating pistols in a belt, and a short detonating double-barrelled gun in my hand. I made it a rule never to be an instant without my arms, and to cock both barrels of my gun whenever I met any Gauchos.

With respect to the Indians, a person riding can use no precaution, but must just run the gauntlet, and take his chance, which, if calculated, is a good one.

If he fall in with them, he must be tortured and killed, but it is very improbable that he should happen to find them on the road; however, they are so cunning, they ride so quick, and the country is so uninhabited, that it is impossible to gain any information about them; besides this, the Gauchos are in such alarm, and there are so many constant reports concerning them, that it becomes useless to attend to any; and I believe it is just as safe to ride towards the spot at which one hears they are, as to turn back.

The greatest danger in riding alone across the Pampas proceeds from the constant falls which the horses get in the holes of the biscachos. I calculated that, upon an average, my horse fell with me in a gallop once in every three hundred miles; and although, from the ground being very soft, I was never seriously hurt, yet previous to starting one cannot help feeling what a forlorn situation it would be, to break a limb or dislocate a joint so many hundred miles from any sort of assistance.

TOWN OF SAN LUIS.

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FIFTH day (from Buenos Aires). We arrived an hour after sunset—fortified post—scrambling in the dark for the kitchen—cook unwilling—correo (the courier) gave us his dinner—huts of wild-looking people—three women and girls almost naked* their strange appearance as they cooked our fowls. Our hut—old man immoveable—Maria or Marequita's black figure—little mongrel boy—three or four other persons. Roof supported in the centre by a crooked pole—holes in the roof and walls—walls of mud, cracked and rent—a water-jug in the corner on a three-pronged stick—floor, the earth—the eight hungry peons, by moonlight, standing with their knives in their hands over a sheep they were going to kill, and looking on their prey like relentless tigers.

In the morning, Morales and the peons standing round the fire—the blaze making the scene behind them obscure and dark—the horizon like the sea, except here and there the back of a cow to be seen—waggon and coach just discernible.

In the hut all our party occupied with the baggage—lighted by a candle crooked and thin—Scene of urging the patrón (Master) to get horses, and Marequita to get milk—the patrón wakening the mongrel boy.

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Twelfth day.—Left the post hut with three changes of horses to get to San Luis, distant thirty-six miles—inquired the way of one of the Gauchos who was driving the carriage—he dismounted and traced it with his finger on the road—we were to turn off, when about three leagues, at a dead horse which we should see.

* "*They be so wild as the donkey,*" said one of the Cornish party, smiling; *he then very gravely* added, "and there be one thing, sir, that I do *observe, which is, that the* farther we do go, the wilder things do get!"

I then galloped on with one of my party, knowing that we were to see no habitation until we got to San Luis—we had three hours and a half of daylight. About half way we began to think we had lost our path; however, we were sure to be wrong if we stopped to debate, and we therefore galloped on. Our horses got tired, and the sun was nearly setting without any appearance of houses, but as the lower edge touched the horizon we discovered a hut, and riding up to it, we were informed by a little girl that we were near San Luis. We got to the post just as it was dark, and eagerly inquired of the wild group if there was an inn in the town. "No hay! Señor; no hay!" We then inquired for beds. "No hay! Señor; no hay!"—"Is there a café?" "No hay! Señor," in exactly the same tone of voice. When we looked round us, we found nothing but bare walls and fleas. We happened (that day) to have English saddles, and we therefore began to ask again about beds. A woman told us we should have hers, and in a few moments she brought mattress and all rolled up, and laid them down on the floor; however, when I cast my eyes on the blanket, and above all the sheets, I begged, in the most earnest manner, that she would let me have something a little cleaner. "Son limpias!" (they are clean) said the woman, taking up the sheet, and pointing to a little spot which looked whiter than the rest. There was no use in arguing the point, so I walked out of the hut, leaving the corner of the sheet in the woman's hand, and declaring that it was quite impossible to sleep there.

I went to the door of the Maestro de Posta (Postmaster), and told him that I had ridden all day without eating; that I was very hungry, and begged to know what we could have: "Lo que quiere, Señor, tenemos tódo," (whatever you choose, we have everything).

I knew too well what "tódo" meant, and he accordingly explained to me that he had "carne de vaca y gallinas" (beef and fowls). I ordered a fowl, and then went to my room. The sight of the bed again haunted me, and after looking at it for some time with every inclination to persuade myself that it was even bearable, but in vain, I resolved to go to the Governor, deliver my letters, and see what I could do with him.

I procured a guide, who was to lead me in the dark to the

Governor's house. After walking some distance, "Aqui stá," said the man. "What! is that it?" said I, pointing to a door at which some black naked children were standing.—No, it was the next house.

The Governor was not at home, but I found his wife sitting on a bed, surrounded by ladies—Requested to sit down, but hurried off to the Coronello—He was not at home, said a young lady who begged me to sit down—Went to the barracks—my reception—An Ordenanza or soldier ordered to return with me to the post, to desire the Postmaster to treat me with particular respect—The town of San Luis by moonlight—no houses to be seen, but garden walls of mud—Went to look after my dinner—found the girl who was to cook it sitting in the smoke with the peons.—I saw a black iron pot on the fire, in which I supposed was my fowl—I asked if the fowl was there. "No, Señor, aqui stá," said the girl, throwing an old blanket off her bare shoulders, and showing me the fowl alive in her lap. I was going to complain, and I fear to swear, but the smoke so got into my eyes and mouth that I could neither see nor speak. At last I asked for eggs. "No hay, Señor." "Good heavens!" said I, "in the capital of San Luis is there not one single egg?" "Yes," she said, but it was too late; she would get me some mañana (to-morrow). She asked me if I liked cheese.—"Oh, yes," said I, eagerly.—She gave me an enormous cheese, and insisted on my taking the whole of it; but she had no bread.

I had hurt my right arm by my horse falling; however, I carried the cheese into my room, and then did not know where to put it. The floor was filthy—the bed was worse, and there was nothing else; so supporting it with my lame arm, I stood for some seconds moralizing on the state of the capital of the Province of San Luis.

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JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-MINES AND LAVADEROS OF LA CAROLINA.

* * * * *

STARTED at day-break from San Luis, to go to the Gold-mines and Lavaderos * of La Carolina, which are in the mountains on the north of the town.

Drove a set of loose horses before us, and about twelve o'clock stopped to change.

The horses were driven to the edge of a precipice which was quite perpendicular, and which overhung a torrent, and we formed a semicircle about them while the peons began to catch them with the lasso, which they were much afraid of. The horses were so crowded and scared that I expected they would all have been over the precipice: at last the hind-legs of one horse went down the cliff, and he hung in a most extraordinary manner by the fore-legs, with his nose resting on the ground, as far from him as possible, to preserve his balance. As soon as we saw him in this situation, we allowed the other horses to escape, and in a moment the peon threw his lasso with the most surprising precision, and it went below the animal's tail like the breeching of harness. We then all hauled upon it, and at last lifted the horse, and succeeded in dragging him up: during the whole time he remained quiet, and to all appearance perfectly conscious that the slightest struggle would have been fatal to him. We then mounted our fresh horses, and although the path over the mountains was so steep and rugged that we were occasionally obliged to jump a foot or two from one level to another, we scrambled along, with the loose horses before us, at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

In the evening we came to a small stream of water, which led us to the wretched hamlet of La Carolina, which is close to the mine.

* Alluvial soil, which is washed for gold.

A man offered us a shed to sleep in, which we readily accepted, and we then went into several of the huts, and conversed with the poor people, who had heard of rich English associations, and who thought we were come to give them everything they could desire.

In the evening we got some supper, and slept on the ground in an outhouse. We had observed, tied up in the yard, a large savage dog, which was constantly trying to get at us. In the middle of the night, while the moon was shining upon us through some holes in the roof, this dog walked in, and after smelling us all, he went to sleep among us.

The whole of the next day we spent in the mines and the lavaderos, and in the evening I walked alone into a little garden, and looked among the soil for gold. I really was able to find a very few particles, and it was singular to collect such a commodity in the gardens of such very poor people.

On my return I called at several of the huts, to receive some gold-dust which I had promised to purchase. It happened that I had nothing but a quantity of four-dollar gold pieces; and although they were current all over South America, I found, to my very great astonishment, that no one here would take them. In vain I assured them of their value; but these poor people (accustomed to change gold for silver) all shook their fore-fingers in my face, and in different voices exclaimed, "No vale nada," (Gold is worth nothing,) and among such wild, desert mountains, the great moral truth of their assertion rushed very forcibly into my mind.

I offered them the piece of four dollars for what they only asked two and three dollars, but they would not take it; and we had scarcely silver enough among us to remunerate our landlord for the board and lodging which he had afforded us.

Our horses which we had brought from San Luis were caught, and put into the corrál the evening before we left the town, and they had consequently nothing to eat all that night.

The following day, I have stated, we rode them sixty miles, and as it was then too late to turn them out, they were kept by the peon in the yard all that night.

The third day, while we were inspecting the mines, they were *turned out for four or five* hours to graze among stones and

rocks, where there was apparently nothing for them to eat, and they were then brought into the yard, where they remained fasting all night. The next morning before day-break we mounted them, and rode sixty miles back to San Luis; and as some of the party came in very late, I rather believe the post-master kept them starving in his corrál all night, and that the following morning they were driven to the plain.

The poor creatures must of course have suffered very much, but I did not know that at Carolina there would have been nothing for them to eat; and when we were there, I believe it was merciful to them not to stay: however, the truth is, that the business I was on was of such importance that I really had not time to think about them.

MENDOZA.

THE town of Mendoza is situated at the foot of the Andes, and the country around it is irrigated by cuts from the Rio de Mendoza. This river bounds the west side of the town, and from it, on the east side, there is a cut or canal about six feet wide, containing as much water as would turn a large mill. This stream supplies the town with water, and at the same time adorns and refreshes the Alameda or public walk. It waters the streets which descend with it to the river, and it can also be conducted into those which are at right angles.

Mendoza is a neat small town, built upon the usual South American plan. The streets are all at right angles: there is a plaza or square, on one side of which there is a large church, and several other churches and convents are scattered over the town. The houses are only one story high, and all the principal ones have a porte-cochère, which enters a small court, round the four sides of which the building extends.

The houses are built of mud, and are roofed with the same. The walls are white-washed, which gives them a neat appearance; but the insides of the houses, until they are white-washed, look like an English barn. The walls are of course very soft; occasionally a large piece of them comes off, and they are of that consistency, that, in a very few moments, a person, either with a spade or a pick-axe, could cut his way through any wall in the town. Some of the principal houses have glass in the window-sashes, but the greatest number have not. The houses are almost all little shops, and the goods displayed are principally English cottons.

The inhabitants are apparently a very quiet, respectable set of people. The Governor, who is an old man, has the appearance and manners of a gentleman: he has a large family of daughters, who are very pleasing-looking girls. The men are

dressed in blue or white jackets, without skirts. The women in the day are only seen sitting at their windows, in complete dishabille, but in the evening they come upon the Alameda, dressed with much taste, in evening dresses and low gowns, and completely in the costume of London or Paris. The manner in which all the people seem to associate together shows a great deal of good feeling and fellowship, and I certainly never saw less apparent jealousy in any place.

The people, however, are sadly indolent. A little after eleven o'clock in the morning, the shop-keepers make preparations for the siesta; they begin to yawn a little, and slowly to put back the articles which they have, during the morning, displayed on their tables. About a quarter before twelve they shut up the shops, the window-shutters throughout the town are closed, or nearly so, and no individual is to be seen until five and sometimes until six o'clock in the evening.

During this time I used generally to walk about the town to make a few observations. It was really singular to stand at the corner of the right-angle streets, and in every direction to find such perfect solitude in the middle of the capital of a province. The noise occasioned by walking was like the echo which is heard in pacing by oneself up the long aisle of a church or cathedral, and the scene reminded me of the deserted streets of Pompeii.

In passing some of the houses I often heard people snoring, and when the siesta was over, I was often much amused at seeing the people awaken; for there is infinitely more truth and pleasure in thus looking behind the scenes of private life, than in making formal observations on man when dressed and disguised for his public performance. The people generally lie on the ground or floor of the room, and the group is often amusing.

I saw, one day, an old man (one of the principal people in the town) fast asleep and happy. The old woman, his wife, was awake, and sitting up in easy dishabille scratching herself, while her daughter, a very pretty-looking girl of about seventeen, was also awake, but lying on her side kissing a cat.

In the evening the scene begins to revive. The shops are opened; a number of loads of grass are seen walking about the streets, for the horse that is carrying them is completely hid

Behind the load a boy stands on the extremity of the back; and to mount and dismount he climbs up by the animal's tail. A few Gauchos are riding about, selling fruit; and a beggar on horseback is occasionally seen, with his hat in his hand, singing a psalm in a melancholy tone.

As soon as the sun has set, the Alameda is crowded with people, and the scene is very singular and interesting. The men are sitting at tables, either smoking cigars or eating ices, and the ladies are on the mud benches which are on both sides of the Alameda. This Alameda is a walk nearly a mile long, between two rows of tall poplars: on one side of it are the garden walls of the town, concealed by roses and shrubs, and on the other the stream of water which supplies the town.

It will hardly be credited that, while this Alameda is crowded with people, women of all ages, without clothes of any sort or kind, are bathing in great numbers in the stream which literally bounds the promenade. Shakspeare tells us, that "the chariest maid is prodigal enough if she unveil her beauties to the moon," but the ladies of Mendoza, not contented with this, appear even before the sun; and in the mornings and evenings they really bathe without any clothes in the Rio de Mendoza, the water of which is seldom up to their knees, the men and women all together; and certainly of all the scenes which in my life I have witnessed, I never beheld one so indescribable.

However, to return to the Alameda:—the walk is often illuminated in a very simple manner by paper lamps, which are cut into the shapes of stars, and are lighted by a single candle. There is generally a band of music playing, and at the end of the walk is a temple built of mud, which is very elegant in its form, and of which it may truly be said, "materiem superabat opus."

The few evenings I was at Mendoza, I always went as a complete stranger to this Alameda to eat ices, which, after the heat of the day, were exceedingly delightful and refreshing; and as I put spoonful after spoonful into my mouth, looking above me at the dark outline of the Cordillera, and listening to the thunder which I could sometimes hear rumbling along the bottoms of the ravines, and sometimes resounding from the tops of the mountains, I used always to acknowledge, that if a man

could but bear an indolent life, there can be no spot on earth where he might be more indolent and more independent than at Mendoza; for he might sleep all day, and eat ices in the evening, until his hour-glass was out. Provisions are cheap, and the people who bring them quiet and civil: the climate is exhausting, and the whole population indolent—"Mais que voulez-vous?" how can the people of Mendoza be otherwise? Their situation dooms them to inactivity;—they are bounded by the Andes and by the Pampas, and, with such formidable and relentless barriers around them, what have they to do with the history or the improvements, or the notions of the rest of the world? Their wants are few, and nature readily supplies them; the day is long, and therefore as soon as they have had their breakfasts, and have made a few arrangements for their supper, it is so very hot that they go to sleep; and what else could they do better?

THE PAMPAS.

RETURNED to the Fonda of Mendoza in the evening at ten o'clock, and found the two horses standing in the yard with nothing to eat, and a young Gaucho, who was to accompany me as postilion, lying on the ground asleep on his saddle. Next morning before daybreak, got up, saddled my horse, and with my saddle as my bed, and some pistols and money, commenced my gallop for Buenos Aires.

Country to be described:—delightful feeling of independence at the mode of travelling—air frosty and ground hard.—The sun rose, and shortly after got to the first post.—Had a letter for the lady from her husband who was at Mendoza—went to give it to her, while the Gaucho, who was to accompany me, was driving the horses into the corrál—found the lady in bed.—"Siente se, Señor," said she, pointing to an old chair which was at the head of the bed—sat down, and told her the letter was from her husband—she placed it under her pillow, and then offered me some maté, but I had no time to wait for it, and started.

At third post from Mendoza, a post-master, who might be exhibited in England as a curious specimen of an indolent man, to every thing I said, he replied "*Si*"—it was but an aspiration, and he seemed never to have said any other word—I had twice passed his house, and it was always the same *Si!*

Galloped on with no stopping, but merely to change horses, until five o'clock in the evening—very tired indeed, but on coming to the post-hut, saw the horses in the corrál, and resolved to push on.—Started with a fresh horse, and a young Gaucho, who, singing as he went, galloped like the wind: the sun set, and it got so dark, that, for more than an hour, I expected every moment the boy would get away from me, as the road was rough, *and through wood.* At half-past seven, after having galloped a *hundred and fifty-three* miles, and been fourteen hours and a half

on horseback, got to the post:*—found the hut occupied by some people who had arrived in a carriage—quite exhausted—nothing to eat—asked for bread, they had none—I really could scarcely speak—carried my saddle into a shed—two children asleep, and one black girl—lay down upon the ground, and instantly fell asleep—was awakened in two or three hours by the woman of the post, who had brought me some soup with meat in it—ate it all up, and again dropt off to sleep—an hour before daylight was awakened by the Gaucho who was to go with me. "Vámos, Señor!" said he, in a sharp, impatient tone of voice—got up, had some maté, mounted my horse, and as I galloped along felt pleased that the sun which had left me the evening before thirty miles nearer Mendoza, should find me at my work. At first post detained fifteen minutes for horses—the stage the longest between Mendoza and Buenos Aires, being fifty-one miles—the woman would only give me one spare horse, which we drove before us. Galloped my horse till he came to a standstill, and then got on the fresh one, and left the postilion behind. In about an hour this other horse quite done up—by constant spurring could just keep him in a canter—at last down he fell, and my foot hung in the stirrup—my long spur was also entangled in the sheep-skin which was above my saddle—saw by the panting of the horse's flank and nostrils that he was too tired to be off with me.—Mounted and cantered him till he fell down on my other leg, and I was then lame in both legs—was overtaken by a boy driving some loose horses—took one of them, and my horse was driven among the flock, until we came to the post. Post-master very kind, and ordered a Gaucho to give me an easy-going horse, as both my legs hurt me very much—started with a boy, but our horses were done up before we got to San Luis—obliged to walk part of the distance, and then by kicking and spurring got into San Luis just as the sun set.—(See description of the post-house and town of San Luis.)

At San Luis was advised by groups of people not to go on by myself, as the courier and postilion (from Buenos Aires), with

* Although I wrote to my party (six of whom are now in England) from this hut, they would not believe I had reached it, until they themselves returned, when they inquired of the postmaster, who told them I had slept there on the night of the day I had left Mendoza.

their horses and a dog, had just been found on the road with their throats cut—advised to join the courier who was just setting out for Buenos Aires. Accordingly, next morning started with the courier and three peons as guards, all armed with old pistols and guns. Courier a little old man of about fifty-five years of age—had been riding all his life—had a face like a withered apple—carried his pistol in his hand—told me he was father to the courier who had just been murdered—that he was his only son—that he had just succeeded in getting him the appointment—that he was nineteen—and that it was his first journey as courier—that he had no pistols, not even a knife—that it was barbarous to kill him—that he must have died like a lamb, &c. &c. This story he repeated at every post-hut, and people were so fond of asking for it, and he so willing to give it, that we lost many minutes at each post. He would relate it to anybody:—at one post he told it to a great rough mongrel-looking fellow, who was sitting on a stone while a little girl was combing his woolly hair—"*En dos?*" said the little girl, who had divided his hair at the back of his head, and who proposed to plait it into two tails—"Si!" grunted her father, half asleep, and nodding his head, as he listened to the courier's story. We therefore rode all day, and only went a hundred and two miles.—Next morning off before sunrise, and took a postilion, and travelling by myself got on much quicker, but the horses still weak, and in the whole day could only proceed a hundred and ten miles.

Two more days rode from morning till night, sleeping on the ground, with nothing to eat but beef—at last came to that part of the province of Santa Fé, near which the courier had been murdered. The post-master refused to give me horses to go on unless I could find a guard, as he said the Gauchos would not go by themselves: he insisted on my waiting for the courier, and I accordingly lost half a day, as he did not arrive till night. Next morning at daybreak got up—saw the poor old courier, lying upon his back on the ground, with his head resting on his saddle—he had a cigar in his mouth, and for a long time he remained smoking, praying, and crossing himself.—Started with the master of the post, an additional Gaucho, and the postilion, all armed—very little conversation. As we approached the spot, it appeared as if they all expected that the Salteadores (robbers)

would be there—after riding some leagues, left the path, and galloped through the dry grass towards a small black-looking hut in ruins. It was one of those which had been burnt by the Indians, and the whole family had been murdered in it. When we got to it, I looked around me, and no other hut or habitation was to be seen: there were no cattle, and when a few *gamas* (deer), which for some moments were in sight, had fled away, we were left completely to ourselves, and not a bird or any animal was to be seen. We were in the centre of a deserted province. We galloped up to the hut—it was built of large unbaked bricks and mud: the roof had been burnt—one of the gables had fallen to half its height—the other looked nearly falling—one wall had fallen, and we all rode up to this side of the hut.—Close to us there was a deep well, into which the Salteadores had thrown all the bodies—first the courier and postilion, then the dog, and then the horses. The carcases of the horses lay before us—they were nearly eaten up by the eagles and biscachos. The dog had not been touched—he was a very large one—and from the heat of the weather, he was now bloated up to a size quite extraordinary—his throat was cut, and in my life I never saw so much expression in the countenance of a dead animal—his lip was curled up, and one could not but fancy that it expressed the feelings of rage and fidelity under which he had evidently fought to the last. In the hut lay the bodies of the courier and postilion with their throats cut*—they were barely covered over with some of the loose bricks from the wall. Some pieces of the courier's poncho were lying about, as also several of the covers of the letters which the murderers had opened. In the centre of the hut were the white ashes of a fire which they had kindled—at the corner of the hut stood a solitary peach-tree in blossom—its contrast with the scene before us was very striking. The old courier said something to the post-master, who immediately climbed upon the ruined wall, and threw down some loose bricks—he fell—burst of laughter—we all got off our horses, and slowly covered the bodies over with bricks—"Con que, Señóres," said the old man, "harémos un oracion para el defunto"—we all took

* *They had been taken out of the well by some Gauchos.*

off our hats, and stood round the pile—opposite were our horses looking at us—the old man threw the handkerchief off his head, and his beard, which was of four days' growth, was quite white —he stood over the body of his only son, and offered up some prayer, to which all the Gauchos joined their responses. I joined and crossed myself with them, for as the courier looked at me, I was anxious to assist in alleviating the sorrows of an old man, and entertaining my own feelings, which it is not necessary to describe.

As soon as the ceremony was over (it lasted about two minutes), we put on our hats. "Con que, Señóres," said the old man; and after a long pause, "Vámos!" said he; upon which the party split into groups to light cigars. I had scarcely lighted mine, when the old man came up to light his. His son's body was at our feet, but he put his face close to mine, and as he was sucking and blowing, with that earnestness of countenance which is only known to those who are in the habit of lighting a cigar, I could not help thinking what an odd scene was before me. However, we mounted our horses—I took a last farewell look at the peach-tree, in blossom, and we then all galloped across the dry brown grass, to regain the path and the few minutes of time which we had thus spent at the hut.

* * * * *

We galloped on till sunset, when we came to a post-hut, from which a party of five or six Gauchos were just starting to go to the next hut, which was twenty-four miles; and as I was anxious to get on, I accompanied them.

There was but little twilight—no moon—the sky soon became black, and in less than half an hour it was so dark, that I can declare I could not see my hand before me. The Gauchos, who had been drinking pretty freely, kept together, and galloped on in line, talking and laughing very loudly: occasionally one of them gave a shrill, sudden whistle—a signal that his horse had just passed a biscachero; but the conversation never stopped, and they were apparently as much at their ease as if they had been riding in broad daylight.

My feelings, however, were very different; and it is almost *impossible to describe the* reluctance I felt to use my spurs, and

the inclination I had to pull at my bridle: indeed it was as much as I could do to loosen my rein and gallop with them, or rather a few paces in their rear, for, to avoid biscacheros, I thought it safest to follow their footsteps.

Had I known it would have been so dark, or that the Gauchos would have gone at such a pace, I certainly would not have accompanied them: but having once started, I had no alternative; for as they would not stop for me, I felt that unless I kept close to them, I should lose myself, and should not know in what direction to ride; and also, as I expected every moment that my horse would tumble into the biscacheros, I thought it better to fall in reach of assistance, than to make the *pas seul.* However, the danger after all is not what a stranger conceives it: and after a couple of hours' fear and uneasiness, I heard the dogs of the post-hut barking before us; and riding up to the glimmering light, we each unsaddled our horses, and leaving them to go wherever they chose, we roasted some beef upon the embers.

I slept very soundly on my saddle, and started the next morning, with a little Gaucho, before sunrise.

* * * * *

At some distance I saw a boy riding through the thistles and clover, and as he was swinging horizontally above his head the bolas or balls, I perceived he was hunting for ostriches, and I therefore rode up to him.

He was a black boy of about fourteen years of age, slight, and well-made, but with scarcely any clothing on except the remains of a scarlet poncho. I asked him several questions—where he expected to find ostriches, &c. &c. &c., to which he gave me no answer, but continued swinging the balls round his head, and looking about him. I was asking him some other insignificant questions, when he cut me short, by asking me if I would sell my spurs, as if there was nothing else worth having about me; but before I had time to reply, an ostrich was in sight, and he darted away from me like an arrow. I was, just at the moment, among a group of biscacheros—my horse fell, and before I had got clear of them, the boy was on the horizon, and from the contempt with which he had left me, I did not feel inclined to follow him.

* * * * *

The biscacho is found all over the plains of the Pampas. Like rabbits, they live in holes which are in groups in every direction, and which make galloping over these plains very dangerous. The manner, however, in which the horses recover themselves, when the ground over these subterranean galleries gives way, is quite extraordinary. In galloping after the ostriches, my horse has continually broken in, sometimes with a hind leg, and sometimes with a fore one; he has even come down on his nose, and yet recovered: however, the Gauchos occasionally meet with very serious accidents. I have often wondered how the wild horses could gallop about as they do in the dark, but I really believe they avoid the holes by smelling them; for in riding across the country, when it has been so dark that I positively could not see my horse's ears, I have constantly felt him, in his gallop, shrink a foot or two to the right or left, as if he had trod upon a serpent, which, I conceive, was to avoid one of these holes. Yet the horses do very often tumble down; and certainly during the few months I was in the Pampas, I got more falls than I ever before had, though in the habit of riding all my life. The Gauchos are occasionally killed by these biscacheros, and often break a limb.

In the middle of the Pampas I once found a Gaucho standing at the hut, with his left hand resting on the palm of his other hand, and apparently suffering great pain. He told me his horse had just fallen with him in a biscachero, and he begged me to look at his hand. The large muscle of the thumb was very much swelled, and every time I touched it with my fore finger, the poor fellow opened his mouth, and lifted up one of his legs. Being quite puzzled with one side of his hand, I thought I would turn it round, and look at the other side, and upon doing so, it was instantly evident that the thumb was out of joint. I asked him if there was any doctor near; the Gaucho said he believed there was one at Cordova, but as it was five hundred miles off, I felt he might as well have pointed to the moon. "Is there no person," said I, "nearer than Cordova, that understands anything *about it?*" "*No* hay, Señor," said the poor fellow. I asked *him what he intended* to do with his thumb: he replied that he

had washed it with salt and water, and then he earnestly asked me if that was good for it? "Si! si! si!" said I, walking away in despair, for I thought it was useless to hint to him, that "not all the water in the wide rude sea" would put his thumb into its joint; and although I knew it ought to be pulled, yet one is so ignorant of such operations, that not knowing in what direction, I therefore left the poor fellow looking at his thumb, in the same attitude in which I found him. But, to return to the biscachos.

These animals are never to be seen in the day, but as soon as the lower limb of the sun reaches the horizon, they are seen issuing from their holes in all directions, which are scattered in groups like little villages all over the Pampas. The biscachos, when full grown, are nearly as large as badgers; but their head resembles a rabbit, excepting that they have very large bushy whiskers.

In the evening they sit outside their holes, and appear to be moralising. They are the most serious-looking animals I ever saw; and even the young ones are grey-headed, have mustachios, and look thoughtful and sedate.

In the day-time their holes are always guarded by two little owls, who are never an instant away from their post. As one gallops by these grave sentinels, they stand looking at the stranger, and then at each other, moving their old-fashioned heads in a manner which is quite ridiculous, until one rushes by them, when fear gets the better of their dignified looks, and they both run into the biscacho's hole.

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THE PAMPAS—PROVINCE OF SANTA FE'

TRAVELLING from Buenos Aires to Mendoza by myself, with a *virloche*, or two-wheeled carriage—entrance behind—two side seats—had two peons—Pizarro, who had already ridden with me twelve hundred miles, and Cruz, a friend of Pizarro. We had travelled for three days a hundred and twenty miles a day—Pizarro's fidelity and attention—at night when he got in, his dark black face tired, and covered with dust and perspiration—his tongue looked dry, and his whole countenance jaded—yet his frame was as hard as iron. His first object at night to get me something to eat—to send out for a live sheep—he made a fire and cooked my supper—as soon as I had supped he brought me a candle at the carriage door, and watched me while I undressed to sleep there—then wished me good night, got his own supper, and slept on his saddle at the wheel of the carriage. As soon as I awoke, and, before daylight, anxious to get on, I used to call out "Pizarro!" "Aqui stá la agua, Señor," said he, in a patient low tone of voice—he knew I liked to have water to wash in the morning, and he used to get it for me, sometimes in a saucer, and sometimes literally in a little maté cup, which did not hold more than an egg-shell; and in spite of his fatigue he was always up before I awoke, and waiting at the door of the carriage till I should call for him.

Province of Santa Fé to be described—its wild, desolate appearance—has been so constantly ravaged by the Pampas Indians, that there are now no cattle in the whole province, and people are afraid to live there. On the right and left of the road, and distant thirty or forty miles, one occasionally sees the remains of a little hut which has been burnt by the Indians; and as one gallops along, the Gaucho relates how many people were murdered in each—how many infants slaughtered—and whether the women were killed or carried away. The old post-huts are also burnt—new ones have been built by the side of the ruins,

but the rough plan of their construction shows the insecurity of their tenure. These huts are occupied only by men, who are themselves, generally, robbers, but in a few instances their families are living with them. When one thinks of the dreadful fate which has befallen so many poor families in this province, and that any moment may bring the Indians again among them, it is really shocking to see women living in such a dreadful situation—to fancy that they should be so blind, and so heedless of experience—and it is distressing to see a number of innocent little children playing about the door of a hut, in which they may be all massacred, unconscious of the fate that may await them, or of the blood-thirsty vindictive passions of man.

We were in the centre of this dreary country—I always rode for a few stages in the morning, and I was with a young Gaucho of about fifteen years of age, who had been born in the province —his father and mother had been murdered by the Indians—he had been saved by a man who had galloped away with him, but he was then an infant, and remembered nothing of it. We passed the ruins of a hut which he said had belonged to his aunt —he said that about two years ago, he was at that hut with his aunt and three of his cousins, who were young men—that while they were conversing together a boy galloped by from the other post, and in passing the door screamed out, "Los Indios! los Indios!"—that he ran to the door, and saw them galloping towards the hut without hats, all naked, armed with long lances, striking their mouths with their bridle hands, and uttering a shriek, which he described as making the earth tremble—he said that there were two horses outside the hut, bridled but not saddled—that he leapt upon the back of one and galloped away—that one of the young men jumped on the other, and followed him about twenty yards, but that then he said something about his mother, and rode back to the hut—that just as he got there the Indians surrounded it, and that the last time he saw his cousins they were standing at the door with their knives in their hands—that several of the Indians galloped after him, and followed him more than a mile, but that he was upon a horse which was "muy ligéro (very swift), muy ligéro," repeated the boy; and as we galloped along he loosened his rein, and darting on before me, looked back, and smiled at showing me the manner

in which he escaped, and then curbing his horse to a hand-gallop, continued his history.

He said that when the Indians found he was getting away from them, they turned back—that he escaped, and that when the Indians had left the province, which was two days after, he returned to the hut. He found it burnt, and saw his aunt's tongue sticking on one of the stakes of the corrál; her body was in the hut; one of her feet was cut off at the ancle, and she had apparently bled to death. The three sons were outside the door naked; their bodies were covered with wounds, and their arms were gashed to the bone, by a series of cuts about an inch from each other, from the shoulder to the wrist.

The boy then left me at the next post, and I got into the carriage—the day growing hot, and the stage twenty-four miles. After galloping about an hour, I saw a large cloud of smoke on the horizon before me; and as the Indians often burn the grass when they enter the country, I asked Pizarro what it was? He replied, "Quien sabe, Señor, what it may be?" however, on we galloped.

I took little notice of it, and began to think of the dreadful story the boy had told me, and of many similar ones which I had heard; for I had always endeavoured to get at the history of the huts which were burnt, although I generally found that the Gauchos thought very little about it; and that the story was sometimes altogether in oblivion, before time had crumbled into dust the tottering mud walls which were the monuments of such dreadful cruelties.

It appears that the Pampas Indians, who, in spite of their ferocity, are a very brave and handsome race of men, occasionally invade "los Cristianos," as the Gauchos always term themselves, for two objects—to steal cattle, and for the pleasure of murdering the people; and that they will even leave the cattle to massacre their enemies.

In invading the country, they generally ride all night, and hide themselves on the ground during the day; or, if they do travel, crouch almost under the bellies of their horses, who by this means appear to be dismounted and at liberty. They usually approach the huts at night and at a full gallop, with their usual shriek, striking their mouths with their hands—and this

war-whoop, which is to intimidate their enemies, is continued through the whole of the dreadful operation.

Their first act is to set fire to the roof of the hut; and it is almost too dreadful to fancy what the feelings of a family must be, when, after having been alarmed by the barking of the dogs, which the Gauchos always keep in great numbers, they first hear the wild cry which announces their doom, and in an instant afterwards find that the roof is burning over their heads.

As soon as the family rush out, which they of course are obliged to do, the men are wounded by the Indians with their lances, which are eighteen feet long, and as soon as they fall they are stripped of their clothes; for the Indians, who are very desirous to get the clothes of the Christians, are careful not to have them spoiled with blood. While some torture the men, others attack the children, and will literally run the infants through the body with their lances, and raise them to die in the air. The women are also attacked, and it would form a true but a dreadful picture to describe their fate, as it is decided by the momentary gleam which the burning roof throws upon their countenances.

The old women, and the ugly young ones, are instantly butchered; but the young and beautiful are idols, by whom even the merciless hand of the savage is arrested. Whether the poor girls can ride or not, they are instantly placed upon horses, and when the hasty plunder of the hut is concluded, they are driven away from its smoking ruins, and from the horrid scene which surrounds it.

At a pace which in Europe is unknown, they gallop over the trackless regions before them, fed upon mare's flesh, sleeping on the ground, until they arrive in the Indians' territory, when they have instantly to adopt the wild life of their captors.

I was informed by a very intelligent French officer, who was of high rank in the Peruvian army, that, on friendly terms, he had once passed through part of the territory of these Pampas Indians, in order to attack a tribe who were at war with them, and that he had met several of the young women who had been thus carried off by the Indians.

He told me that he had offered to obtain permission for them to return to their country, and that he had in addition offered

them large sums of money if they would, in the mean while, act as interpreters; but they all replied, that no inducement in the world should ever make them leave their husbands or their children, and that they were quite delighted with the life they led.

While I was sitting upon the side seat of the carriage, reflecting on the cruelties which had been exercised in a country which, in spite of its history, was really wild and beautiful, and which possessed an air of unrestrained freedom which is always exhilarating, I remarked that the carriage was only at a walk, an occurrence which in South America had never before happened to me, and in an instant it stopped. "Vea, Señor," said Pizarro, with a firm countenance, as he turned back to speak to me, "que tanta gente!" He pointed with his right hand before him, and I saw that the smoke which I had before observed was dust, and in it I indistinctly saw a crowd of men on horseback in a sort of wild military array; and on both flanks, at a great distance off, individual horsemen, who were evidently on the look out to prevent a surprise. Our horses were completely tired; the whole body were coming rapidly towards us, and, to mend the matter, Pizarro told me that he was afraid they were los Indios. "Señor," said he, with great coolness, and yet with a look of despair, "Tiene armas a fuégo?" I told him I had none to spare, for I had only a short double-barrelled gun and two brace of pistols. "Aqui un sable, Pizarro!" said I, pushing the handle of a sabre towards him from the window of the carriage. "Que sable!" said he, almost angrily; and raising his right arm perpendicularly over his head, in a sort of despair, he added, "contra tanta gente!" but while his arm was in the position described, "Vamos!" said he, in a tone of determined courage, and giving his hand half a turn, he spurred his jaded horse, and advanced instantly at a walk. Poor Cruz, the other peon, seemed to view the subject altogether in a different light; he said not a word, but as I cast a glance at him, I perceived that his horse, far from pulling the carriage, was now and then hanging back a little—a just picture of his rider's feelings. I could not help for a moment admiring Pizarro's figure, as I saw him occasionally digging his spurs into the side of his horse, which had not only to draw the carriage and me, but

Cruz and his horse also; however, I now began to think of my own situation.

I earnestly wished I had never come into the country, and thought how unsatisfactory it was to be tortured and killed by mistake in other people's quarrels—however, this would not do. I looked towards the cloud of dust, and it was evidently much nearer. In despair I got my gun and pistols, which were all loaded, and when I had disposed of them, I opened a small canvas bag which contained my ammunition gimcracks, for my gun and pistols had all fulminating locks. I ranged them on the seat before me—the small powder-flask, the buck-shot, the bullets, the copper caps, and the punched cards; but the motion of the carriage danced them all together, and once or twice I felt inclined, in despair, to knock them all off the seat, for against so many people resistance was vain: however, on the other hand, mercy was hopeless; so I, at last, was driven to make the best of a very bad bargain.

The carriage, which had a window at each of the four sides, had wooden blinds, which moved horizontally. I therefore shut them all, leaving an embrasure of about two inches, and then for some seconds I sat looking at the crowd which was coming towards us.

As they came close to us—for until then I could scarcely see them for dust—I perceived that they had no spears, and next that they wore clothes; but as they had no uniforms I conceived that they were a crowd of Montoneros, who are quite as cruel as the Indians: however, as soon as they came to us, and when some of them had passed us, Pizarro pulled up and talked to them. They were a body of seven hundred wild Gauchos, collected and sent by the governors of Cordova and some other provinces to proceed to Buenos Aires to join the army against the Brazilians; and on their flank they had scouts, to prevent a surprise by the Indians, who had invaded the country only a few weeks before.

It was really a reprieve; everything I saw for the rest of the day pleased me—and for many days afterwards I felt that I was enjoying a new lease of my life.

THE PAMPAS.

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Two days afterwards, I was riding near the carriage, which was galloping along—Pizarro and Cruz looking fatigued and dirty, while the postilion before them, fresh and careless, was singing a Spanish song, when Pizarro's horse fell, and although Cruz tried to pull up, the postilion's horse dragged Pizarro along the ground at least twenty yards.

I really thought he was killed; however, he quietly declared he was not hurt, and, without saying one other word, he adjusted his saddle, and galloped on to the next stage. As he was there mounting a young horse, which had scarcely ever before been saddled, the creature plunged very violently. Pizarro was evidently weak from his accident, and, as he fell, the horse kicked him with both legs on his back.

Still he declared he was not hurt, though he looked very faint, and could scarcely mount his horse. I galloped on by myself, to the next post-hut, and waited there more than an hour for the carriage. At last I saw it coming at a walk, and as soon as it drove up Pizarro said he could go no farther. I was therefore obliged to engage another boy as a postilion, and while they were catching the horses with the lasso, I was assisting poor Pizarro. I was very sorry to be obliged to leave him, particularly as he seemed so unwilling to quit me. I gave him some money, with half a bottle of brandy, which was all I had: and to a woman, who was a few years younger than Pizarro, and of the same mongrel breed as himself, I gave two dollars, on the condition that she should rub Pizarro's back three times a day with the brandy; and I put some salt into it, that the woman should not drink the brandy, instead of rubbing Pizarro's back with it. This being all I could do for him, I mounted my horse, and wishing him good-bye, to which he replied, "Señor, vaya con Dios," I left him.

I desired the carriage to follow, and I rode from post to post, ordering horses to be ready for the carriage, and got to San Luis about one o'clock in the morning. I was completely by myself, without any postilion; but as it was a fine moonlight night, and as I had twice before travelled over the country, I managed to go in the right direction, and at five o'clock I again started, to ride towards Mendoza.

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THE PAMPAS.

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In the province of Santa Fé a few of the posts are fortified, to protect the inhabitants against the Indians.

The fort is a very simple one. The huts are surrounded by a small ditch, which is sometimes fenced on the inside with a row of prickly pears. The ditch I have generally been able to jump over on foot, but no horse of the country would attempt to leap it.

Most of these forts have often been attacked by the Indians; and one of them I looked at with peculiar interest, as it had very lately been defended for nearly an hour by eight Gauchos against about three hundred Indians. The cattle, the women, and six families of little children, were all in the inside, spectators of a contest on which so much depended, and they described their feelings to me with a great deal of nature and expression.

They said that the naked Indians rode up to the ditch with a scream which was quite terrific, but finding that they could not cross it, the Cacique at last ordered them to get off their horses and pull down the gate. Two had dismounted, when the musket which the Gauchos had, and which before had constantly missed fire, went off, and one of the Indians was shot. They then all galloped away; but in a few seconds their Cacique led them on again with a terrible cry, and at a pace which was indescribable. They took up their dead comrade and then rode away, leaving two or three of their spears on the ground.

One of these long spears was leaning against the hut, and as the Gauchos who had defended the place stood by it, muffled up in their ponchos, with two or three women suckling their infants, several children playing about them, and three or four beautiful girls looking up to them, I thought the spear was one of the proudest military trophies I had ever beheld.

I could never learn that any of these forts had been taken by the Indians, who can do nothing on foot, and whose horses cannot leap; but the ditches are so shallow and so narrow, that by killing a few horses, and tumbling them in, they might in two minutes ride into any part of the place.

I often asked the Gauchos why they did not defend themselves in the corrál, which at first appeared to me to be a stronger position than the forts; but they said that the Indians often brought lassos of hide, with which they could pull down the stakes; that sometimes they made a fire against them, and that, besides this, their spears being eighteen feet in length, they were often able to kill every animal in the corrál.

THE PAMPAS.

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THE fear which all wild animals in America have of man is very singularly seen in the Pampas. I often rode towards the ostriches and gámas, crouching under the opposite side of my horse's neck; but I always found that, although they would allow any loose horse to approach them, they, even when young, ran from me, though little of my figure was visible; and when one saw them all enjoy themselves in such full liberty, it was at first not pleasing to observe that one's appearance was everywhere a signal to them that they should fly from their enemy. Yet it is by this fear that "man hath dominion over the beasts of the field," and there is no animal in South America that does not acknowledge this instinctive feeling.

As a singular proof of the above, and of the difference between the wild beasts of America and of the Old World, I will venture to relate a circumstance which a man sincerely assured me had happened to him in South America.

He was trying to shoot some wild ducks, and, in order to approach them unperceived, he put the corner of his poncho (which is a sort of long narrow blanket) over his head, and crawling along the ground upon his hands and knees, the poncho not only covered his body, but trailed along the ground behind him. As he was thus creeping by a large bush of reeds, he heard a loud sudden noise between a bark and a roar: he felt something heavy strike his feet, and, instantly jumping up, he saw, to his astonishment, a large lion actually standing on his poncho; and perhaps the animal was equally astonished to find himself in the immediate presence of so athletic a man.

The man told me he was unwilling to fire, as his gun was

loaded with very small shot, and he therefore remained motionless, the lion standing on his poncho for many seconds! At last the creature turned his head, and walking very slowly away about ten yards, he stopped and turned again. The man still maintained his ground, upon which the lion tacitly acknowledged his supremacy, and walked off.

THE PAMPAS.

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After being in the post-hut a few minutes, I heard a sigh, and looking into the corner from whence it proceeded, I saw an old sick woman lying on the ground. Her head was resting on a horse's skull, close to a great hole in the wall, and when she earnestly asked me if I had any thing "por remédio," I instantly advised her to move herself into a warmer corner. She was feverish and ill, and seemed disappointed at the advice I had given her—she did not understand what the hole in the wall could possibly have to do with her illness, and she again asked me if I had any "remédio."

I had in my waistcoat pocket a little dirty paper parcel of calomel and jalap, which I had promised, much against my will, to carry with me, and which I had already twice carried across the Pampas. I did not exactly know how much there was of it, but I had a great mind to shake a little of it into the old woman's mouth, for I thought (as she had certainly never tasted calomel before) it would probably work a miracle within her: however, she was so ill that, upon reflection, I did not feel authorized to give it to her; and besides, I thought that if she died I should have to answer for it when I returned: so, partly from conscience and partly from prudence, I left her.

I may observe that this old woman was the only sick person I ever saw in South America. The temperate lives the people lead apparently give them an uninterrupted enjoyment of health, and the list of disorders with which the old world is afflicted is altogether unknown. The beef on which they almost entirely subsist is so lean and tough, that few are tempted to eat more than is necessary; and if a hungry Gaucho has swallowed too much of a wild cow, the cure which nature has to perform is

very simple. She has only by fever to deprive him of his appetite for a day or two, and he is well again.

I often remarked that the Gaucho has no remedy for any small flesh-wound, and does not even keep the dirt from it; for his habit of body is so healthy, that the cure is positively going on as he gallops along the plain.

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THE PAMPAS.

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I CAME to a post, and found horses in the corrál, but the men were all out. The woman told me they would be in soon, if I would wait. I saw a little child about seven years old, and said I would take him as a postilion. "Bién," (very well), said the woman; upon which the little boy was going to say something, but I took him by the arm, and leading him out to the corrál, I caught our horses with a lasso which was lying on the ground.

After we had started, and had ridden about a league, "Oýga, Señor," said the little rosy-faced urchin, "yo no soy vaqueáno," (I do not know the road). I took up my whip and frightened him on before me; but we were shortly overtaken by a man, who had galloped after us from the post as hard as his horse could go. He said he was the boy's father, that there were a number of "salteadores" (robbers) in the country—that it was not safe for the child, and that he had therefore come to conduct me. I had ridden more than a hundred miles, was very tired, not at all inclined to talk, and the man steadily galloped on before me. "Vea, Señor!" (see!) said the little boy, as he frisked by my side, pointing to some wild ducks in a pool, which he wanted me to shoot at with my pistols.

His father was at this moment singing a wild sort of Spanish hymn, and he had just got to the last note, upon which he was to hang for several seconds, when the merry little child, finding that there was no fun in me, loosened his rein, came up with his father, and gave his horse a blow as hard as he was able with the long whip which hung at his bridle, and then laughing, he darted away like a young colt, while his father with the greatest *gravity continued* the last note of his song.

* * * *

Arrived at a post-hut, and found its owner, Don Josef, skinning a cow which he had just killed—he was assisted by a black woman of about fifty, who busily continued the operation, while Don Josef slowly walked towards the corrál to catch me a horse.

A pan of muddy water was outside the door, and I tossed a real to the black woman to let me wash my face in it; but when I asked her if there was a piece of looking-glass in the hut, she replied with considerable contempt, and without raising her grey woolly head, "Aqui no hay." At this moment a young Gaucho, who was playing with some children near the door, recognised me; he had once ridden with me as a postilion, and he now offered to saddle my horse.

I was therefore going to lie down for a few minutes among the long grass to rest myself, when passing the corner of the hut I saw close before me a female figure pounding some corn. She was the only daughter and eldest child of Don Josef (who was a widower), and she was about sixteen years of age. Her whole dress consisted of a coarse woollen petticoat, and over her bare shoulders was loosely thrown (as a shawl) an old scarlet poncho. With a large wooden pestle which she held in both hands, and which she lifted above her head, she was pounding Indian corn in a mortar rudely hewn out of one end of the trunk of a tree, which must have been dragged to the hut, for the purpose, more than a hundred miles. As soon as I appeared before her, with one hand she closed her poncho in front, and continued to pound the corn with the other: however, as soon as I asked her a few questions about the corn, she began earnestly and with great naïveté to explain to me the whole operation, and then working the pestle with both her hands, she illustrated her art both by practice and theory, pounding and expounding at the same time; and although I cared but little how the corn was pounded, yet it was impossible to help admiring the artless simplicity and innocence of the girl's countenance, manners, and appearance. The plain of brown grass extended around us, and the horizon was like the circle which is seen at sea. No cattle were in sight —and in no direction was there any thing to arrest the eye, but the hut,—the corrál,—the old black woman intently skinning the cow,—and this girl pounding her corn.

As she was in the middle of her explanation, I interrupted her by observing, that "la Negra" (the black woman) had told me there was no looking-glass in the hut. "No hay, Señor," said the girl. What then, said I, have you never seen your own face? "No, Señor," she replied, looking down at the corn. I instantly thought whether it would not be possible to describe it to her, but "Señor! Señor! Señor!" vociferated the boy as he came from the corrál leading my horse.

I therefore at once walked to meet him,—but before I mounted my horse, I took a little memorandum-book from my pocket, and wrote in it "Black woman skinning a cow," for the rest of the scene I thought I should remember.

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I arrived for the night at a hut, where there were fowls, and I begged the woman to cook one of them immediately.

As soon as the water in a large pot had boiled, the woman caught a hen, and killed it by firmly holding the head in her hand, while she gave the bird two or three turns in the air. To my horror and utter astonishment, she instantly put the fowl into the pot, feathers and all; and although I had resolved to rough it on my journey, yet I positively could not make up my mind to drink such broth or "potage au naturel" as I thought she was preparing for me. I ran to her, and, in very bad Spanish, loudly protested against her cookery; however, she quietly explained to me that she had only put the fowl there to scald it, and as soon as I let go her arm she took it out. The feathers all came off together, but they stuck to her fingers almost as fast as they had before to the fowl. After washing her hands, she took a knife, and very neatly cut off the wings, the two legs, the breast and the back, which she put one after another into a small pot with some beef-suet and water, and the rest of the fowl she threw away.

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THE PAMPAS INDIANS.

When one compares the relative size of America with the rest of the world, it is singular to reflect on the history of those fellow-creatures who are the aborigines of the land; and after viewing the fertility and beauty of so interesting a country, it is painful to consider what the sufferings of the Indians have been, and still may be. Whatever may be their physical or moral character, whether more or less puny in body or in mind than the inhabitants of the old world, still they are the human beings placed there by the Almighty; the country belonged to them, and they are therefore entitled to the regard of every man who has religion enough to believe that God has made nothing in vain, or whose mind is just enough to respect the persons and the rights of his fellow-creatures.

A fair description of the Indians, I believe, does not exist. The Spaniards, on the discovery of the country, exterminated a large proportion of this unfortunate race; the rest they treated as beasts of burden, and during their short intervals of repose, the priests were ordered to explain to them that their vast country belonged to the Pope at Rome! The Indians, unable to comprehend this claim, and sinking under the burdens which they were doomed to carry, died in great numbers. It was therefore convenient to vote that they were imbecile both in body and mind: the vote was seconded by the greedy voice of avarice; and thus carried by the artifices of the designing, and the careless indolence of those who had no interest in the question, it at length became a statement which historians have now recorded.

But although inquiry has been thus lulled to rest, and is now the plausible excuse for our total ignorance on the subject, ought not the state of man in America to be infinitely more interesting than descriptions of its mines, its mountains, &c. &c.?

During my gallop in America, I had little time or opportu-

nity to see many of the Indians; yet from what I did hear and see of them, I sincerely believe they are as fine a set of men as ever existed under the circumstances in which they are placed. In the mines I have seen them using tools which our miners declared they had not strength to work with, and carrying burdens which no man in England could support; and I appeal to those travellers who have been carried over the snow on their backs, whether they were able to have returned the compliment; and if not, what can be more grotesque than the figure of a civilised man riding upon the shoulders of a fellow-creature whose physical strength he has ventured to despise.

The Indians of whom I heard the most were those who inhabit the vast unknown plains of the Pampas, and who are all horsemen, or rather pass their lives on horseback. The life they lead is singularly interesting. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked, and have not even a covering for their head.

They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a Cacique; but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good, there are they to be found, until it is consumed by their horses, and they then instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables, but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares, which they never ride; and the only luxury in which they indulge is that of washing their hair in mare's blood.

The occupation of their lives is war, which they consider as their noble and most natural employment; and they declare that the proudest attitude of the human figure is when, bending over his horse, man is riding at his enemy. The principal weapon which they use is a spear eighteen feet long; they manage it with great dexterity, and are able to give it a tremulous motion, which has often shaken the sword from the hand of their European adversaries.

From being constantly on horseback, the Indians can scarcely walk. This may seem singular, but from their infancy they are unaccustomed to it. Living in a boundless plain, it may easily be conceived that all their occupations and amusements must necessarily be on horseback; and from riding so many hours

the legs become weak, which naturally gives a disinclination to an exertion which every day becomes more fatiguing; besides, the pace at which they can skim over the plains on horseback is so swift, in comparison to the rate they could crawl on foot, that the latter must seem a cheerless exertion.

As a military nation they are much to be admired, and their system of warfare is more noble, unincumbered, and perfect in its nature than that of any nation in the world. When they assemble, either to attack their enemies, or to invade the country of the Christians, with whom they are now at war, they collect large troops of horses and mares, and then, uttering the wild shriek of war, they start at a gallop. As soon as the horses they ride are tired, they vault upon the bare backs of fresh ones, keeping their best until they positively see their enemies. The whole country affords pasture to their horses, and whenever they choose to stop, they have only to kill some mares. The ground is the bed on which, from their infancy, they have always slept, the flesh of mares is the food on which they have been ever accustomed to subsist, and they therefore meet their enemies with light hearts and full stomachs, the only advantages which they think men ought to desire.

How different this style of warfare is from the march of an army of our brave, but limping, foot-sore men, crawling in the rain through muddy lanes, bending under their packs, while in their rear the mules, and forage, and pack-saddles, and baggage, and waggons and women—bullocks lying on the ground unable to proceed, &c., &c., form a scene of despair and confusion which must always attend the army that walks instead of rides, and that eats cows* instead of horses. How impossible would it be for an European army to contend with such an aërial force! As well might it attempt to drive the swallows from the country, as to harm these naked warriors.

A large body of these Indians twice crossed my path, as I was riding from Buenos Aires to Mendoza and back again. They had just had an engagement with the Rio Plata troops, who killed several of them, and they were lying naked and dead on the plain

* On a long march it seldom happens that the bullocks are able to keep *up with our men, whereas the food of the Pampas Indian is always flying before him.*

not far from the road. Several of the Gauchos, who were engaged, told me that the Indians had fought most gallantly, but that all their horses were tired, or they could never have been attacked: the Gauchos, who themselves ride so beautifully, declare that it is impossible to ride with an Indian, for that the Indians' horses are better than theirs, and also that they have such a way of urging them on by their cries, and by a peculiar motion of their bodies, that even if they were to change horses, the Indians would beat them. The Gauchos all seemed to dread very much the Indians' spears. They said that some of los Barbaros (the Indians) charged without either bridle or saddle, and that in some instances they were hanging almost under the bellies of their horses, and shrieking, so that the horses were afraid to face them. As the Indians' horses got tired, they were met by fresh troops, and a great number of them were killed.

To people accustomed to the cold passions of England, it would be impossible to describe the savage, inveterate, furious hatred which exists between the Gauchos and the Indians. The latter invade the country for the ecstatic pleasure of murdering the Christians, and in the contests which take place between them mercy is unknown. Before I was quite aware of these feelings, I was galloping with a very fine-looking Gaucho, who had been fighting with the Indians, and after listening to his report of the killed and wounded, I happened, very simply, to ask him, how many prisoners they had taken? The man replied by a look which I shall never forget—he clenched his teeth, opened his lips, and then sawing his fore-finger across his bare throat for a quarter of a minute, bending towards me, with his spur striking into his horse's side, he said, in a sort of low, choking voice, "Se matan todos" (we kill them all). But this fate is what the Indian firmly expects, and from his earliest youth he is prepared to endure not only death, but tortures, if the hard fortune of war should throw him alive among his enemies; and yet how many there are who accuse the Indians of that imbecility of mind which in war bears the name of cowardice! The usual cause for this accusation is, that the Indians have almost always been known to fly from fire-arms.

When first America was discovered, the Spaniards were regarded by the Indians as divinities, and perhaps there was nothing

which tended to give them this distinction more than their possessing weapons which, resembling the lightning and the thunder of Heaven, sent death among them in a manner which they could not avoid or comprehend; and although the Christians are no longer considered as divine, yet the Indians are so little accustomed to or understand the nature of fire-arms, that it is natural to suppose the danger of these weapons is greater in their minds than the reality.

Accustomed to war among themselves with the lance, it is a danger also that they have not been taught to encounter; for it is well known that men can learn to meet danger, and that they become familiar with its face, when, if the mask be changed, and it appear with unusual features, they again view it with terror. But even supposing that the Indians have no superstitious fear of fire-arms, but merely consider their positive effects,—is it not natural that they should fear them? In Europe, or in England, what will people with sticks in their hands do against men who have fire-arms? Why, exactly what the naked Indians have been accused of doing—run away.—And who would not run away?

But the life which the Indian leads cannot but satisfy any unprejudiced person that he must necessarily possess high courage. His profession is War, his food is simple, and his body is in that state of health and vigour, that he can rise naked from the plain on which he has slept, and proudly look upon his image, which the white frost has marked out upon the grass, without inconvenience. What can we "men in buckram" say to this?

The life of such a people must certainly be very interesting, and I always regretted very much that I had not time to throw off my clothes and pay a visit to some of the tribes, which I should otherwise certainly have done, as, with proper precautions, there would have been little to fear; for it would have been curious to have observed the young sporting about the plains in such a state of wild nature, and to have listened to the sentiments and opinions of the old; and I would gladly have shivered through the cold nights, and have lived upon mare's flesh in the day, to have been a visitor among them.

From individuals who had lived many years with them, I was *informed* that the religion of the Pampas Indians is very *complicated.* They believe in good spirits and bad ones, and they

pray to both. If any of their friends die before they have reached the natural term of life (which is very unusual), they consider that some enemy has prevailed upon the evil spirit to kill their friend, and they assemble to determine who this enemy can be. They then denounce vengeance against him. These disputes have very fatal consequences, and have the political effect of alienating the tribes from one another, and of preventing that combination among the Indians which might make them much more dreaded by the Christians.

They believe in a future state, to which they conceive they will be transferred as soon as they die. They expect that they will then be constantly drunk, also that they will always be hunting; and as the Indians gallop over their plains at night, they will point with their long spears to constellations in the heavens, which they say are the figures of their Ancestors, who, reeling in the firmament, are mounted upon horses swifter than the wind, and are hunting ostriches.

They bury their dead, but at the grave they kill several of their best horses, as they believe that their deceased friend would otherwise have nothing to ride. Their marriages are very simple. The couple to be married, as soon as the sun sets, are desired to lie on the ground with their heads towards the west. They are then covered with the skin of a horse, and as soon as the sun rises at their feet, they are pronounced to be married.

The Indians are very fond of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and when they are at peace with Mendoza, and some of the other provinces, they often bring skins of ostriches, hides, &c., to exchange for knives, spurs, and liquor.

The day of their arrival they generally get drunk; but before they indulge in this amusement, they deliberately deliver up to their Cacique their knives, and any other weapons they possess, as they are fully aware that they will quarrel as soon as the wine gets into their heads. They then drink till they can hardly see, and fight, and scratch, and bite for the rest of the evening. The following day they devote to selling their goods, for they never will part with them on the day on which they resolve to be tipsy, as they conceive that in that state they would be unable to dispose of them to advantage.

They will not sell their skins for money, which they declare is

of no use, but exchange them for knives, spurs, maté, sugar, &c. They refuse also to buy by weight, which they do not understand; so they mark out upon a skin how much is to be covered with sugar, or anything of the sort which they desire to receive in barter for their property. After their business is concluded, they generally devote another day to Bacchus, and when they have got nearly sober, they mount their horses, and with a loose rein, and with their new spurs, they stagger and gallop away to their wild plains.

Without describing any more of their customs, which I repeat only from hearsay, I must only again lament that the history of these people is not better known; for, from many facts which I heard concerning them, I really believe that they, as well as the Araucana Indians, possess many brave and estimable qualities. It is singular, however, to think how mutually they and the inhabitants of the old world are unacquainted with each other. These untamed soldiers know nothing of the governments, customs, habits, wants, luxuries, virtues or follies, of our civilized world, and what does the civilized world know of them? It votes them savages, *et voila tout!* but as soon as fire-arms shall get into the hands of these brave naked men, they will tumble into the political scale as suddenly as if they had fallen from the moon; and while the civilized world is watching the puny contests of Spaniards who were born in the old world, against their children who were born in the new one, and is arguing the cause of dependence *versus* independence, which in reality is but a quibble, the men that the ground belongs to will appear, and we shall then wonder how it is that we never felt for them, or cared for them, or hardly knew that they existed.

It may to many appear improbable that they should be ever able to overturn any of the feeble governments which at present exist; yet these men, without fire-arms, and with nothing in their hands but the lance, which is literally a reed, were twice within fifty leagues of Buenos Aires while I was in the country, and the Montoneros went among them while I was at San Luis to offer to arm them. Besides this, the experience and history of the old world instruct us that the rise and fall of nations is a subject far beyond the scrutiny of man, and that, for reasons which we are unable to comprehend, the wild and despised tribes of our own

world have often rushed from the polar towards the equatorial regions, and, like the atmosphere from the north, have chilled and checked the luxury of the south; and, therefore, however ill it may suit our politics to calculate upon such an event as the union of the Araucana and Pampas Indians, who can venture to say that the hour may not be decreed, when these injured men, mounted upon the descendants of the very horses which were brought over the Atlantic to oppress their forefathers, may rush from the cold region to which they have been driven, and with irresistible fury proclaim to the guilty conscience of our civilized world, that the hour of retribution has arrived; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; that the descendants of Europeans are in their turn trampled under foot, and, in agony and torture, in vain are asking mercy from the *naked Indians?*

What a lesson this dreadful picture would afford! However, it is neither my profession nor my wish to moralise: but it is impossible for a solitary individual to pass over the magnificent regions of America without respecting the fellow-creatures who were placed there by the Almighty.

* * * * *

PASSAGE ACROSS THE GREAT CORDILLERA.

THE mules were ordered at twelve o'clock, but did not arrive till four: we had been waiting for them with great impatience; at last we heard the tinkling bell approaching, and they then came into the yard of the Fonda (inn), driven by the capatáz and one peon. The capatáz was a tall, stout man, with a bad expression of countenance: we found him cruel, lazy, insolent, cowardly, and careless of everything but eating, and all this easily to be read in his countenance. The peon was a handsome, slight-made, active, young fellow.

There were sixteen mules of different sizes and colours; they were all lean, but looked very healthy and hardy. One or two of them had dreadfully sore backs, which I pointed out to the capatáz, who promised to change them as soon as he got out of Mendoza. As my party consisted of eight people, and as we had baggage sufficient for six mules, we had only two spare ones, and these unable to work; whereas I learnt afterwards, that the capatáz was bound to provide a much larger proportion of extra mules, but he was as greedy after lucre as he was after food, and to save a few dollars he would have worked his poor mules to death. However, I was then ignorant of the customs of the country, and indeed did not know what was required for the journey I was about to take: and, anxious to be off, I ordered the mules to be saddled.

As soon as this was done, the baggage-mules were to be got ready. The capatáz said he could not load them until every article of baggage was brought into the yard, and accordingly he made a great heap of it. He and the peon then divided it into six parcels, quite different from each other in weight or bulk, but adapted to the strength of the different mules.

The operation of loading then began. The peon first caught with his lasso a great brown mule, and putting a poncho over

his eyes, he tied it under his throat, leaving the animal's nose and mouth uncovered. The mule thus blindfolded stood perfectly still, while the capatáz and peon first placed on his back the large straw pack-saddle, which they girthed to him in such a manner that nothing could move it. They put the articles one by one on each side, and then bound them all together, with a force and ingenuity against which it was hopeless for the mule to contend.

One could not help pitying the poor animal, on seeing him thus prepared for carrying a heavy load such a wearisome distance, and over such lofty mountains as the Andes; yet it is truly amusing to watch the nose and mouth of a mule, when his eyes are blinded, and his ears pressed down upon his neck by the poncho. Every movement which is made about him, either to arrange his saddle or his load, is resented by a curl of his nose and upper lip, which, in ten thousand wrinkles, is expressive, beyond description, of every thing that is vicious and spiteful: he appears to be planning all sorts of petty tricks of revenge, and as soon as the poncho is taken off, he generally begins to put some of them into execution, either by running with his load against some brother mule, or by kicking him: however, as soon as he finds that his burden is not to be got rid of, he dismisses, or perhaps conceals, his resentment, and instantly assumes a look of patience and resignation, which are really also the characteristics of his race, and which support him under all his sufferings and privations.

As soon as the baggage-mules were ready, we took up our pistols and carbines, and after mounting our mules, and shaking hands with the crowd who had assembled in the yard, we bade adieu to the Fonda of Mendoza. The last person that I said farewell to, was the old black cook, who was really crying to see us go. She was one of the most warm-hearted and faithful creatures I had ever met with. She came to me just before I started, to beg me to take care of myself, and she was then half laughing and half crying. I was at the moment going to throw away a pair of green goggle-spectacles, with shining, lackered rims, which I had bought to cross the snow of the Cordillera, but which I had just condemned as troublesome and useless; however, seeing the old woman's grief, I gave them to her, and put

them on the bridge of her short black nose, sticking the ends of them into her woolly hair. She considered it, perhaps, as an act of kindness, and began to cry; and although the group around us were roaring with laughter, the spectacles remained on her nose all the time I was conversing with her. She then took them off, and looking at them with great pride and delight, put them into the bosom of her gown.

The saddling of the mules had taken up so much time that the sun had nearly set. It was still oppressively hot; however, the siesta, which, with eating, &c., is in Mendoza an operation of six hours, was over, and the people were standing at their doors to see us pass; but as we went by the Alameda road, we soon got out of the town. In the stream which runs along the row of poplars which shade this Alameda, or public walk, the people were bathing, as usual, without any dresses, and apparently regardless of each other. The young called out to us, and many jokes were taken and given.

After passing the long Alameda, the road, for about two leagues, passes through a country artificially irrigated by the Rio de Mendoza, and its luxuriance and fertility are quite extraordinary. The brown mud walls which bound the road were covered with grapes hanging down in beautiful clusters; and the number of peach-trees, laden with fruit, and scattered among rich crops of corn and other agricultural produce, gave the scene an appearance of great luxury and abundance; while the mountains of the Cordillera formed a magnificent boundary to a picture which, to one about to cross the Andes, is peculiarly interesting. As soon as the line of irrigation is passed, the country suddenly ceases to be productive. The soil, light and sandy, produces no sort of herbage, and for more than thirty miles, the road, as it approaches the mountains, passes through a a plain, which bears nothing but low stunted shrubs; and when one considers that such has probably been its produce since the creation of the world, it is surprising to see that vegetation, so nearly extinct, should have lingered so long without expiring. However, its existence in these plains proves that they are capable of producing crops for man, whenever his industry shall search for the treasure.

The road across this flat country is always tedious; for the

mountains, on leaving Mendoza, appear within three or four miles of the town, and the path seems literally to lengthen as one goes. We found it particularly dreary, as we had to travel during a night which was unusually dark. The plain before us was not visible, while the black outline of the mountains against the sky appeared close to us, or rather immediately above us. However, we at length got to the first ravine of the Cordillera; and then, with the noble mountains towering over our heads, sometimes lost in darkness, and sometimes faintly traced by the few stars which were visible, we followed the sound of the water until the distant light at the post-hut and the barking of the dogs, as they came rushing toward us, informed us that we should now cross the stream, and we then rode up to the post. The dogs continued barking, and occasionally biting at our mules' tails, until the postmaster (Don Andres) and another man came to us. They were sleeping by the embers of a fire in the kitchen or shed which was before us. One side was completely open, the other three were of boughs wattled, but so open that the smoke easily escaped.

The post of Villa Vicencia, which in all the maps of South America looks so respectable, now consists of a solitary hut without a window, with a bullock's hide for a door, and with very little roof. As the night was cold, I preferred sleeping in the shed by the fire, leaving the mules to do as they chose, and to go wherever their fancies might incline them. I took for my pillow one of the horses' skulls, which in South America are used as chairs, and wrapping myself up in my poncho, dropped off to sleep. When I awoke, which was before daybreak, I found two peons and one of my party asleep round the fire, and a great dog snoring at my back.

I called out for the capatáz, who came to me rubbing his eyes, and looking dirty and sleepy, and I told him to go after his mules; but one of the men said that the peon was already gone. Our men were also up, preparing some soup; and as the day began to dawn, and the mules did not appear, I resolved to find out the baths, which I was told were about a mile off. I followed a path until I came to a spot where I was surrounded by hills, which it seemed quite impossible to climb even on hands and knees; however, on proceeding, I found a singular passage cut

in the rock, and climbing up to it, came suddenly to a little spot in which were the ruins of two or three huts and three or four tents.

The huts and the tents were swarming with people, and the discovery of twenty or thirty fellow-creatures in such a sequestered spot was altogether unexpected. They had come there from great distances for the purpose of bathing, and many of them, I afterwards learnt, were very respectable people. As I had no time to lose, and wanted to bathe, I asked a man who was looking out of a tent, where the baths were? With the indifference and indolence usual in the country, he made no reply, but pointed with his chin to some little walls close before him, two or three feet high, built with loose stones, and in ruins. I was also close to them, so I took off my jacket and my belt of pistols, and walked towards them; but not believing they could be baths, I looked towards the man, and asked him if they were there. He made with his head the usual sign of "Si;" so I walked towards the walls, and to my astonishment I found a hole a little bigger than a coffin, with a woman lying in it! Seeing that there was no room for me there, I reconnoitred the spot, and found another hole about ten yards above the lady, and another about the same distance below her. As the water ran from the one to the other, I thought I might as well act the part of the wolf as be the lamb, and I therefore went up the stream, and got into the upper bath. I found the water very hot and agreeable; and without troubling myself about its analysis, drank some from the spot where it issued from the ground, and feeling that I had then given it a fair trial, I set off to return. In passing the huts and the tents I looked into them;—they were crowded with men, women, and children, of all ages, and mingled together in a way which would not altogether be admitted at our English bathing-places; but among the Andes customs and ideas are different, and if a lady has there the rheumatism, she sees no harm in trying to wash it away by the warm waters of Villa Vicencia.

As soon as I got back to the post-hut I found the mules all saddled; so, after drinking some soup and eating a piece of the hind-leg of a guanaco, I set off for Uspallata, where it was proposed we should sleep.

The road, on leaving Villa Vicencia, suddenly turns up a *ravine, which is* one of the finest passes in the Cordillera. T

mountains are extremely steep on both sides, and as the ravine winds in many directions, one often comes to a spot which has the appearance of a cul-de-sac, from which there is no exit to be seen. In some places the rock hangs perpendicularly over-head, and the enormous fragments which nearly block up the road, contrasted with those which seem to be on the point of falling, add to the apparent danger and grandeur of the scene. As we were passing we saw a guanaco on the very highest summit of one of the mountains. He was there evidently for safety; and as he stood against the blue sky, his attitude, as he earnestly watched us, was very expressive of his wild free life; and his small head and thin neck denoted the speed with which he was about to save himself.

I had ridden on by myself about fifteen miles, and had gained, by a constant ascent, the summit of the Paramillo, the high range of mountains which overhang Villa Vicencia. The view from this point is very interesting. The ground continues level for a short distance, and then rapidly descends towards the valley of Uspallata, which is about thirty miles off.

This valley is the upper base of the great range of the Cordillera; and it is, at first, surprising to see that the hills of the Paramillo, which had appeared so lofty, are very humble features, compared with the stupendous barrier which, in spite of its distance, appears to be now on the point of obstructing the passage.

This enormous mass of stone, for it appears to be perfectly barren, is so wild and rude in its features and construction, that no one would judge that any animal could force its way across the summit, which, covered with snow, in some places eternal, seems to be a region between the heavens and the practicable habitation of man; and indeed to attempt to pass it, except by following up in a ravine the course of a torrent, would be altogether impossible.

From the Paramillo, the view towards the east, or contrary direction, is also very interesting. It is pleasing to look down on the difficulties which have been surmounted even to gain this point; and beyond Villa Vicencia is a vast expanse of something which, at first, very much resembles the ocean, but which one soon recognises as the vast plains of Mendoza and the Pampas. The natural exhalation from the earth covers them with a cloud

of uncertainty: places which one has heard talked of as points of importance are lost in space, and the hopes and passions and existence of mankind are buried in the dense atmosphere which supports them. But one has not much time for moralising on the summit of the Paramillo, for it is such a windy spot, that a man's most rational exertion there is to hold on his hat; and as the large broad-brimmed one which I had purchased at Mendoza made several attempts to return there, I and my mule proceeded towards the valley of Uspallata. After going a league or two, I observed on both sides of me large tawny-coloured, fungus-looking substances, which in size, shape, and colour so resembled lions lying on the ground, that sometimes I really could not distinguish whether they were or not.

In the Pampas I had constantly observed the singular manner in which all animals, particularly birds, are there protected from their enemies by plants or foliage which resemble them; and as I knew there were a great number of lions about Villa Vicencia, and could see the track of their large feet in my path, I began to think that some of them were really lying before me. However, it seemed foolish to stop, and therefore I continued for some time; at last, coming to a small coppery vein in the rock, I thought it would be a good excuse to inspect it, so I remained there cracking the stones till two of my party came up, and their first observation to me was, how very like the substances around us were to lions.

One of the party had a horse's leg in his hand. He told me that he had never been so tired in his life; that his mule, in mounting the hill, had become quite exhausted; and that, when he got off to lead her, she would not follow him; that, in despair, he made her drink up his flask of brandy, and that then, taking as a whip a dried-up horse's leg that was lying on the ground, he remounted the mule, which had gone very well ever since: "But, Sir," said my honest companion very gravely, "whether it be the brandy that has got into her head, or the notion of being beaten with a horse's leg that has urged her on, I cannot tell you."

We continued our course together, and descending the hill, came to the district in which the Uspallata Mines are situated. The climate of the country in which these mines are situated;

what would naturally be expected from its latitude and elevation. The former places it under a hot sun, the latter imparts to it a considerable degree of cold; and as the air is both dry and rarefied, there is little refraction, and consequently the heat and light of day vanish almost as soon as the sun is below the horizon. In visiting these mines in winter we found the days hotter than the summer in England, when at night the water constantly froze hard by our sides as we slept crowded together in the small hut. The whole of the country is the most barren I ever witnessed, and from this singular cause, that it never rains there.*

The soil consists of the decomposed rock, which remains on the steep surface of the mountain, and rolls from under the foot like the loose cinders of Etna and Vesuvius: there is no herbage of any sort or kind upon it. A few low resinous shrubs are scattered about; but, from the severity of the climate, in most places they grow along the ground. The dead animals which are lying about are all dried up in their skins, and have a most singular appearance: indeed the whole scene is a very striking example of what a desert the earth would be without water. One of the Cornish miners, after gazing about him with astonishment, took up a handful of the green barren soil, and looking into it with great attention, he said, "Why, surely there must be poison in this ground."

We had scarcely passed the mines when the sun set, and although we saw the post-hut of Uspallata, yet we had great difficulty in reaching it. The rest of the party were lost, and did not arrive till midnight. My first object was to get something for our poor mules; there was very little in the plain except hot stones and resinous shrubs, but I learnt from the man that he had an irrigated potrero (or enclosed field) full of

* Without attempting to explain the cause of this phenomenon, the following are some of the facts on which the statement is founded:—

1. The huts at several of the mines are built exactly across the ravine, in such a manner that if water was ever to come down the ravine, it must necessarily pass through the huts, or over them.

2. One of the lodes runs up the bottom of a ravine, and the old shafts which are formed in it are in the natural drain of the ravine. These shafts at bottom are dry, and have no appearance of having contained water.

3. The miner, who, to keep possession of the mines, had lived there alone for two years, told us that during that time it had not rained once.

grass: he began a long story about how much I was to pay—however, I cut him very short, and sent him off with the mules, who, poor things, were no doubt delighted with their unexpected supper.

We then earnestly inquired of the man what he had got for us to eat? And as we all three stood round him, our earnest looks and greedy faces were an amusing contrast to the calm tranquillity with which he replied "No hay" to everything we asked for; at last we found out that he had got dry peaches and live goats. We put some of the former into a pot to boil, and in process of time the boy, who was sent out on horseback with a lasso to catch a goat, arrived. The little fellow could not kill it, and the man was gone for wood; so partly to put an end to the animal's fears, and partly because I was very hungry, I put a pistol to his ear, and in a short time he was roasting on the burning embers.

At this moment an English lady, a child about seven years old, two or three younger ones, and a party of peons, arrived. They had, with no other protection, passed the Cordillera, and had ridden for twelve or fourteen hours that day in order to get to Uspallata.

The situation of a country-woman with a family of little children interested us very much, and it was pleasing to hear that they had crossed the Cordillera without any accident. The eldest child, who was a very fine boy, had ridden the whole way, but the other little chubby-faced creatures had each been carried upon a pillow in front of the peons' saddles.

In the history of the hut of Villa Vicencia, I had often heard that, in spite of its desert situation and want of comfort, an English lady, who was passing with her husband to Chili about seven or eight years ago, had been confined there, and had remained in the hut until she and her little infant were capable of prosecuting their perilous journey; and when I saw the wretched abode, I had often felt how cheerless it must have been for her to have remained there so long.

The lady who now came to Uspallata was the very person whose singular sufferings I have described, and the fine little boy was the child that was born at Villa Vicencia. He had been in Chili ever since, and now the little manly fellow had

ridden across the Cordillera, and was about to introduce his brothers and sisters to the wild hovel in which it had been decreed that he should be born.

In the morning, before daybreak, we made preparations for starting. Some part of the goat was to form our breakfast: we had some tea with us, and I was very anxious to get some milk, but when I asked the man, he replied "Leche no hay," with a look that seemed to doubt there being any in the universe. The cows, he said, were four leagues off, and he added they would not come for a couple of hours. "Have the goats no milk?" asked I; the fellow laughed at the idea; however, I found out that they had kids, and I therefore insisted on his sending the boy for a she-goat. This order was complied with, and in a short time the boy came, dragging a poor creature with his lasso. She was altogether scared, and was leaping and jumping to get away; however, our peons helped, and she was thrown down upon her side. One peon knelt upon her head, and one of our men held her hind-legs, while the boy milked her on one side, and then turning her round, in spite of her struggles she was milked on the other side. They then let her go, and happy was she at regaining her liberty, after being scared at the uncouth operation she had just undergone.

The mules were now nearly laden, when one of the Cornish miners told me that the capatáz wanted to put baggage upon the mule which had got a sore back, and which, according to his agreement, he ought to have changed at Mendoza. I instantly went to the fellow, and found him with his long knife in his hand, actually cutting the poor creature's back, preparatory to putting on the pack-saddle. I told him to desist; but he was explaining to me how he was going to place the saddle, so that it should not hurt the mule, and he was just going to put on a small straw-pad, when I at once put an end to the argument. As soon as the baggage was ready, we threw upon it two or three dead sheep, and in quitting Uspallata, took leave of the last inhabited hut on the east side of the Cordillera.

I was steadily riding my mule at the rate of five miles an hour, in order to measure by my watch the breadth of the plains of Uspallata, when we met an old Gaucho huntsman, with two lads and a number of dogs, which at once put a stop to my calcula-

tion. He had several loose horses, over one of which was hanging the carcass of a guanaco.

He had been hunting for lions, and had been among the mountains for two days, but had had little sport. The Gaucho was a fine picture of an old sportsman. Round his body were the "bolas" (balls), which were covered with clotted blood. His knees were admirably protected from the bushes by a hide which was under his saddle, and which in front had the appearance of gambadoes. He was mounted on a good horse, his lasso in coils hung at his saddle.

As soon as we stopped, he was surrounded by his dogs, which were a very odd pack. Some of them were very large, some quite small, and they seemed to be all of different breeds; many had been lamed by the lions and tigers, and several bore honourable scars. I regretted very much indeed that I had not time to follow the sport, which must be highly entertaining.

As soon as the dogs unkennel a lion or a tiger, they pursue him until he stops to defend himself. If the dogs fly upon him, the Gaucho jumps off his horse, and while the creature is contending with his enemies, he strikes him on the head with the balls, to which an extraordinary momentum can be given. If the dogs are at bay, and afraid to attack their foe, the Gaucho then hurls the lasso over him, and, galloping away, he drags the animal along the ground, while the hounds rush upon him and tear him.

The mountains now seemed to be actually over our heads, and we expected that we should have immediately to climb them, but for many hours we went over a plain as dry and barren as the country already described on the other side of the Uspallata, and which wound its course among the mountains. At last we crossed a rapid torrent of water, and then immediately afterwards came to another, which takes its rise at the summit of the Andes, and whose course and comparatively gradual descent direct the passage; and it is on gaining this spot that the traveller may proudly feel he is at last buried among the mountains of the Andes. The surface of the rocks which surrounded us afforded no pasture, and the gnarled wood and the stunted growth of the trees announced the severity of the climate in winter; yet the forms of the mountains, and the wild

groups in which they stood towering one above another, cau only be viewed with astonishment and admiration.

Although the sun was low, and the mules very tired, we wished to have gone on half an hour longer, but the peon assured us we should not find so good a place, and, pointing to some withered herbage, and some large loose stones, he earnestly advised me to stop, saying, "Hay aqui pasto bueno para las mulas, y para su merced buen alojamiento, hay agua, aqui hay todo" (Here is pasture for the mules, and for your excellency good lodging, water, and everything). We therefore dismounted near a spring, and having collected wood, and the miners having cooked our supper, we lay down on the ground to sleep. The air was cool and refreshing, and the scene really magnificent.

As I lay on the ground upon my back, the objects around me gradually became obscure, while the sun, which had long ago set to us, still gilded the summits of the highest mountains, and gave a sparkling brightness to the snow which faded with the light of day. The scene underwent a thousand beautiful changes; still, when it was all lost in utter darkness, save the bold outline which rested against the sky, it appeared more beautiful than ever.

The peon, who was always very active, was up long before day-break, and we were awakened by the bell-mule and the others which were now collected. We got up in the dark, and as our party were preparing to start, the group, though indistinctly seen by the blaze of the fire, was a very odd one. The three Cornish miners were eating their breakfasts seated on loose stones round a large fragment of rock, which served as a table. Their elbows were squared, and they were eagerly bending over the food before them. The peons, with their dark brown faces, and different-coloured caps, handkerchiefs, and ponchos, were loading the "carga" mules. Some of the party were putting on their spurs; others were arranging their toilette. The light was now faintly dawning on the tops of the highest mountains, and the snow was just discovered lying in large patches and ridges. The bottoms of the ravines were in dark shade, and white windy clouds were flying across the deep blue sky—for some moments all was silent: however, as soon as the

mules were ready, we mounted, and were off before we could distinctly see; but the mules picked their way, and continually ascending by a path covered with great stones, and impracticable to any animal except a mule, we continued to follow the course of the great stream, which was a torrent, roaring and raging, and altogether impassable.

The sufferings of the poor mules now attracted our attention; they had travelled from Mendoza with but little rest, and little food; still they required no driving, but were evidently making every possible exertion to keep up with the madrina, or mare, which carried the bell. Occasionally the "carga" would require adjusting, and the peon, throwing his poncho over the creature's eyes, would alter it, while the rest continued their course, but the poncho was no sooner removed than the mule, trotting and braying, joined the troop, never stopping till he came to the bell.

On the road, the number of dead mules, which indeed strew the path from Mendoza to Santiago, seemed to increase, and it was painful to see the living ones winding their path among the bones and carcasses of those who had died of fatigue. By the peculiar effect of the climate, most of these poor creatures were completely dry; and as they lay on the road with their hind-legs extended, and their heads stretched towards their goal, it was evident from their attitudes that they had all died of the same complaint—the hill had killed them all.

After passing one or two very rapid torrents, we came to a mountain which was one precipitous slope from the top to the torrent beneath. About half way up, we saw a troop of forty guanacos, who were all gazing at us with great attention. They were on a path, or track, parallel to the water, and as the side of the mountain was covered with loose stones, we were afraid they would roll some of them down upon us.

On the opposite side of the water was one of the most singular geological formations which we had witnessed. At the head of a ravine was an enormous perpendicular mountain of porphyry, broken into battlements and turrets, which gave it exactly the appearance of an old castle, on a scale, however, altogether the subject of a romance. The broken front represented, in a most curious manner, old-fashioned windows and gates, and one of the

Cornish miners declared "he could see an old woman coming across a draw-bridge."

As I was looking up at the region of snow, and as my mule was scrambling along the steep side of the rock, the capatáz overtook me, and asked me if I chose to come on, as he was going to look at the "Ladera de las Vacas," to see if it was passable, before the mules came to it.* He accordingly trotted on, and in half an hour we arrived at the spot. It is the worst pass in the Cordillera. The mountain above appears almost perpendicular, and in one continued slope down to the rapid torrent which is raging underneath. The surface is covered with loose earth and stones which have been brought down by the water. The path goes across this slope, and is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad; but the point of danger is a spot where the water which comes down from the top of the mountain either washes the path away or covers it over with loose stones. We rode over it, and it certainly was very narrow and bad. In some places the rock almost touches one's shoulder, while the precipice is immediately under the opposite foot, and high above the head are a number of large loose stones, which appear as if the slightest touch would send them rolling into the torrent beneath, which is foaming and rushing with great violence. However, the danger to the rider is only imaginary, for the mules are so careful, and seem so well aware of their situation, that there is no chance of their making a false step. As soon as we had crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capatáz told me that it was a very bad place for baggage-mules; that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one; he said that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his lasso to catch any mule that might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble, if there was to be one, so the capatáz took away my mule and his own, and then scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water, while I stood on a projecting rock, with the two English captains of the mines,

* When first, from the melting of the snow, the Cordillera is "open," this Ladera is always impassable; but it becomes broader towards the end of summer.

the three Cornish miners, the assayer and the surveyor, who were all anxious to witness the passage of the baggage.

The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden; and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of colour in the animals, the different colours and shapes of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the sight of the dangerous path they had to cross,—formed altogether a very interesting scene.

As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also.

He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus: but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind-legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them: however, his fore-legs were still upon the narrow path; he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose upon the path on his left, which gave him the appearance of holding on by his mouth: his perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came, and in walking along the Ladera, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and, heard over

heels, the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed; but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort; and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage, and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind-quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again; but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turning round and round by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassos in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking towards us!

We instantly perceived that he was the Phaëton whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected: however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible.

With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading madrina which carries the bell, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, although certainly with great caution.

We then continued our course for two hours, until we came to the "Rio de las Vacas," which is the most dangerous torrent of any of those which are to be crossed. We got through it with safety, but it was very deep, and so excessively rapid, that large stones were rolled down it with the force of the water. The

mules are accustomed to these torrents, but they are, notwithstanding, much frightened, and it is only long spurs that can force them into them.

While we were crossing, the peons stood down the stream, with their lassos hurling round their heads, in order to catch any person who might have been carried away; but as the boxes which I had seen washed from the mules were dashed to pieces before they had got twenty yards, the peon's lasso would have come a little too late; and besides this, as the mule is their own property, I used sometimes to think that, in the hurry and indecision of the moment, they would probably catch him instead of the rider.

When a large party cross this river, and when it is deep, it is truly amusing, after one has got across, to observe the sudden change of countenance of one's friends as *they* ride through it; sometimes perched up on the top of a fragment of rock barely covered, expecting the next step to be their last; and sometimes scrambling out of a hole, with uplifted eye-brows, open mouth, and an earnest expression of uneasiness and apprehension—and these are really situations into which the traveller in the Andes is often thrown, though they disconcert the gravity and solemnity of his "Personal Narrative."

After passing the Rio de las Vacas, the ravines appear to grow narrower and steeper, and the tops of the mountains, which are those of the highest range, are rugged, with sharp edges and pinnacles.

We here came to a quantity of snow and rubbish, which had been washed down, and which we had great difficulty to pass, for it occasionally broke under the weight of the mules, who recovered themselves in a surprising manner, and as if accustomed to it.

We now passed one of the brick huts, which, at every two or three leagues, have been built to protect the traveller from the dreadful snow-storms which here assail him, and after continuing our course till the sun was low, we stopped at the second of these huts.

We saw a party of loose mules at some distance standing among the stones; and leaving my mule at the hut, I walked to them, and found two or three "arrieros" on the ground asleep.

I leaned over one fat fellow, and asked him to give me something to eat, for we had lost all our provisions at the Ladera de las Vacas. As he awoke, he seemed at first alarmed at seeing a stranger well armed so near him; however, we soon came to an understanding, and in a few seconds he was putting some money into a long purse made out of the neck of an ostrich, while I was walking towards the hut, with my arms filled with hard sea biscuits, some dried beef (charque), with one hand full of salt, and in the other red Chili pepper.

With this our men prepared a good dinner, while I reconnoitred our situation. It was barren and desolate beyond description; and the mules, now unsaddled, were standing in the attitudes in which they had been unladen—their heads were nodding, or drooping, and they were putting up their backs and going to sleep, which was the only comfort they could enjoy, for there was literally nothing for them to eat.

The snow was all around us, and the features of the scene so large, that one could not but reflect on the situation of the many travellers who in these parts of the Andes have been overtaken by the storm, and have perished.

The capatáz told me that these "temporales" are so violent that no animal can live in them; that there is no warning, but that all of a sudden the snow is seen coming over the tops of the mountains in a hurricane of wind; that hundreds of people have been lost in these storms; that several had been starved in the house before us; and that only two years ago, the winter, by suddenly setting in, as it generally does, had shut up the Cordillera, and had driven ten poor travellers to this hut. When the violence of the first storms had subsided, the courier came to the spot, and found six of the ten lying dead in the hut, and by their sides the other four almost dead with hunger and cold. They had eaten their mules and their dog, and the bones of these animals were now before us.

These houses are all erected upon one plan, and are extremely well adapted to their purpose. They are of brick and mortar, and are built solid, ten or twelve feet high, with a brick staircase *outside. The room* which is on the top of this foundation, in *order to raise it* above the snow, is about twelve feet square; the *walls are extremely* thick, with two or three small open loop-

holes about six inches square; the roof is arched, and the floor is of brick.

A place so small, of so massive a construction, necessarily possesses the character of a dungeon; and as one stands at the door, the scene around adds a melancholy gloom to its appearance; and one cannot help thinking how sad it must have been, to have seen the snow, day after day, getting deeper and deeper, and the hope of escaping hourly diminishing, until it was evident that the path was impracticable and that the passage was closed! But without these reflections, the interior is melancholy enough.

The table, which had been fixed into the mortar, was torn away; and to obtain a momentary warmth, the wretched people who had been confined here had, in despair, burnt the very door which was to protect them from the elements. They had then, at the risk of their lives, taken out the great wooden lintel, which was over the door, and had left the wall above it hanging merely from the adhesion of the mortar. This operation had evidently been done with no instrument but their knives, and it must have been a work of many days.

The state of the walls was also a melancholy testimony of the despair and horror they had witnessed. In all the places I have ever seen, which have been visited by travellers, I have always been able to read the names and histories of some of those who have gone before me; for when a man has nothing to lament, but that his horses have not arrived, or in fact that he has nothing to do, the wall appears to be a friend to whom many intrust their names, their birthplaces, the place they propose to visit, and sometimes even the fond secrets of their hearts; but I particularly observed that in these huts on the Andes not a name was to be seen nor a word upon the walls. Those who had died in them were too intent upon their own sufferings; the horror of their situation was unspeakable, and thus these walls remain the silent monuments of past misery.

As the air was very cold, and the wind very high, we slept in this hut, and before day-break we were once again upon our poor jaded mules, in order to cross the Cumbre while the surface of the snow was hard from the night's frost. After climbing a little but very steep hill, we came upon a small flat landing-place, which was the most dreary-looking spot I think I ev

saw. I asked the peon what the wooden cross before us meant. After looking over each of his shoulders, he told me that the spot for many years was haunted by the ghost of a mulish-looking sort of man who used to terrify all the arrieros and peons who passed, and that they, therefore, had been absolutely obliged to get a priest to put up the cross before us. "And has that driven the ghost away?" said I, laughing, "Si," said the peon, with a look of confidence and courage which had rather deserted his face while he was describing the shape of the spectre; and he then assured me with great earnestness, "that now he was never seen, and that I need not be afraid."

The torrent which we had so long followed, now turned up the ravine to the right. We had pursued it from the east towards the west, but our path was now obstructed by the Cumbre, or upper ridge of the Cordillera, which no artifice can avoid, and which is a mountain covered with loose, decomposed rock, at an angle of very nearly forty-five degrees. At the foot is another of the huts, without door, table, or lintel, and in which many people have died.

After resting my mule for a short time, and then girthing my saddle as tight as possible, during which operation he was always trying to bite me, I whispered a little comfort into his long ear; I mounted, and then squaring my shoulders and giving a kick or two with my spurs, I commenced the climb, followed by the party of riders and carga mules.

The path ascended in zigzags from the bottom to the top, and the whole time I was obliged to hold on by the thin name of the mule. The turnings were so short, that the animal was almost falling backwards; however, on he went, with a determination and patience that was quite astonishing. At times he stopped, but the path was so steep, and the decomposed rock so loose, that of his own accord in a few seconds he continued. It was very picturesque and interesting to see the whole party beneath, threading their way in different paths above each other; some going towards the north, and others towards the south—to see the riders leaning forwards, every animal straining to his utmost, and to hear the peons below cheering on their mules by a song which was both wild and melodious.

After climbing in this singular manner for about an hour, I

reached the summit, and it was really a moment of great triumph and satisfaction. Hitherto I had always been looking upwards, but now the difficulties were all overcome, and I was able to look down upon the mountains. Their tops were covered with snow; and as the eye wandered over the different pinnacles, and up the white trackless ravines, one could not but confess that the scene, cheerless and inhospitable as it appeared, was nevertheless a picture both magnificent and sublime.

Proceeding among some broken ground along the summit, I saw a very large wooden cross, which I rode up to. It was supported by a heap of stones piled round the bottom, but it did not stand perpendicular. It was roughly hewn, mortised together, and fixed by a large spike nail, which had rusted the wood, and being loosely clinched, the cross creaked with the wind. There was a rough inscription, cut out with a knife, along the bar of the cross; but it was so much above my head, and so bleached by the weather, that I could not read it. In the wild desolate situation in which it stood, it certainly looked very appropriate and interesting, and I stood at the foot of it leaning over my mule until the party came up, when the peon told me that it was placed there by two arrieros to commemorate the murder of their friend; and thus reminded that we had not yet risen above the bad passions of man, it was painful to see the emblem of his hopes standing as the monument of his guilt!

We now found it extremely cold; the snow was very deep, and the mules' path a most extraordinary one. A deep narrow passage had been cut by the constant travelling of these animals, but the wall of snow on each side often obliged the rider to put his feet on the mule's ears; besides this, as they always tread on the same spot, every step was into a hole which was sometimes above their knees. On the snow there was a great deal of blood from mules which had gone before, and it was only astonishing that they could proceed at all.

"What a magnificent view!" said I to one of my Cornish companions, whose honest heart and thoughts were always faithful to Old England. "What thing can be more beautiful?" I added. After smiling for some seconds, he replied, "Them *things, sir, that* do wear caps and aprons?"

After descending about a mile with great trouble and difficult

we came to another of the huts, which was in the same state as all the rest, but surrounded by about twelve feet of snow; for on the Chili side of the Andes there is always much more snow than on the other. After passing this house we resolved to quit the path, which was getting more bloody and more difficult, and we attempted to take a nearer cut by riding over the snow, which was everywhere very deep. It bore us very well for some time; but as we got lower down, and as the heat of the day increased, our mules began to sink into it: however, they managed to regain the path, except the poor brown mule who was carrying the four heavy portmanteaus. He had hitherto surmounted every difficulty, and with a healthy eye and a patient countenance had always led the way; but now his treacherous path was breaking under him, and after floundering on in the most extraordinary manner, at times literally raising himself by his nose, he could proceed no farther, and the portmanteaus at his side all rested on the snow. Before this the capatáz and peon had only cheered him by their voices, but they now went to his assistance. They lifted up his two fore-legs out of the holes which they had made, and they put them on the surface of the snow. They then went on each side, and with one hand on his tail and the other under his belly, the poor creature rose. The two men then instantly jumped behind the mule, and with their hands over their heads they both held the mule's tail, pushing it upwards with all their force. The weight of the baggage being thus partly supported, the mule was able to proceed, and it was really curious to see the gravity and caution with which the party regained the road.

During this singular operation, one of the Cornish captains was for a long time endeavouring to catch his mule, who had escaped, and who managed just to keep out of his reach. When his master ran, he ran; he followed his example when he walked, and at last, when my companion threw himself down on the snow quite exhausted, the cunning creature stood still and looked at him.

As I found that my mule still went very well, I cut across the snow, and saved more than a mile, though I had some declivities to descend which no animal but a mule could have accomplished. The melting of the snow had in some places undermined it, and

as I travelled over the surface I could hear a torrent rushing under the feet of the mule. Several times I got off to walk, but was obliged to remount, as these animals will not be led by the bridle. My mule was getting tired, his back was rather sore, and so were his feet, when I came to a stream of water about a foot broad, but deep, and which was running under the snow we were crossing. The snow had fallen into this stream in two or three places, both above and below me, and I was quite sure it would not bear; so, in order that the mule should tumble by himself, I rode to the very edge, and then dismounting, put the bridle over his neck, and crossing the little stream, I endeavoured to persuade him to follow me, but he would not think of it; it was but one step, yet he would not make it.

I then resolved to back him over it, and accordingly taking hold of the Mameluke bit which was in his mouth, I tried to turn him round. He would open his mouth, and allow his head to come round to his shoulder, but he knew what I wanted, and nothing could persuade him to move his legs.

I could bear it no longer, so, without a witness but the wild mountains about me, I beat him on his nose: however, it was of no use, he would not move, and he looked so placid that I could not long be angry with him, and I therefore gave the point up and mounted him. The moment I was on his back, he walked on; as I expected, the snow broke in, and down he fell upon his nose: however, he floundered through it, and then continued as patient as if nothing had happened, sometimes pricking up his ears and looking at his path, as if some great curiosity or some great danger was before him; at other times stopping to bray after his companions, during which nothing would induce him to proceed.

In about an hour we got out of the region of snow, and then continually descending, the mountains soon began to assume a different appearance: and when we afterwards came to the first trees, we fancied that we were beholding a most beautiful country, and our whole party were making repeated observations on the particular charms of the scenery, and were pointing out spots which they agreed would be the most delightful situations for villages and cottages.

In returning from several expeditions which we had before made to mountains, to inspect mines, I had always observed how very beautiful the plains looked after a short absence from vegetation, and I endeavoured to keep the observation in mind in viewing the scenes before me. Yet upon the most deliberate reflection, I was of opinion that the climate was lovely, and that although the ground was rocky, the trees had a verdure and a luxuriance which I could not sufficiently admire; but when we returned over these same spots, after living in Chili, we all acknowledged the erroneous opinions we had formed, and were surprised to find the climate severe, the country bleak, and vegetation stunted by the continual frosts and violent winds.

I was now joined by two of my party, and we proceeded along a stream whose course guided us as on the other side. The torrent, however, was much more rapid, and it was very pleasing to see it rushing in a contrary direction to the water which we had so long observed during our ascent. We were riding close to a very high perpendicular mountain on our right, were all looking towards it, and making remarks upon its singular formation, when we heard a sound like the sudden explosion of a mine, and a large piece of the rock was instantly seen falling. The sound was exactly like that described, but I should think it must have proceeded from the rock having struck against some part of the cliff; however, one of the party exclaimed "Oh! it is all coming!" and off he darted.

The other and I stood still, and we were much amused with the appearance of the fugitive, who, bending over his mule, as if the mountain had already been on his shoulders, was kicking and spurring and beating his mule, and in this attitude actually rode out of our sight, without once turning to look behind him.

When we came up to him, "What, did you not see," said he, "the whole face of the mountain moving, and smoke piping out of all the crevices?" He added that he had heard that Chili was full of volcanoes, that he considered the whole mountain was coming upon him, and that therefore he certainly did ride for his very life.

As our mules were very tired with the fatigue they had undergone in climbing the Cumbre, we stopped earlier than usual, at an uninhabited house called La Guardia, where there was some

food for the mules, but as the house was full of fleas, most of us slept on the ground outside. A little after midnight, as soon as the moon was up, we again mounted our mules, but as the capatáz was very slow in loading the cargas, I rode on with one of the party.

We came to several torrents and laderas, and the former in the dark were passed very unwillingly, for, as my companion very justly said, "If one is to be carried away, one would like to see where one is going." As soon as the sun was up, we found it oppressively hot; and as our mules were getting lame, we could only trot very gently. The country down which we descended was similar to that which has already been described; and we continued our course till we came in sight of the town of La Villa Nueva de los Andes, whose name explains that it is a new town built in the Andes.

It is situated on ground comparatively flat, but is surrounded by mountains, or rather hills; for the features of the country are here on a smaller scale.

The town, like all towns in Chili, is built on the usual plan. The streets are broad and at right angles, and they are consequently parallel or perpendicular to each other. In the centre of the town there is a Plaza, or great square, on one side of which is a rude sort of abode called the Governor's house, where a number of dirty-looking soldiers without shoes, and with little on them but a poncho, were seen sitting under a corridor or lying about asleep.

I rode up to the guard, and asked a man who had an old sword in his hand, where La Fonda (the inn) was. He settled the point very quickly by replying "Fonda no hay;" however, I learnt that there was a house where travellers were occasionally received, and he directed me to it. When I got there, I found it locked up. I knocked at the door for some time in vain; at last, a woman from the opposite side of the street told me that the people were gone away, and that the house was empty.

It was summer, and the sun, which in Chili is always burning, was to us who had come down from the snow so exceedingly overpowering, that I found it necessary to get into the shade somewhere or other; so I told my story to the women, and asked them where we could get shelter, a dinner, or even anything to

drink. They said that the woman at the corner pulperia (shop) sold lemonade; but, as I was setting off, I saw at a little distance a quantity of rich clover-grass which had just been cut, so I filled my arms with it, and walked towards my mule. The grass was delightfully green, and the smell quite refreshing. The mule pricked up his long ears as he saw me coming; I threw it down before him, and took the iron Mameluke bit out of his mouth. After eating some mouthfuls of it, he began to look about him, and I have seldom felt more provoked than I was to see him walk away from it, and in preference begin to eat some hot, dry, dirty straw, which was lying on a dung-heap.

We then went to the shop, and I asked the old woman what in the world we were to do—that we had come across the Andes, were going next morning to Santiago, or, as they term it, to Chili, and that we wanted food and lodging for the night. She told me that the only thing to be done was to hire a room, and then get a person to buy and cook whatever we wanted.

This sounded hopeless, but I soon found that we had no alternative; so, leaving my companion to drink a glass of lemonade and to take a siesta in the old woman's bed, I went out on foot, following a little boy without shoes, and was at last led to the door of one of the largest houses in the place. The boy went inside, and in a short time he returned with a large key in his hand, followed by a well-drest, elderly lady, who asked me to walk in. I declined, and went with the boy some distance down the street; at last he stopped at a door, unlocked it, and we entered a room full of feathers and fleas, and without any glass in the window. "Aqui stá," said the boy; and he added that I was to pay two reals (ten-pence) a day. He said I could get dinner cooked at the next house. I accordingly went there, and found a woman who had the remains of very great beauty, and her daughter, of about eighteen years of age, who very much resembled her.

They both received me with the greatest kindness, and insisted on my lying down on the bed. The old lady asked me what I would have for dinner for my party; and I told her all we wanted was the very best dinner she could give us, and that I begged to leave it to her good taste and judgment.

Away she went to get all the "materiel," while her daughter

attended to me. She brought me a plate of the most delicious cool figs I ever tasted, and then a glass of iced lemonade; and all the time I was eating the figs she was sitting by the bed-side pitying me.

In about two or three hours the party arrived, mules and men quite fagged and exhausted, and I spoke to the capatáz about starting early in the morning. He lived about two leagues from the town, and by agreement was to provide us with fresh mules for the baggage, and horses for ourselves; but I could see he was not inclined to be off early, so I insisted on his bringing the mules and horses that evening. He said that they would have nothing to eat; I therefore gave him two dollars to buy grass, and off he went, promising that he would be back in the evening.

I had just time to bathe, when our dinner was ready; and as the young woman brought us dish after dish, the party observed, first, that she was the most interesting-looking girl they had ever seen, and secondly, that they had never eaten a dinner so well drest; but the same delirium which, on coming from the snow of the Andes, had made them "babble o' green fields," caused them to err in their judgments on other parts of creation; and really, when we returned from the plain to Villa Nueva, our dinner was badly cooked, and the poor young woman was only said to be "rather pretty!"

The evening arrived, but not the capatáz or his mules, and we did not know where to send for him; but an hour before day-break the peon came to say that the capatáz had turned him away—that he had spent the two dollars I had given him in drinking with his wife—that he had not given us the proper quantity of spare mules at Mendoza; and he begged us to take him before the governor.

The sun was already up when the capatáz arrived. He had brought several of the poor tired mules, fresh ones for the riders, and a broken-kneed horse for me; but he was himself mounted on a fine prancing horse. I took his horse from him, put my saddle upon it, and desiring my party to take him before the governor, I galloped off towards Santiago.

The road soon became very bad, as the path ascends a cuesta, which it is necessary to climb and to descend by zigzags; how-

ever, as soon as I got on level ground by myself I galloped along; and it was quite delightful to be thus reminded of the pace of the Pampas, after having crawled so many days on the back of a jaded mule.

I soon got to the house at which we had agreed to sleep, and which is about half way between Villa Nueva and Santiago. It is a pulperia (shop), and was filled with peons drinking; however, they had got bread and wine, and I sent a man off on horseback to get a sheep; there was also a nice stream of water for bathing. In the course of three or four hours several of the party arrived on horses, and they were in high spirits at the triumph they had gained over the capatáz. They said that the governor had heard their cause, and had then ordered them to give the capatáz a hundred lashes, but that as they did not exactly know how or where they were to inflict this punishment, they begged him to have the goodness to change it: upon which the governor said that, if I preferred it, I might pay him only six dollars for each of his mules, instead of eight, which was the sum agreed for. The latter award was certainly the best of the two; and accordingly, when the capatáz arrived, I assured him that if he had behaved well I should have given him, in addition to his agreement, the usual "gratificacion;" but, for his cruelty to his mules, I should most certainly inflict upon him one of the punishments to which the governor had sentenced him; and I left him for some time uncertain which of the two he was to receive.

We all slept in the yard of the pulperia, on the ground, and long before daybreak we started. I galloped on by myself, and at first took the wrong path; but as soon as I found by my compass that it was leading me away from Santiago, I changed my course, and at last rode towards a fire, round which a family were sleeping. After the usual barking of the dogs was silenced, I was directed where to go, and I crossed a number of small hills, until I came to the large uncultivated plain of Santiago. I was more than two hours galloping across this plain, which, from want of irrigation, produces no sort of herbage, but only scattered shrubs.

When I got within two leagues of the city, I came to water, and then the road was occasionally a pantano (swamp), through

which, not knowing the passes, I had great difficulty to wade. An English horse would certainly have stuck, but those of the country, being accustomed to it, walk through very slowly, extricating their legs with the greatest caution.

I was now met by, and I overtook, men, women, boys, priests, &c. on horseback, either coming from our going into town, all at a canter, and in very singular dresses. Many of the horses were carrying double—sometimes two giggling girls, sometimes a boy with his grandmother behind him; sometimes three children were cantering along upon one horse, and sometimes two elderly ladies; then a solitary priest with a broad-brimmed white hat and white serge petticoats tucked up all about him, his rosary dangling on his mule's neck, and his pale fat cheeks shaking from the trot. Milk, and strawberries, and water-melons, were all at a canter, and several people were carrying fish into the town tied to their stirrups. Their pace, however, was altogether inferior to that of the Pampas; and the canter, instead of the gallop, gave the scene a great appearance of indolence.

The spurs of the peons were bad, and their stirrups the most heavy, awkward things imaginable. They were cut out of solid wood, and were altogether different from the neat little triangle, which just holds the great toe of the Gaucho of the Pampas.

On crossing the bridge, which is at the entrance of the town, the market was underneath me, on some low ground on the left, A number of people were selling fruit, vegetables, fish, &c., which were lying on the ground, and as the sun was now oppressively hot, each parcel was shaded by a small canvas blind, which was fixed perpendicularly into the ground.

As I rode along the streets I thought they looked very mean and dirty. Most of the houses had been cracked by earthquakes; the spires, crosses, and weathercocks, upon the tops of the churches and convents, were tottering, and out of the perpendicular; and the very names of the streets, and the rigmarole stories "Aqui se vende," &c., which are over all the shops, were written as crooked and irregular as if they had been inscribed during an earthquake. They were generally begun with large letters, but the man had apparently got so eager about the subject, that he was often obliged to conclude in characters so small, that one could hardly read them, and in some places the

author had thoughtlessly arrived at the end of his board before he had come to the end of his story.

The great Plaza (square) has a fountain in the middle, and the Director's palace on one side. This building looks dirty and insufficient; it is of a fantastic style of architecture, and its outline is singular rather than elegant: part of it is used as a guard-room. The soldiers were badly dressed; some were blacks, wearing gold ear-rings, some were brown, and some of a mongrel breed.

It was just eight o'clock as I rode across this square. The bell of one of the churches tolled, and every individual, whether on horseback or on foot, suddenly stopped; the men all pulled off their hats, the women knelt down, and as I was cantering along several people called to me to stop. The guard at the palace presented arms, and then the soldiers crossed themselves; in about ten seconds we all proceeded on our respective ways. This ceremony is always repeated three times a day, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at eight in the evening. I inquired my way to the English hotel, and found there a hard-working, industrious Englishwoman, who was the landlady. She told me she had not "an inch" of room in her whole house, which was filled with what she termed "mining gentlemen." I asked her where I could go; she said she could not tell, but she offered to send one of her servants with me to a "North American lady," who sometimes took in strangers. I went accordingly, and was introduced into a room which had a mat, a few highly-varnished, tawdry, wooden chairs, and a huge overgrown pianoforte. One side of the room was glazed like a greenhouse, and looked into another small room. Two long, thin, vulgar-looking girls, who talked English through their noses, now came in, and told me a long story about "mamma," the moral of which was that mamma was coming, and accordingly in she waddled. They were all at once asking me to be seated, and were inquiring into my history, when I informed the lady that I had called to inquire whether she had accommodation in her house for strangers. "Oh yes, she had a very nice room which she could let to me; there was no bed in it, but she could lend me chairs." I asked to see it; to my horror and astonishment, she led me to the glazed side of her room, and opening the glass door, she told me that was the room. I had a great deal of

very troublesome business on my mind, and all I required for the very few days I was to be at Santiago was a little quietness and solitude. "Good heavens!" said I to myself, as I looked out of this wretched lantern, "how could I wash or make myself at all comfortable, either in body or mind, in such a place as this? Those girls, and that terrible piano-forte, would be the death of me! I am afraid, madam," addressing myself to the old lady, "this will not exactly do," and then out of the room and out of the house I walked.

I went back to the Englishwoman, who was very civil. The sun was burning me to pieces, I was quite exhausted, and I begged her to let me lie down anywhere in the shade, for that I had ridden almost all night, and was tired. She replied that she had positively no place. I told her I had been sleeping on the ground for many months, and that she surely had some little corner in which I might go to sleep. She said, "Nothing but the carpenter's shop." "Oh!" I said, with delight, "that will do famously;" so she led me to the place, and in a few seconds I was fast asleep among the shavings.

In three or four hours my party arrived, and the landlady had by this time hired two empty rooms for them, and afterwards one small one for me. She got me a table, with two chairs, and she told us we could breakfast and dine with all her guests. This was not a very agreeable arrangement, but furnished lodgings are not to be had at Santiago, and I had therefore no alternative than that of hiring an empty house, and then getting furniture and servants; but to clean the former, and break in the latter, were occupations which I had no wish to undertake, particularly as I was going so shortly to inspect mines in different directions.

I had several letters, which at Buenos Aires I had been requested to take to Santiago, and these I at once delivered to a person to whom I was addressed. I had also a drawing rolled up and sealed, which I had taken very great care of, as I was told at Buenos Aires it was the picture of a child in England, for his mother at Santiago. The lady happened to live close to the house to which I had taken my letters; and as I thought the picture of her child would be very acceptable, I called and delivered it to her myself. She was in one of the best hous

the town, and was surrounded by a very nice family of all ages. While I was talking to her she opened and unrolled the paper, and after glancing at it for a moment, she passed it to her family, who looked at it one after another with an apathy which quite provoked me. It was then handed to me, and I no sooner saw what it was, than I bowed to the family, and left in the hands of the lady, not a picture of her child, but a school-boy's large, coarse chalk-drawing of the head of John the Baptist!

During the short time I was at Santiago, I was constantly occupied in gaining information, without which I could not have commenced my inspection of the mines; and as many unforeseen difficulties were impeding my progress, and occupying my attention, I had neither time nor inclination to enter into any sort of society, or to see any more of Santiago than what chanced to be going on in the streets.

The town is full of priests—the people are consequently indolent and immoral; and I certainly never saw more sad examples of the effects of bad education, or a state of society more deplorable. The streets are crowded with a set of lazy, indolent, bloated monks and priests, with their heads shaved in different ways,* wearing enormous flat hats, and dressed, some in white serge cowls and gowns, and others in black. The men all touch their hats to these drones, who are also to be seen in the houses, leaning over the backs of their chairs, and talking to women who are evidently of the most abandoned class of society. The number of people of this description at Santiago is quite extraordinary. The lower rooms of the most reputable houses are invariably let to them, and it is really shocking beyond description to see them sitting at their doors, with a candle in the back part of the room burning before sacred pictures and images.

* I was one day in a hair-dresser's shop at Santiago, when a priest came in to have his head shaved, and I stopped to witness the operation. The priest was a sleek fat man of about forty, with a remarkably short nose and a sallow complexion. The man lathered him with the greatest respect, and then shaved the lower part of his head about an inch above his ears all round, and discovered bumps which a student of Gall and Spurzheim would have been shocked at. His head was as deadly white as young pork; and while the barber was turning the priest's head in different directions, I really thought it altogether the most uncivilized operation I had ever witnessed; and when it was finished, and the man stood up, he looked so very grotesque that I could scarcely refrain from laughing.

The power of the priests has diminished very much since the Revolution. They are not respected; they have almost all families, and lead most disreputable lives. Still the hold they have upon society is quite surprising. The common people laugh at their immorality, yet they go to them for images and pictures, and they send their wives and daughters to confess to them. Three times a day the people in the streets take off their hats, or fall down on their knees. Every quarter of an hour during the night the watchman of each street sings as loud as he is able a prayer of "Ave Maria purissima," and then chants the hour and a description of the night. In the evening I often saw a monk going from house to house, followed by a child carrying in his arms a stuffed doll as big as himself. The poor child was generally in a profuse perspiration, and the rosy-faced doll or image of the Madonna was sometimes thrown over one shoulder, while occasionally he proceeded hugging her in his arms, quite regardless of the ornaments, or even of the decorum of her dress.

During the day one constantly meets a calash drawn by two mules, driven by a dirty boy in a poncho, and followed by a line of inhabitants with their hats off, each carrying a lighted candle in a lantern: every individual in the streets kneels, and those who have windows towards the streets (who are generally the females I have described) are obliged to appear with a lighted candle. In the inside of the carriage sits a priest, with his hands uplifted and clasped. In this system of depravity the great sinner pardons the little one. Sins are put into one scale and money into the other, and intent upon the balance, both parties forget the beauty and simplicity of the religion which they nominally profess.

The siesta at Santiago is as long as it is at Mendoza. The shops are shut at noon, and remain closed for four or five hours, during which time all business is at an end.

The climate of Santiago is similar to that of all the parts of Chili which I visited. The day in summer is burning hot; the nights delightfully cool. During the day, the sun, reflected from the mountains which surround the town on every side, and which, of course, obstruct the breeze, has a greater heat than is natural to the latitude. At night the cold air rolls down the snowy sides

of the Andes, and fills the Chilian valleys with a cool atmosphere, which is unknown to the great plains on the other side of the Cordillera. The effect of this stream of cold air is very agreeable, and people whose occupations screen them from the sun in the day enjoy their evening's ramble; and as the sky is very clear, the climate of Chili is often described as being extremely healthy. Yet the least learned, but perhaps the most satisfactory proof of the healthiness of a climate is not the brightness of the stars, or the colour of the moon, but the appearance of men's and women's faces; and certainly the people of Chili in general, and of Santiago in particular, have not a healthy appearance. The English there, also, looked very pale and exhausted; and although they keep each other in countenance, it appeared to me that a strong dose of British wind, with snow and rain, and a few of what the Scotch call "sour mornings," would do them a great deal of good.

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CONVENT at Santiago.—Group of people on the outside whispering and speaking through the keyhole, the hinges, and in the cracks of the door—turnabout filled with old linen—door half opened by a janitress to take in two large models on wheels, the one of a brown cow, the other of a brown bull—door of the chapel open—chapel divided into two parts by a double grating, one of iron, the other of wood; the lattices about the size of those in a cottage window. At one end the altar glittering with silver, mummery, and candles; at the other side of the grating the nuns assembled at vespers—some were sitting at the sides and back of the chapel—others kneeling in the middle, even close to the grating, and with their faces towards the altar. They appeared to be almost all very old, fat women, short and thick—complexions stained with garlic and oil, and countenances soured by long confinement. They were praying as if they were sick and tired of it, and as if they neither cared nor knew what they were saying. Four or five were playing on fiddles, which they held up to their necks like men—one was sawing an immense double bass, and another was blowing with a large hand-bellows into the lungs of a little organ, on which a sister-nun was playing. They all sang together, and I never heard sounds less melodious. Age had taken all softness from their voices, and had left nothing but a noise which was harsh, squeaking, and discordant. The women were old and ugly, and the scene altogether was saddening. Their dresses consisted of white caps and large black gowns—their hair was concealed, and their features were so hard, that it was difficult to say whether they were old men or old women:—the serge gown concealed their figures—figures which were intended as the ornaments of creation. When one fancied the lives they might have led—the assistance they might have afforded to society—

the friendships they might have enjoyed, and the pleasing natural duties they might have performed, it was melancholy to see them lost to the world, and only occupied in screaming in Latin through iron bars to candles and pictures.

On my right there was a young monk, who remained on a bench close to the wall all the time I was there. He was confessing a nun through some holes in a plate of tin, which was let into the convent wall which separated them; and since the days of Pyramus and Thisbe, there can never have been a more regular flirtation. The monk was much more anxious to talk than to hear, and I could not help smiling when I saw him with great eagerness of countenance putting sometimes his mouth, and sometimes his ear, to the tin plate. However, when I turned towards the group of old nuns who were before me, I felt that it mattered but little to society whether they were confessing their old sins or planning new ones; but it was distressing to think that the young and the innocent, who were rising in the world, were still the victims of such a mistaken custom—for surely nothing can tend to blunt the good feelings of the young more than the reflection that even their thoughts of yesterday are already known and recorded by a man; and if an evil genius wished to prepare a man who should be peculiarly unfitted for so delicate a confidence, what could he do better than doom him to idleness and celibacy, deny him children of his own, and feed him upon oil and garlic?

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JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-MINE OF EL BRONCE DE PETORCA.

At about two o'clock in the morning we got up, and before we had eaten our breakfasts, the mules arrived with two peons. There were two mules for each person, and they were all driven loose into the yard. "Come now! Vámos," said one of the Cornish miners, who was always cheerful and ready to start, upon which the party all got their bridles and went down into the yard. The capatáz took my bridle and promised to give me a good beast, and I stood for a few moments looking down upon the group from the large corridor or balcony. Each man was choosing his own mule; and as, from sad experience, he had learnt the difference between riding a good animal and a bad one, it was a point of some consequence. It was amusing to see each individual trying to look a mule in the face, to guess his character by the light of the moon, while the cunning creature, aware of his intention, was constantly hiding his head among his comrades, and turning his heels towards every person who approached him. As soon as the mules were saddled, which was always a troublesome and dangerous operation, we mounted, and rode out of the yard followed by the loose mules, who trotted after the madrina, or bell-mare, which was driven on by one of the peons.

As we passed through the streets the watchmen were singing the hour, with the usual hymn of "Ave Maria purissima;" and it was quite singular to hear their different ways of chanting it.

Our road passed across the plain of Santiago, and although we cantered, it was nearly three hours before we got to the mountains, and then for the whole day we had either to climb up one side of a barren mountain or to scramble down the other. These mountains, from want of rain, afford scarcely any pasture: the soil upon them is cracked in a most singular manner, and

the fissures are so deep and frequent, that it is apparently dangerous to ride over them.

After travelling until our mules were quite tired, we arrived, after the sun had set, at a small hamlet of mud huts. There had been a church, but the great earthquake of 1822 had converted it into a heap of ruins. The scene in the village was a very gay one. It was Christmas, and the usual festivities were going on. There were two or three rooms built of boughs, and filled with young women and Gauchos, who were dancing to the music of a guitar. On our arrival we had been led to the hut of a man who was the richest in the village; and as soon as we had taken our saddles into his house, we went out to join the dance. The sight of a few unexpected strangers added to the cheerfulness of the scene; the guitar instantly sounded louder, and the people danced with greater vigour. Round the room were rough poles as benches, on which sat the ladies who had danced; their partners were seated on the ground at their feet, and their earnest attentions cannot exactly be described. We were received with great hospitality, and in two minutes I saw my party all happy, seated on the ground, and as completely *enfans de famille*, as if they had been born there.

After remaining with them a short time, I returned to the hut. I found the master very sulky; he had turned all our saddles out of his house, and for some little time he would not speak to me; however, I insisted that he should point with his finger where the saddles were, and accordingly I found them on the ground, outside a little hut, in which was one of the miners cooking our supper: however, we had slept so long in the open air, that it was of little consequence. I must do this man the justice to say, that though he was naturally a sulky fellow, he had intended to act right. He wished to have done the honours of his hut to strangers, and he accordingly gave the Cornish miner some eggs, but the man intending to pay for them, honestly told him there were not half enough, which the landlord considered as a breach of politeness.

While I was sitting on the skeleton of a horse's head, writing by the blaze of the fire, I saw two girls dressing for the ball. They were standing near a stream of water, which was running at the back of the hut. After washing their faces with their

hands, drying them with the lower hem of their only garment, they put on their gowns, and then twisting up their hair in a very simple pretty way, they picked, by the light of the moon, some yellow flowers which were growing near them. These they put fresh into their hair, and when this simple toilette was completed, they looked as interesting, and as nicely dressed, as if "the carriage was to have called for them at eleven o'clock;" and in a few minutes, when I returned to the ball, I was happy to see them each with a partner.

In the morning, before day, we started, and for many a league my companions were riding together, and discussing over the necks of the mules the merits of their partners. The country we crossed was mountainous, and it was very fatiguing both to mules and riders. I had just climbed up a very steep part of the mountain, and, with one of my party, was winding my mule through some stunted trees, when I suddenly met a large-headed young man, of about eighteen years of age, riding his horse at a walk, and with tears running, one after another, down his face. I stopped, and asked him what was the matter, but he made no reply. I then asked him how many leagues it was to Petorca, but he continued crying, and at last he said, "He had lost . . ." "Who have you lost?" said I, debating whether it was his mother or his mistress. The fellow burst into a flood of tears, and said "Mis espuelas" (my spurs), and on he proceeded. One cannot say much for the lad's fortitude, yet the loss of spurs to a Gaucho is a very serious misfortune. They are in fact his only property—the wings upon which he flies for food or amusement.

The sun was getting low, and the mules quite tired with the rocky barren path on which they had toiled, when we came to the top of a mountain, from which we suddenly looked down upon the valley of Aconcagua, which is a long narrow plain, irrigated by a fine stream of water. The contrast was quite extraordinary; the colour of the trees and grass was black rather than green, and vegetation so rank and luxuriant, that the huts literally appeared smothered in the crops around them. This picture is one which is constantly met with in Chili; and as the produce of these plains, when irrigated, is greater than that of any other part of the world, Chili has often been called one of the richest countries. But although these productive

spots deservedly attracted the early attention of the Spaniards, who found that the necessaries of life were there so easily obtained, yet the country is generally so mountainous, and so large a proportion of it is incapable of irrigation, that its population must hereafter be infinitely less than that of the Pampas, although at present it very much exceeds it.

On getting into the small town of Aconcagua, the church of which is in ruins, and almost every house cracked by earthquakes, we found the same sort of Christmas festivities in which we had joined the evening before, but they were less interesting, because they were more formal. The Plaza (square) was covered with sheds, in which were peasants dancing; and when we rode up to the fonda, or inn, we saw the yard filled with people, sitting in bowers made of branches of trees, with others dancing or drinking.

We were eating our dinner at a small table in the yard, when a person came up and politely offered us a room at his house, and in the evening he came to take us to it. When he unlocked the door, which was on the ground-floor, we found the room filled with sacks of Indian corn, hides, rubbish of all sorts, and swarming with fleas; however, we made room, slept there, and in the morning, after thanking the man for his lodging, we breakfasted at the fonda, where we might have slept much better.

Early the next morning we started on our fresh horses and mules, leaving the tired ones in a potrero, or field, and visited a silver-mine, which was within a league of the town. We then pursued our course over barren mountains, and at about twelve o'clock in the day we reached the village of Petorca, which consists of one long principal street, with other short ones at right angles. The church, like that at Aconcagua, was overturned by the earthquake of 1822, and the walls of the houses were cracked and rent from top to bottom.

I had a letter of introduction to the principal person, who was extremely polite, and was very anxious that we should spend the evening with him; however, I at last prevailed upon him to get us fresh mules, and about two o'clock, after we had had some refreshment, we set off with him to visit some trapiches and mills which had existed before the earthquake. We found the roofs shaken from two of the huts, and the rest tottering. The two mills were so completely annihilated, that it was difficult to trace

the foundation on which they had stood, and the water was diverted from its course.

In the evening our landlord gave us a most excellent supper, and the following morning, an hour before sunrise, we started to inspect the gold-mines of El Bronce de Petorca, which were six miles from the village, and about a hundred and sixty from Santiago.

I visited this mine accompanied by a very intelligent Chilian miner, who with several of his comrades was in a mine on this lode, a hundred fathoms deep, when the great earthquake of the 19th of November, 1822, which almost destroyed Valparaiso, took place. He told me that several of his comrades were killed, and that nothing could equal the horror of their situation. He said that the mountain shook so that he could scarcely ascend; large pieces of the lode were falling down, and every instant they expected the walls of the lode would come together, and either crush them or shut them up in a prison from which no human power could liberate them. He added, that when he got to the mouth of the mine the scene was very little better: there was such a dust that he could not see his hand before him; large masses of rock were rolling down the side of the mountain on which he stood, and he heard them coming and rushing past him without being able to see how to avoid them, and he therefore stood his ground, afraid to move. In almost all the mines which we visited in Chili we witnessed the awful effects of these earthquakes, and it was astonishing to observe how severely even the granite mountains had been shaken.

We got back to Petorca by ten o'clock, and as our host said he could give us fresh mules, I sent ours quietly on, and we agreed to start as soon as we had had a couple of hours' sleep.

After taking leave of our kind host, and bowing to the ladies, who were all standing at their doors, I went to the mule which had been provided for me, and saw by the wrinkles on his nose that he had some mischief in his head: however, he stood perfectly still, and allowed me to put my foot into the stirrup; but as soon as I threw my leg over him he jumped sideways about a yard; my heel went on to the top of some baggage which was upon the back of another mule, and my long Gaucho's spur got entangled in it. The mule, seeing that this plot had succeeded,

began to kick, and with one leg up in the air, it was quite impossible to keep my seat. I fell on my head, and was stunned by the fall: however, as soon as I recovered I remounted him, expecting that he would kick again—*au contraire*, he was perfectly satisfied with what he had done, and he proceeded as quietly as a lamb.

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GOLD-MINE OF CAREN.

After inspecting the old holes which had been worked on the lode, and gazing with great interest at the Pacific, which was apparently hanging in the air beneath us, we descended the side of the rock, sometimes upon hands and knees, for about three hundred and fifty feet, until we came to the hut where we had slept. The situation of this hut was singularly perilous. The path which ascended to it from the plain was so steep, that in riding up we constantly expected to tumble backwards over the tails of our mules; and when we got near the hut, the muleteers declared that it was altogether impossible to proceed, and this was so evident, that we dismounted and scrambled over the loose stones until we got to the hut.

The mine had not been worked for a hundred years, and was filled with rubbish and water. The hut had been lately built by an agent, who wished to sell the mine to me, and a couple of miners ordered to live in it. A small space had been scraped out for the foundation, which was so close to the precipice that there was not room to walk round it. Above it, on the mountain, were loose rocks, which by the first earthquake would probably be precipitated. Beneath was the valley, but at such a depth that objects in it were imperfectly distinguished. I consulted with the two mining captains, and we all agreed that the plain was about three thousand feet beneath us; but this only gives our imperfect idea of it, and is probably altogether incorrect; for although I spent some months among the Andes, I was always deceived in the distances, and found that my eye was altogether unable to estimate proportions to which it had never been accustomed—a trifling but a very striking proof of which occurred at this hut.

We were sitting with the native miners, when one of my men called out that there was a condor, and we all instantly ran out. He had been attracted by the smell of a dead lamb, which we

had brought with us, and which was placed upon the roof of the hut. The enormous bird, with the feathers of his wings stretched out separately like radii or fingers, majestically descended without the least fear, until apparently he was only ten or fifteen yards above us. One of the men fired at him with a gun loaded with large shot—his legs fell, and he evidently had received the whole of the charge in his chest; yet he instantly bent his course towards the snowy mountains which were opposite to us, and boldly attempted to cross the valley; but, after flying for many seconds, he could go no farther, and he began to tower. He rose perpendicularly to a great height, and then, suddenly dying in the air—so that we really saw his last convulsive struggle—he fell like a stone.

To my astonishment, he struck the side of the mountain apparently close to us; and as I looked at him lying on the rock, I could not account for his being so very near us, (apparently thirty or forty yards,) for, as he had evidently fallen perpendicularly, the distance which separated us was of course the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle, the base of which (or the space he had gone horizontally) it had taken him many seconds to fly.

I sent one of the Chili miners, who were accustomed to descend the mountain, to fetch him, and I went into the hut, and remained eight or ten minutes. On coming out, and asking for the bird, I was surprised to see that the man was not half-way to him; and although he descended and ascended very actively, his return was equally long. The fact was, that the bird had reached the ground a great distance from us; but this distance was so small in proportion to the stupendous objects around us, that, unaccustomed to their dimensions, we were unable to appreciate it.

JOURNEY TO THE SILVER-MINE OF SAN PEDRO NOLASCO.

As soon as we returned to Santiago from the gold-mine of Caren, we ordered fresh mules; and the next morning, before daybreak, we set off to inspect the silver-mine of San Pedro Nolasco, which is in the Andes, about seventy-five miles south-west from Santiago. For a few miles we traversed the plain of Santiago, which was cool and refreshed by the night air; just as the day was dawning we reached the foot of the mountains, and then, following the course of a large rapid torrent, we continued for several hours on the east side of it, climbing along a path which appeared to overhang the water.

As the sun gradually rose, the mountains on the opposite side were scorched by the heat, while we for several hours were in the shade and cool; but the line of shadow, after crossing the torrent, gradually approached us; the sun at last looked over the high mountains which were above us, and that instant commenced the fatigue of the day.

The valley of Maypo, down which the stream descended, is one celebrated in Chili for its beauty. Bounded on both sides by the barren mountains of the Cordillera, this delightful vale winds its course on both sides of the river or torrent of Maypo; and although uncultivated, yet it is ornamented with a great variety of shrubs and fruit-trees.

For several leagues we passed trees loaded with ripe cherries, and peach-trees which were bending to the ground with the weight of their crop. The ground underneath was covered with the peach-stones of the last year's produce; and there must be thousands of these trees whose fruit has never once been tasted by man. The ground, although it produced shrubs and trees, had no appearance of pasture, which cannot in a hot climate exist without irrigation.

After travelling about thirty miles we crossed the torrent

Maypo on a suspension-bridge of hide-ropes, the construction of which I examined with great attention, as I was surprised to find it exactly similar to those which I have seen formed in England of iron, although this bridge has been there beyond the memory of man. The path across it was covered with hurdles, and as the torrent was much swollen, the water was rushing over it with great velocity, which, of course, made the bridge incline very much. Our mules were unwilling to cross it, and I certainly should have thought it dangerous, had not a man who was on the opposite side beckoned to us to come over. The bridge bent with the weight of the mules, and the water rushed with great violence against them, but as they leaned against it we all passed without accident; and in returning rode over it in the dark.

After continuing our journey about four miles we came to a small establishment for reducing the ores formerly raised from San Pedro Nolasco, and for the interesting process of amalgamation, and we remained here for the evening to inspect it.

Without entering into a description of the establishment, it will only be observed that the works were laid out with a great deal of ingenuity, with a very happy regard to economy, and that, although they of course did not possess many of the mechanical advantages which a large capital might have afforded them, yet they were on a plan suited to the resources of the country, and upon the whole were well adapted for the economical reduction and amalgamation of ores upon a small scale.

The next morning before sunrise we continued our course towards San Pedro Nolasco, and for four or five hours followed the course of the river. The valley became narrower; and as we proceeded the trees and shrubs became smaller and more stunted—around us on every side were the Andes covered with snow. Our path, which had been long neglected, was in many places very dangerous, being infinitely more so than any of the passes we had crossed in coming from Mendoza over the Cordillera. The laderas were literally only a few inches wide, and were covered with stones, which were so loose that every instant they rolled from under the mules' feet, and fell with an accelerating violence into the torrent. As I rode almost the whole of the day by myself, I would willingly have got off; but the

mules will never lead; and besides this, when once a person is on the ladera, on the back of his mule, it is impossible to dismount, for there is no room to get off, and the attempt to do so might throw the mule off his balance and precipitate him into the torrent, which was at an extraordinary depth beneath. In some few places the path was actually washed away, and the mule had only to hurry over the inclined surface the best way he could; but the manner in which these patient animals preserve their footing is quite extraordinary, and to know their value one must see them in the Cordillera. After passing two or three very violent torrents, which rushed from the mountains above into the river beneath us, we came to one which looked worse than those which we had with great difficulty crossed; however, we had no alternative but to cross it or return to Santiago. We attempted to drive the loose mules, but one had scarcely put his feet into it when he was carried away, and in less than twenty yards the box which he had on his back was dashed to pieces, and its contents were hurried down the surface of the stream. In order to get across we put a lasso round our bodies, and then rode through; but the holes were so deep that the water occasionally came over the neck of the mule, and we passed with great difficulty. These poor creatures are dreadfully afraid of crossing such torrents; it is only constant spurring that obliges them to attempt it; and sometimes in the middle of the stream they will tremble and refuse to advance for several seconds. When the water is very deep the arrieros always tie the lasso round their bodies; but I never could feel it was any security, because if the torrent will dash a wooden box to pieces, a man's skull would surely have a very bad chance. I was therefore always very glad when I found myself across them; and as our lives were insured in London for a large sum of money, I used often to think that if the insurers could have looked down upon us, the sight of the laderas and of these torrents would have given a quickness to their pulse, a flush to their cheek, and a singing in their ears, very unlike the symptoms of placid calculation.

Shortly after passing this torrent, we turned towards the south, and began to climb the mountain of San Pedro Nolasco, which I can only describe by saying, that it is the steepest ascent which

we ever made in all our expeditions among the Andes. For five hours we were continually holding on by the ears or neck of our mule, and the path was in some places so steep, that for a considerable time it was quite impossible to stop. We soon passed the limits of vegetation. The path went in zig-zags, although it was scarcely perceptible, and if the mules above us had fallen, they would certainly have rolled down upon us, and carried us with them.

In mounting we constantly inquired of the arriero, if the point above our heads was the summit, but as soon as we attained it, we found that we had still higher to go. On both sides of us we now came to groups of little wooden crosses, which were the spots where people formerly employed in the mine had been overtaken by a storm, and had perished. However, we continued our course; and at last, gaining the summit, we found ourselves close to the silver lode of San Pedro Nolasco, which is situated on one of the loftiest pinnacles of the Andes. A small solitary hut was before us, and we were accosted by two or three wretched-looking miners, whose pale countenances and exhausted frames seemed to assimilate with the scene around them. The view from the eminence on which we stood was magnificent—it was sublime; but it was, at the same time, so terrific, that one could hardly help shuddering.

Although it was midsummer, the snow where we stood was, according to the statement made to me by the agent of the mine, from twenty to a hundred and twenty feet deep, but blown by the wind into the most irregular forms, while in some places the black rock was visible. Beneath was the river and valley of Maypo fed by a number of tributary streams, which we could see descending like small silver threads down the different ravines. We appeared to have a bird's-eye view of the great chain of the Andes, and we looked down upon a series of pinnacles of indescribable shapes and forms, all covered with an eternal snow. The whole scene around us in every direction was devoid of vegetation, and was a picture of desolation, on a scale of magnificence which made it peculiarly awful; and the knowledge that *this vast mass* of snow, so cheerless in appearance, was created *for the use*, and comfort, and happiness, and even luxury of *man; that it* was the inexhaustible reservoir from which the

plains were supplied with water,—made us feel that there is no spot in creation which man should term barren, though there are many which nature never intended for his residence. A large cloud of smoke was issuing from one of the pinnacles, which is the great volcano of San Francesco; and the silver lode, which was before us, seemed to run into the centre of the crater.

As it was in the middle of the summer, I could not help reflecting what a dreadful abode this must be in winter, and I inquired of our guide and of the miners concerning its climate in that season. They at first silently pointed to the crosses, which, in groups of two and three and four, were to be seen in every direction; and they then told me, that although the mine is altogether inaccessible for seven months in winter, yet that the miners used to be kept there all the year. They said that the cold was intense, but that what the miners most dreaded were the merciless temporales, or storms of snow, which came on so suddenly that many miners had been overtaken by them, and had perished when not a hundred and fifty yards from the hut. With these monuments before my eyes, it was really painful to consider what the feelings of those wretched creatures must have been when, groping about for their habitation, they found the violence of the storm unabating and irresistible. It was really melancholy to trace, or to fancy I could trace, by the different groups of crosses, the fate of the different individuals. Friends had huddled together, and had thus died on the road; others had strayed from the path, and from the scattered crosses they had apparently died as they were searching for it. One group was really in a very singular situation. During a winter particularly severe, the miners' provisions, which consist of little else than hung-beef, were gradually failing, when a party volunteered, to save themselves and the rest, that they would endeavour to got over the snow into the valley of Maypo, and return if possible with food. They had scarcely left the hut when a storm came on, and they perished. The crosses are exactly where the bodies were found: they were all off the road; two had died close together, one was about ten yards off, and one had climbed to the top of a large loose fragment of rock, evidently to look for the hut on the road. The view from Sa

Pedro Nolasco, taking it all together, is certainly the most dreadful scene which in my life I have ever witnessed; and it appeared so little adapted or intended for a human residence, that when I commenced my inspection of the lode, and of the several mines, I could not help feeling that I was going against nature, and that no sentiment but that of avarice could approve of establishing a number of fellow-creatures in a spot which was a subject of astonishment to me how it ever was discovered.

As the snow was in many places fifty feet deep on the lode, I could only walk on the surface from one boca-mina to another; but when I had done this, I took off my clothes, and went down the mine which it was my particular object to inspect. All the rest had long ago been deserted, but in this one there were a few miners, lately sent there by an agent who had sold this mine to the Rio Plata Company for eighteen thousand dollars. These men were carrying on the works on the old system which had been exercised by the Spaniards, and to which they have all their lives been accustomed.

At first we descended by an inclined gallery or level, and then clambered down the notched sticks, which are used in all the mines in South America as ladders. After descending about two hundred and fifty feet, walking occasionally along levels where the snow and mud were above our ankles, we came to the place where the men were working. It was astonishing to see the strength with which they plied their weighty hammers, and the unremitted exertion with which they worked; and strange as it may appear, we all agreed that we had never seen Englishmen possess such strength, or work so hard. While the barreteros, or miners, were working the lode, the apires were carrying the ore upon their backs; and after we had made the necessary observations, and had collected proper specimens, we ascended, with several of these apires above and below us.

The fatigue of climbing up the notched sticks was so great, that we were almost exhausted, while the men behind us (with a long stick in one hand, in the cloven end of which there was a candle) were urging us not to stop them. The leading apire whistled whenever he came to certain spots, and then the whole party rested for a few seconds. It was really very interesting, in looking above and below, to see these poor creatures, each

lighted by his candle, and clinging to the notched stick with such a load upon his back, though I occasionally was a little afraid lest one of these above me might tumble, in which case we should have all preceded him in his fall.

We were quite exhausted when we came to the mouth of the mine: one of the Cornish captains almost fainted; and as the sun had long ago set, the air was so bleak and freezing—we were so heated—and the scene was so cheerless, that we were glad to hurry into the hut, and to sit upon the ground round a dish of meat, which had long been ready for us. We had some brandy and sugar, and we soon refreshed ourselves, and I then sent out for one of the apires with his load. I put it on the ground, and endeavoured to rise with it; but could not, and when two or three of my party put it on my shoulders, I was barely able to walk under it. The English miner who was with us was one of the strongest men of all the Cornish party, yet he was scarcely able to walk with it, and two of our party who attempted to support it were altogether unable, and exclaimed, "that it would break their backs."

The load which we tried was one of specimens which I had paid the apire to bring up for me, aud which weighed more than usual, but not much, and he had carried it up with me, and was above me during the whole of the ascent.

While we were at one end of the hut, drinking brandy and water, seated upon our saddles, and lighted by a brown tallow candle which was stuck into a bottle, and which was not three yards from a hide filled with gunpowder, the few miners we had seen at work had been relieved by others who were to work through the night. They came into the hut, and, without taking the least notice of us, prepared their supper, which was a very simple operation. The men took their candles out of the cloven sticks, and in the cleft they put a piece of dried beef; this they warmed for a few seconds over the embers which were burning on the ground, and they then ate it, and afterwards drank some melted snow-water out of a cow's-horn.

Their meal being over, they then enjoyed the only blessing fortune had allotted to them, which was rest from their labour. They said *nothing* to each other; but as they sat upon the *sheepskin which* was the only bed they had, some fixed the

eyes upon the embers, while others seemed to ruminate upon other objects.

I gave them what brandy I had, and asked them if they had no spirits, to which they gave me the usual answer, that miners are never allowed to have spirits, and with this law they seemed to be perfectly satisfied.

When one contrasted their situation with the independent life of the Gaucho, it was surprising that they should voluntarily continue a life of such hardship.

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DEPARTURE FROM SANTIAGO.

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DECEMBER 31st, Santiago, midnight.—Mules arrived for us to recross the Cordillera to return to Buenos Aires—a large drove—two mules for each person—spare ones for the baggage. At one o'clock in the morning the mules were laden and ready—went across the street to the fonda, to get some breakfast, which was laid for us at one end of a long table—at the other end were two Scotchmen sitting without their coats, waistcoats, or neckcloths—(midsummer).

They had been drinking in the new year—in their heads there was "mair brandy than brains," yet their hearts were still true to their "auld respected mither." The room was evidently moving round them—they were singing (with action) "Auld lang syne," and the one that was pitted with the small-pox seemed to feel it as much as the other—they held out glasses to us, and begged us to join them—we declined—amusing contrast between them and the gravity of my party, drinking tea with their pistols in their belts, and prepared for a long journey—full chorus of Rule Britannia, then God save the King; shook hands with the two Scotchmen—drank half a glass of their brandy, and then mounting our mules—we groped along in the dark towards the black mountains of the Cordillera.

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RETURN TO MENDOZA.

* * * * *

Got to Uspallata late in the evening with two of the party; at sunset the rest arrived. Mules tired—the maestro de posta had three horses, and being anxious to get on to Mendoza (ninety miles), three of us rode all night. We had three times travelled the road, and therefore went by ourselves. About half way we saw a fire on the ground, and by the blaze we perceived some person near it—rode up to light our cigars, called several times, but found no one. On arriving at the hut near Villa Vicencia we mentioned the circumstance, and were told it was probably an Englishman who had passed the hut that day on foot!—that he had probably been afraid of us, and had concealed himself, or had run away.

Rested, and then got fresh horses at Villa Vicencia. The sun was most dreadfully hot. We galloped across the plain—forty-five miles—each at our best pace—proceeded straggling, like the wounded Curiatii. I got into Mendoza three hours before the second—he got in two hours before the third, whose horse was tired on the road.

In riding along the plain I passed a dead horse, about which were forty or fifty condors: many of them were gorged and unable to fly; several were standing on the ground devouring the carcass—the rest hovering above it. I rode within twenty yards of them: one of the largest of the birds was standing with one foot on the ground and the other on the horse's body—display of muscular strength as he lifted the flesh and tore off great pieces, sometimes shaking his head and pulling with his beak, and sometimes pushing with his leg.

Got to Mendoza, and went to bed. Wakened by one of my *party who arrived*: he told me, that seeing the condors hovering

in the air, and knowing that several of them would be gorged,* he had also ridden up to the dead horse, and that as one of these enormous birds flew about fifty yards off, and was unable to go any farther, he rode up to him, and then, jumping off his horse, seized him by the neck. The contest was extraordinary, and the rencontre unexpected. No two animals can well be imagined less likely to meet than a Cornish miner and a condor, and few could have calculated, a year ago, when the one was hovering high above the snowy pinnacles of the Cordillera, and the other many fathoms beneath the surface of the ground in Cornwall, that they would ever meet to wrestle and "hug" upon the wide desert plain of Villa Vicencia. My companion said he had never had such a battle in his life; that he put his knee upon the bird's breast, and tried with all his strength to twist his neck; but that the condor objecting to this, struggled violently, and that also, as several others were flying over his head, he expected they would attack him. He said, that at last he succeeded in killing his antagonist, and with great pride he showed me the large feathers from his wings; but when the third horseman came in, he told us that he had found the condor in the path, but not quite dead.

* The manner in which the Gauchos catch these birds is to kill a horse and skin him; and they say that, although not a condor is to be seen, the smell instantly attracts them. When I was at one of the mines in Chili, I idly mentioned to a person that I should like to have a condor: some days afterwards a Gaucho arrived at Santiago from this person with three large ones. They had all been caught in this manner, and had been hung over a horse; two had died of galloping, but the other was alive. I gave the Gaucho a dollar, who immediately left me to consider what I could do with three such enormous birds.

THE PAMPAS.

In the evening some of the miners strolled about with their guns, and procured us a supper of roasted parrots. We found these birds in great numbers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living together in flocks. They are seldom silent, and when they assemble on trees, they bend down their heads, flap their wings with a sort of thrilling motion, and with no one to call them to order, they all, young and old, chatter at once with more good humour than harmony. The plumage of their breasts is always of the most gaudy and brilliant description, but their backs are invariably of the colour of the country they inhabit. In the region of wood, the bark of which is generally green, and bright yellow, they are of those hues—in the plain of grass, their backs are a mixture of brown and green, and they so resemble the surface of the country, that, as they skim over it, it is as difficult to trace them as the partridge when flying over ploughed land; but as soon as they get close to a person riding, they suddenly give a wild scream, in one second they all turn, and when the sun suddenly shines on their gaudy bosoms, the flash is extraordinary and beautiful.

* * * * *

I waited some time at the post-hut, talking with the old lady, who was always very kind and glad to see me, and was also extremely clever and entertaining: I then mounted my horse, and, after galloping nearly an hour, overtook the coach just as it had reached the banks of the river Desaguadero, which was unusually deep and rapid. There was nothing but a small bark, but we lost no time in filling it with the luggage, and then made preparations for dragging the carriage through the river. As there was not room in the boat for all the party, I took off my clothes, and throwing them into the boat, tied a silk handkerchief round

my neck, and put my watch there to keep it dry. I had my pistols in my right hand, and I then rode into the river. The horse was instantly out of his depth, but he swam over very well. Just as I had scrambled up the bank, a man, dressed in a dirty-looking poncho, who lived in a hut * about a hundred yards off, came up and asked to be paid for the boat; I told him I would settle with him as soon as the coach was over, and I asked him to take care of my pistols, which he accordingly took to his hut.

We then set to work to get the carriage over, which was a very curious operation. The bank to descend to the river was much steeper than 45°, and it was therefore necessary to fix a peon, with his horse and lasso, to the back part of the carriage, to prevent its oversetting; we had also lassos fastened as guys on each side. Two or three peons fixed their lassos to the end of the pole, and one swam across the river with a long drag-rope, to which eight or ten horses were affixed, to assist in dragging the carriage. As soon as these arrangements were made, the carriage was lowered down the bank, but its weight was so great that it dragged after it the peon and horse fixed to retain it; and while our party also were hauling at the rope, it was amusing to see them all dragged down the bank. As soon as the carriage came into the river, although the wheels and perch were unusually high, it was nearly filled with water. In this state the peons whose lassos were fixed to the end of the pole, with all the horses at the drag-rope, dragged the carriage slowly along the bottom of the river: however, when it was about half-way across, it would come no farther, and the horses which were on the steep bank had little power to draw. The carriage remained in this hopeless and singular situation more than an hour, during which time we were occupied in altering the drag-ropes, and arranging them more advantageously. I found the sun so burning hot, that several times I swam about on my horse to cool myself, and then galloped on the opposite side of the river, and I cannot express the delightful feeling of freedom and independence which

* The miners were one morning very much amused at the sight of a man who was asleep on the ground near this hut. His wife had just risen, but he was still snoring, with his head resting on a bullock's skull, which had an enormous pair of horns.

one enjoys in galloping without clothes on a horse without a saddle.

When the horses and peons were ready, they all started together, and at last the carriage began to move; and the peons then spurring, flogging, and cheering their horses, it was dragged up the bank.

While they were putting the luggage into the wet carriage, I dressed myself, and then rode up to the hut to pay the man for his boat. He demanded twelve dollars, which I knew was too much, and I therefore refused to give it. In a moment, he was in a violent passion; he addressed himself sometimes to me, and sometimes to some Gauchos who were sitting drinking: and he was approaching me with menacing gestures, when I took my pistols off his table, and before I placed them in my belt, I pushed the muzzle of one of them against his front tooth, and told him very quietly, that I would give him what was proper, but that if he demanded more, I would only pay him with that pistol. In an instant, the man desired one of the Gauchos to saddle him a horse, in order to ride to the Governor of San Luis, who he said was a relation of his, and he then told me that he was himself a judge. I laughed at him, and telling him that he was a bad judge in his own cause, I left him and rode after the coach.

In about half an hour the fellow overtook me, and, without speaking, he galloped by me. He was dressed in his judicial robes; that is, he had on a coarse blue jacket, with scarlet cuffs and collar, and a long sabre. I now continued my course for the remainder of this post, which is fifty-one miles, changing my horse when I overtook the droves of loose horses which preceded the carriage.

This stage is really one of the most singular examples of South American travelling which I have witnessed. We started with seventy horses, which were driven before us at a gallop. These horses were all loose; and the country hot sand, covered with trees and brushwood. The trees are principally the Algarroba; they were about the size and shape of apple-trees, and were sufficiently high to hide the horses. This drove of wild loose animals was driven by a man and a boy; and it was quite surprising, as I galloped along the road, to see these fellows

constantly starting across the path before me in close pursuit of the horses, which were never to be seen in the road. In the plains of grass it is even wonderful to see how the troops of horses are driven on, but in a wood it is much more astonishing; and it is a beautiful display of horsemanship to see the Gauchos galloping at full speed among the trees, sometimes hanging over one side of their horse, and sometimes crouching upon his neck to avoid the branches of the trees. The carriage road is a space cleared of large trees, but it is often covered with bushes, which bend under the carriage in a most extraordinary manner.

I arrived at the post some hours before the carriage, and had supper ready by the time it arrived. This post is only one stage from San Luis; the postmaster is the brother of the governor of the province, and he was at San Luis when I arrived there, but his capatáz asked me, with great seriousness of countenance, whether I was the person who had galloped after the judge at the Desaguadero, in order to shoot him. He told me that the said Juez had just passed, and taken a fresh horse to get to San Luis before I arrived there. We slept that night at the post, or rather on the ground before it; and it was curious, in the morning, to see the different groups of people, who had also slept there, dressing themselves;—men, women, and children, were all sitting up as if just risen from the grave —some were scratching themselves, some were rubbing their eyes, some putting on their hide sandals;—the hens were pecking about them, particularly round the table at which we had supped,—the great dogs, who had also just awakened, were walking very slowly with their tails between their legs towards the corrál, where there is always a supply of food for them. The infants, each upon a lamb's skin, were still sleeping on the ground, without a pillow, covered only with a piece of dirty blanket, and sometimes the hens would perch upon them. As soon as the horses were caught we set off, and I galloped into San Luis, and got there an hour before the carriage. I found the post as usual; there was nothing to be had—no fruit, though in the middle of summer, and no milk. The people of the post-house told me that the Juez had arrived there last night, and it appeared that his story had been much inflamed by his gallop. As soon as the carriage arrived, the Juez and an ordenanz

horse-soldier, came up to the post and told me that I was to come immediately to the governor. I was dressed in a white linen jacket, which was really too dirty to go in, so I resolved to put on a coat. On opening my portmanteau, out came a quantity of water, and I found that it had been filled in passing the Desaguadero—my coat was consequently dripping wet; however, I put it on, and as I knew the way, I galloped towards the barracks followed by the Juez and the Ordenanza. I found the square filled by a set of most wretched-looking persons, who had been collected to be sent to Buenos Aires, to fight against the Brazilians. There were about three hundred of them, and the night before, they had endeavoured to gain their liberty, and had tried to overpower their guard. They were covered with old ponchos, but had very little on besides; they seemed to have been badly fed, and were altogether the wildest-looking recruits I ever beheld.

The governor was standing in the middle of the square, surrounded by a number of officers, and I dismounted and walked up to him. He began, very hastily, by telling me the Juez's story; however, I asked him if he would allow me to tell mine. I told him that it was so much my duty to respect governors and governments, that if I had known the man who was before us had been in his employment, I would have respected him, though his conduct did not deserve it; but that instead of wearing the clothes he now had on, he was dressed in a dirty poncho —was drinking aguardiente with the Gauchos, and that I had therefore no idea he was a Judge! I explained the circumstances, and the governor then told the man that he had asked too much, and that I was to pay him three dollars less than he had demanded. The governor offered, very obligingly, to lend me the money, as I had no change; he paid the man, who had not a word to say, and who had his ride, one hundred and eighty miles, for nothing. I then went into the governor's room, and mentioned to him that our carriage wanted a trifling repair, but that the blacksmith had told me he could not work at it without permission from him, as he was employed in making chains to take the three hundred recruits down to Buenos Aires. The governor very politely sent for the smith, and desired him to work for me for three hours; after which I made my bow and *then* galloped to the post.

While the smith was repairing the carriage, I looked again at the town of San Luis. Each house has a large garden, in which there is nothing but what they cannot prevent from growing, such as fig-trees, vines, peach-trees. The walls of their gardens are often towards the streets, which gives the place so little the appearance of a town, that the first time I came to San Luis I actually asked a man how far I was from El Pueblo; to which he replied, that I was in it. From twelve to four or five every day, the whole population of the town is asleep, and when the people awake they have no other idea than that of satisfying their hunger, by eating the old dish, carne de vaca (beef). Far from having any luxuries, they have not even what we term common necessaries; and it seems incredible that there should be no individual in the whole town, or indeed the province, who even professes to know any thing of medicine or surgery; and that there is no shop at which one can purchase the simplest medicines. If a person is ill, he dies or recovers as it may happen, but he has no earthly assistance. If he dislocates or breaks a bone, his friends may regret the accident, but he has no help. The Gaucho, who lives in his little hut on the Pampas, must necessarily be without medical assistance, and it is interesting to see his young family living so completely under the sole protection of Providence; but for the capital of a province to continue in such a state, shows an indolence which its peculiar situation can only excuse.

The post-house of San Luis is also in a state which would scarcely be credited. It is in nothing better than the post-huts of the Pampas; it has no window, the door cannot be shut, and it is more filthy than can well be described. It was late before the carriage was ready; however, as I was anxious it should get on, it started with three changes of horses, about an hour before sunset, to go to the next post, which is thirty-six miles. I rode by a different path, and it was settled that we should all get on by moonlight; however, as soon as the sun set the weather began to look wild, and it became very cloudy and dark. I continued to gallop until I could not see my hand before me, and as I knew there were many holes and biscacheros, we then slackened to an ambling canter. It is really very nervous, disagreeable work even to canter over a strange country when it is

quite dark; however, I was anxious if possible to reach the post, as it was the nearest hut I could get to. I was cantering along, expecting every moment to tumble head over heels, when my horse suddenly struck his chest against the back of the Gaucho's horse, which was standing still. As soon as I found out what it was, I spoke to the man, but I received no answer; I then called out, when he told me, from some distance, that he was feeling with his hands for the path,—that he could not find it,—and that there were so many holes that, as we had lost ourselves, it would be dangerous to proceed. I accordingly dismounted, and, unsaddling my horse, I had instantly my bed ready. I could see nothing; but the Gaucho and I made our beds side by side, and as soon as we lay down he tied the horses' bridles round his own neck, and was asleep in a moment.

The country we were in was much infested by salteadores (robbers), but as I was always well armed I felt quite secure, and in a short time I was also asleep. About midnight I was awakened by the rolling of thunder, and, sitting up, I saw by the occasional flashes of lightning that I was lying on brown coarse grass, and that there were here and there a few shrubs. Some large heavy drops of rain began now to fall, and I made up my mind that we were to have a drenching shower; however, it was useless to move, for I did not know where to go, so I took the usual precaution, which is, to place the skin which, in dry weather, one lies on, over my head, and I then went to sleep. Before the day began to dawn I was awakened by the Gaucho, who told me the horses were lost. I desired him very sulkily to go and look for them, and, with my head under the skin, I again dropped off to sleep. I was awakened by the heat of the sun, and jumping up found that it was above the horizon, and that it was late. I looked earnestly around me, but, except a few shrubs, there was nothing but "the wind blowing and the grass growing,"—in every direction was a vast expanse of plain. I began to think that the man had returned to San Luis, and I really did not know what I should do. The sun was oppressively hot, and I was standing in despair, gazing at the recado, or saddle, which had formed my bed, when I heard the distant notes of a Spanish song behind me, and turning round I saw the Gaucho galloping towards me, and driving my horse before him.

In a few moments he came up: my horse was, of course, without a bridle; the fellow had played me the old trick of hiding it, and declaring it was lost. However, I was glad to get my horse upon any terms, and I cut a piece of hide, which served to guide him, and we then galloped towards the post, from which we were distant about thirteen miles.

I there got some breakfast, while they were catching another horse for me. They had neither bread nor milk, but I got some water, a couple of eggs, and an old woman warmed some charque for me over the embers. I was surrounded by several women and girls, all three-quarters naked, who asked me if I could give them maté or sugar, "por remedio?" As soon as my horse was saddled, I purchased the bridle of the Gaucho who had stolen mine, and then galloped on. The country, which from Mendoza is covered with wood, now changes to the long brown and yellow grass, which, excepting a few straggling trees, is the sole produce of the remainder of the province of San Luis, and of the two following provinces of Cordova and Santa Fé. In the whole of this immense region there is not a weed to be seen. The coarse grass is its sole produce; and in the summer, when it is high, it is beautiful to see the effect which the wind has in passing over this wild expanse of waving grass: the shades between the brown and yellow are beautiful—the scene is placid beyond description—no habitation and no human being is to be seen, unless occasionally the wild and picturesque outline of the Gaucho on the horizon —his scarlet poncho streaming horizontally behind him, his balls flying round his head, and as he bends forward towards his prey, his horse straining every nerve: before him is the ostrich he is pursuing, the distance between them gradually diminishing —his neck stretched out, and striding over the ground in the most magnificent style—but the latter is soon lost in the distance, and the Gaucho's horse is also often below the horizon, while his head shows that the chase is not yet decided. This pursuit is really attended with considerable danger, for the ground is always undermined by the biscachos, and the Gaucho often falls at full speed: if he breaks a limb, his horse probably gallops away, and there he is left in the long grass, until one of *his comrades* or children come to his assistance; but if they are *unsuccessful* in their search, he has nothing left but to look

to Heaven, and, while he lives, drive from his bed the wild eagles, who are always ready to attack any fallen animal. The country has no striking features, but it possesses, like all the works of nature, ten thousand beauties. It has also the grandeur and magnificence of space, and I found that the oftener I crossed it the more charms I discovered in it.

On approaching the huts, it is interesting to see the little Gauchos, who, brought up without wants, and taught to consider the heaven over their heads as a canopy under which they may all sleep, literally climb up the tails of the horses which they are unable otherwise to mount, and then sport and gallop after each other, while their father's stirrups are dangling below their naked feet. In the foreground of nature, there is perhaps no figure so beautiful as that of a child who rides well, and the picturesque dress of the little Gaucho adds very much to his appearance. I have often admired these children as they have been sent with me from one post to another. Although the shape of their body is concealed by the poncho, yet the manner in which it partakes of the motion of the horse is particularly elegant. It is interesting, too, to see the heedless, careless way in which the little chubby-faced creatures ride, and how thoughtlessly they drive their horses among biscacheros, which would break in with the weight of a man.

When I got to El Morro I resolved to wait there for the carriage, for I had the keys of my portmanteau, and both I and my party wanted money. El Morro consists of a few mud huts, as usual, without windows; and as I stood at the door of the post-room, no human being was to be seen, except occasionally a woman with her hand or poncho shading off the sun from her head as she crossed the broad irregular street which divided the huts from each other: here and there a horse was seen tied to the outside of a hut, and a little tame ostrich was before the door running after flies: the atmosphere was quivering with the heat, and resounding with the shrill cry of millions of flies and locusts enjoying the sun. There were no trees to be seen, and neither fruit nor flowers to be had. I went to the woman of the post to ask what she had got to eat: "Nada (nothing), Señor," she replied. I asked for several things which, from seeing a church and a small congregation of huts, I thought might have been procured, but

I received the usual answer, "No hay," and I was obliged to send out for a live sheep. I then took a siesta, and it was late in the evening before the carriage and the party arrived. They had stopped at a hut a few leagues from San Luis, and had afterwards broken the pole of the carriage, which had delayed them several hours. After supper I thought that the weather looked very wild, and I therefore got into the four-wheeled carriage to sleep, and one of the party was close to me in the two-wheeled one. The nine peons were scattered about the ground. The surveyor and the assayer slept under the carriage, and the rest on the ground in different places. About midnight we were awakened by a most sudden and violent whirlwind, which blew several of the party's clothes away, and they were afterwards found in the river. There was so much dust that we could scarcely breathe, and all was utter darkness until the lightning suddenly flashed over our heads; the thunder was unusually loud, and down came a deluge of rain. The wind, which was what is termed a Pampero, was now a dreadful hurricane, and I expected every moment that it would overturn the carriage. I sat up and looked around me, and in my life I never saw so much of the sublime and of the ridiculous mixed together. While the elements were raging, and the thunder was cracking and roaring immediately above us, the lightning would for an instant change the darkness to the light of day. In these flashes I saw our party, who were all hallooing one to another, in the most ludicrous situations. Some were lying on the ground afraid to sit up, and holding their ponchos and clothes, which were trying to escape from them—some who had lost their clothes were running half-naked towards the post-room—others had lost their way, and were standing against a dead wall, not knowing where to go. A French Colonel, who had travelled in the carriage from Mendoza, was lying on a stretcher made of a bullock's hide, grasping his clothes, which were now wet through, and vociferating at his cowardly servant, who, instead of assisting him, was standing about ten yards from him crossing himself. In vain did he call him in Spanish every sort of "animal;" the fellow, who had been approaching his master, was riveted to the ground by the unexpected sound of the church-bell, which, from the violence of the hurricane, occasionally gave a solitary toll. The rain beat

violently into the two-wheeled carriage, and it shook so terribly, that its inmate could bear it no longer, and in his shirt he ran through the rain. At last they all got into the post-room, and as I looked out of the window of the carriage, I saw them all crowded together peeping over each other's heads at the door.

In the morning they found what they had lost, and the peons and the whole party looked very uncomfortable. Many of the peons had lain on the ground the whole time, and they were of course covered with the mud which had been formed by the dust and rain. The peons and the people told us they had never seen such a storm and pampero before in their lives.

The carriage was late in starting, and the sun was already up, when the French Colonel and I agreed to pay a visit to the priest. He was dressed in a dirty white serge gown, tied round his body with a rope to whip himself with; he was not more than four feet and a half high, and yet weighed more than any of our party; his neck was as thick as a bullock's, and he had not been shaved for several days. In his room, which had no window, were two or three old books, covered with dust, and a little crucifix affixed to the wall. I asked him if it was he who had tolled the bell during the Pampero; he said, Oh, no! that he had ridden a number of leagues the day before, and had slept so sound that he had not heard it, and only just been informed of it.

On account of the party's clothes being so wet, we lost a great deal of time, and it was seven o'clock before we started. The two carriages went by the road, but the post-master told a little Gaucho to take me by a nearer cut. I followed this little child, who was not more than eight years old, for many leagues. He rode like the wind, and amused me extremely by a number of very entertaining stories which he told me. At last it began to rain, and the little boy said, "Quien sabe," if ever he should find out the post, for that he had never before come that way. It was no use stopping, and as I galloped along, I made the child repeat to me the directions which the post master had given to him, but I could make nothing at all of them. One would have thought, by the child's description, that it was a mountainous country we were crossing, for he talked of hills and valleys which I could not see; but the Gauchos do divide their plains into ups and downs, which no one can distinguish but themselves. At

last the child exclaimed, that he could see a "Christiano" driving some horses, and when we came to this man he told us where the post was.

I found the horses at the post in the corrál, and the post-master, whose house I had several times slept at, gave me a horse with a galope largo (a long gallop), and a very handsome Gaucho as a guide. I had a long conversation with this man as I galloped along, and I found him a very noble-minded fellow. He was very desirous to hear about the troops which the government of Mendoza had sent to reinstate the governor of San Juan, who had just been deposed by a revolution. The Gaucho was very indignant at this interference; and as we rode along, he explained to me with a great deal of fine action, what was evident enough, —that the Province of San Juan was as free to elect its governor as the Province of Mendoza, and that Mendoza had no right to force upon San Juan a governor that the people did not approve of. We then talked of the state of San Luis; but to some question which I put to him, the man replied that he had never been at San Luis! "Good heavens!" said I, with an astonishment which I could not conceal,—"have you never been to see San Luis?" —"Never," he replied. I asked him where he was born; he told me, in the hut close to the post; that he had never gone beyond the plains through which we were riding, and that he had never seen a town or a village. I asked him how old he was: "Quien sabe," said he. It was no use asking him any more questions; so, occasionally looking at his particularly handsome figure and countenance, and calling to mind the manly opinions he had expressed to me on many subjects, I was thinking what people in England would say of a man who could neither read nor write, nor had ever seen three huts together, &c. &c., when the Gaucho pointed to the sky, and said, "See! there is a lion!" I started from my reverie, and strained my eyes, but to no purpose, until he showed me at last, very high in the air, a number of large vultures, which were hovering without moving; and he told me they were there because there was a lion devouring some carcass, from which he had driven them away. We shortly afterwards came to a place where there was a little blood on the road, and for a moment we stopped our horses to look at it: I observe that perhaps some person had been murdered there; the Gau

said, "No;" and pointing to some footmarks which were near the blood, he told me that some man had fallen, that he had broken his bridle, and that, while he was standing to mend it, the blood had evidently come from the horse's mouth. I observed that perhaps it was the *man* who was hurt, upon which the Gaucho said "No," and pointing to some marks a few yards before him on the path, he said, "for see, the horse set off again at a gallop."*

The grass was shorter in this part of the province than it usually is, and it was very picturesque and curious, as we went along, to see bullocks' skulls lying in different directions. The skeleton of the bull's head was justly admitted by the ancients as an ornament in their architecture. In the Pampas it is often seen lying on the ground bleached by the sun, with the horns upwards, and appearing as if the animal had just risen from his grave, and was moralising to the living cattle which were feeding about him.

In consequence of what this man had told me respecting his birth, &c., I asked every one of the Gauchos who rode with me from post to post, for the next six hundred miles, the same questions, and I found that the greater number of them had never seen a town, and that no one of them knew his age. When we came to the post, which is one of the richest possessions in the Pampas, I found about twenty Gauchos assembled to commence breaking in the young horses, an operation which was to be continued for many days. As the carriage was many hours behind me, I resolved to see this, and getting a fresh horse, I rode immediately to the corrál, and soon made friends with the Gauchos, who are always polite, and on horseback possess many estimable qualities, which at the door of their hut they appear to be devoid of. The corrál was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones, about three and four years old. The capatáz, mounted on a strong steady horse, rode into the corrál, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades,

* I often amused myself by learning from the Gauchos to decipher the *foot-marks of the* horses, and the study was very interesting. It is quite possible to determine from these marks, whether the horses were loose, mounted, or laden with baggage; whether they were ridden by old men or by young ones, by children, or by foreigners unacquainted with the bisacheros, &c.

but the moment he was forced out of the corrál, his first idea was to gallop away; however, the jerk of the lasso checked him in a most effectual manner. The peons now ran after him on foot, and threw the lasso over his four legs, just above the fetlocks, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly that I really thought the fall he got had killed him. In an instant a Gaucho was seated upon his head, and with his long knife in a few seconds he cut off the whole of the horse's mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This, they told me, is a mark that the horse has been once mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve as a bit, and a strong hide-halter on his head. The Gaucho who was to mount arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp, and while two men held the animal by his ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight; he then caught hold of the horse's ear, and, in an instant, vaulted into the saddle; upon which the man who was holding the horse by the halter, threw the end of it to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump, in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of an English horse: however, the Gaucho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing every thing in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately brought from the corrál, and so quick was the operation, that twelve Gauchos were mounted in in a space which, I think, hardly exceeded an hour.

It was singular to see the different manner in which the different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the Gauchos were girthing the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff, and in unnatural directions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking so vicious and sulky, that I could not help thinking I would not have mounted one of them for any reward that could be offered me; and they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

It was now curious to look round and see the Gauchos on the horizon in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corrál, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there, that they were w

willing to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses: they were jumping and dancing in different ways, while the right arms of the Gauchos were seen flogging them. At last they brought the horses back, apparently completely subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the young horses, with their sides bleeding, immediately trotted towards the corrál to join their companions, neighing one to the other. Another set were now dragged from the inclosure, and as the horses were kept out a very short time, I saw about forty of them mounted. As they returned to the corrál it was interesting to see the great contrast which the loss of the mane and the end of the tail made between the horses which had commenced their career of servitude, and those which were still free.

The horses of the Pampas are like the common description of Spanish horse, but rather stronger. They are of all colours, and a great number are piebald. When caught, they will always kick at any person who goes behind them; and it is often with great difficulty that they can be bridled and saddled: however, they are not vicious, and when properly broken in, will allow the children to mount by climbing up their tails. In mounting, it is necessary to be very quick, and previous to dismounting it is proper to throw the bridle over one side of the head, as the horses almost always run backwards if one attempts to hold them by the bridle when it is over the head, as in England.

Although I rode many thousand miles in South America, I was quite unable to learn how to select either a good horse or an easy-going one, for by their appearance I found it impossible to form a judgment; indeed, I generally chose for myself the worst-looking horses, as I sometimes fancied that they went the best.

When first mounted, they often begin to kick and jump, but by giving them a loose rein, and by spurring them, they will generally start, and when once at their gallop they go quiet. However, the kicking at starting is a most painful operation to undergo, for from hard riding the back and shoulders get so dreadfully stiff, that such sudden and violent motion feels as if it would dislocate the limbs.

The evening closed, but the carriages did not appear. I anxiously looked on the horizon for them, until it became dark; I then went into the post-room, and ordered one of the women to

bring me the roast-beef and soup which was prepared for the party. I was quite ravenous, for I had been so occupied with the horses, that I had forgotten I had eaten nothing since daylight. The woman brought me a dirty sheet four times doubled, which she put on the little square table, then a bottle of wine. "Have you a glass?" "No hay, Señor." "Oh, never mind," said I, putting the bottle to my mouth. The woman returned with the beef cut up into pieces, in a pewter dish; it was smoking, and looked very nice; and she also gave me some bread. I instantly took out of my pocket a clasp knife and fork. She asked me if I wanted anything else? "No," said I, putting a piece of the beef into my mouth; but as she was going out of the door, I called her back, and asked her to get me some salt. "Aqui está, Señor," said the woman, apparently recollecting herself; and opening her right hand, she put very quietly upon the table some salt which she had intended for me, and because some of it stuck to her hand, she scratched it off with her fingers, and seemed resolved that I should have every particle of it.

There was no candlestick, but, with the beef, a little black girl about seven years old, and almost naked, brought in a crooked brown tallow-candle, which she held in her hand all the time I dined. The little creature had gold ear-rings and a necklace of red beads. I gave her a large piece of bread, which she ate very slowly, with the most perfect gravity of countenance. As I was dining, I occasionally looked at her; nothing was white but her eyes and the piece of bread in her mouth; she was watching every mouthful I ate, and her eyes accompanied my fork from the pewter dish to my mouth. With her left hand she was scratching her little woolly head, but nothing moved except her black fingers, and she stood as still as a bronze statue.

The carriage did not arrive, and as the room was full of fleas and binchucas, I laid my saddle in front of the post, and slept there. It was late in the morning before one of the peons came to tell me that the two-wheeled carriage had broken down in spite of all its repairs; that it was in the middle of the plain, that the party had been obliged to ride, and put the baggage on post-horses, but that they would be with me immediately. As soon as they arrived, they told me their story, and asked what was

be done with the carriage.* It was not worth more than one hundred dollars; and it would have cost more than that sum to have guarded it, and to have sent a wheel to it six hundred miles from Buenos Aires; so I condemned it to remain where it was, to be plundered of its lining by the Gauchos, and to be gazed at by the eagle and the gáma,—in short, I left it to its fate.

I had been much detained by the carriages, and I was so anxious to get to Buenos Aires without a moment's delay, that I resolved instantly to ride on by myself. The two Cornish mining captains, the French assayer, and the servant of the French Colonel, expressed a wish to accompany me, instead of riding with the carriage; so after taking from the canvas bag sufficient money for the distance (about six hundred miles), I left the rest for the coach, and once more, careless of wheels and axles, I galloped off with a feeling of independence which was quite delightful.

We travelled sixty miles that day, not losing one moment, but riding at once to the corrál, and unsaddling and saddling our own horses. The next morning the French assayer was unable to proceed, so he remained at the post, and we were off before daylight. After galloping forty-five miles, one of the Cornish captains said he was so jolted that he could not go on, and he also remained at the post to be picked up by the carriage: we then continued for sixteen miles, when my other companion knocked up, and he really was scarcely able to crawl into the post-hut, where he remained. As I was very anxious to arrive at Buenos Aires, and was determined to get there as quick as my strength would allow, I rode sixty† miles more that day, during which my horse fell twice with me, and I arrived at the

* After the party had left one of the posts about an hour, and when they were twelve or thirteen miles from it, they saw a man galloping after the carriage, endeavouring to overtake it. They stopped, and when he came up, they found it was the master of the post-hut where they had slept. He said very civilly that they had forgotten to pay him for the eggs, and that they therefore owed him a medio (two-pence half-penny). They paid him the money, neither more nor less, and then galloped on, leaving the man, apparently, perfectly satisfied.

† These and the other distances I rode, are taken from the road-book and almanac published at Buenos Aires, and they agree with the inquiries which my party (in following with the carriage) made in order to determine the huts at which I had slept.

post an hour after sunset, quite exhausted. I found nothing to eat, because the people who live at this post were bathing, so I went to another part of the river, and had a most refreshing bathe. I then spread out my saddle on the ground, for the post-room was full of fleas and binchucas. The people had now returned from the river, and supper was preparing, when a young Scotch gentleman I had overtaken on the road, and who had ridden some stages with me, asked me to come and sing with the young ladies of the post, who he told me were very beautiful. I knew them very well, as I had passed several times, but I was much too tired to sing or dance: however, being fond of music, I moved my saddle and poncho very near the party, and as soon as I had eaten some meat I again lay down, and as the delightful fresh air blew over my face, I dropped off to sleep just as the ninas were singing very prettily one of the tristes of Peru, accompanied by a guitar. I had bribed the capatáz to let some horses pass the night in the corrál; we accordingly started before the sun was up, and galloping the whole day till half an hour after sunset, we rode a hundred and twenty-three miles. The summer's sun has a power which, to those who have not been exposed to it, is inconceivable, and whenever we stopped at the corrál to get our horses, the heat was so great that it was almost insupportable. However, all the time we galloped, the rapid motion through the air formed a refreshing breeze. The horses were faint from the heat, and if it had not been for the sharp Gaucho spurs that I wore I should not have got on. The horses in the Pampas are always in good wind, but when the sun is hot and the grass burnt up they are weak; and being accustomed to follow their own inclinations, as soon as they feel tired they want to slacken their pace, or rather to stop altogether; for, when mounted, they have no pace between a hand-gallop and a walk, and it is therefore often absolutely necessary either to spur them on for nearly half the post, or else to stand still, an indulgence which, under a burning sun, the rider feels very little inclined to grant. As they are thus galloping along, goaded by the spur, it is interesting to see the groups of wild horses which one passes. The mares, which are never ridden in South America, either by the Christian or the Indian, seem not to under-

stand what makes the poor horse carry his head so low, and look so weary. The little innocent colts come running up to meet him, and then start away frightened; while the old horses, whose white marks on the flanks and backs betray their acquaintance with the spur and saddle, walk slowly away for some distance, and then, breaking into a trot, as they seek their safety, snort and look behind them, first with one eye, then with the other, turning their nose from right to left, and carrying their long tails high in the air. As soon as the poor horse reaches the post he is often quite exhausted; he is as wet as if he had come out of a river, and his sides are often bleeding violently; but the life he leads is so healthy, his constitution is so perfectly sound, and his food is so simple, that he never has those inflammatory attacks which kill so many of our pampered horses in England. It certainly sounds cruel to spur a horse as violently as it is sometimes necessary to do in the Pampas, and so in fact it is, yet there is something to be said in excuse for it; if he is worn out and exhausted, his rider also is—he is not goaded on for an idle purpose, but he is carrying a man on business, and for the service of man he was created. Supposing him to be ever so tired, still he has his liberty when he reaches the goal, and if he is cunning, a very long time may elapse before he is caught again; and in the meanwhile the whole country affords him food, freedom, health, and enjoyment; and the work he has occasionally performed, and the sufferings he has endured, may perhaps teach him to appreciate his liberty and the wild plains in which he was born. He may suffer occasionally from the spur; but how different is his life from that of the poor post-horse in England, whose work increases with his age,—who is daily led in blinkers to the collar, and who knows nothing of creation but the hard dusty road on which he travels, and the rack and manger of a close-heated stable!

The country through which we rode this day was covered with locusts of a very beautiful colour: they were walking along the road so thick that the ground was completely covered—some were hurrying one way and some another, but the two sets were on *different* sides of the road, like people in the City (of London). *Multitudes* were basking in the sun, and apparently in high enjoy-

ment were making a faint thrilling cry which was higher or lower as it proceeded either from the young or old, and as I galloped along the notes varied like the distant vibrations of an Æolian harp. At one post these locusts were in such numbers, that the poor woman, in despair, was sweeping them away with a broom, and they swarmed in crowds up my horse's legs. A little girl had given me some water, and I put my straw hat on the ground while I sat down to drink, and with feelings of very great pleasure I was looking at the mug, which was an English one, and on which was inscribed—

No power on Earth,
Can make us rue,
If England to her-
Self proves true—

when I saw my hat literally covered with locusts biting the straw. As soon as I took it up, these parti-coloured creatures hopped off like harlequins. The number of them is quite incredible, and they would be a most serious enemy to any individual who should attempt to cultivate a solitary farm in the Pampas—although a large population and general cultivation might perhaps keep them away.

We arrived late and very tired at the post, having ridden one hundred and twenty-three miles, and found the master, Don Juan ——, very busy, providing supper for a priest, who had just arrived in a carriage. The water was extremely bad, and I began to think I should fare badly, when the priest asked me to partake of his supper, which was now smoking on the table. He had some good water in bottles, and we had a roasted lamb before us. The priest ate the heart, and seemed to enjoy his repast as much as I did. He was silent, but very kind, and occasionally nodded at the dish and said to me "Come bién!" (Eat well). After the lamb he brought out a box of sweetmeats, and he then put his hand up the large loose sleeve of his white serge gown, and pulled out some cigars.

Next morning at daybreak we started. The French Colonel's servant, who was a Chilian Gaucho, now began to complain; and after riding one hundred miles I saw no more of him, as he and

the Scotch gentleman who had accompanied me stopped at sunset at a hut where the servant was afterwards found by my party, who took him into the carriage. I rode on about twenty miles, and the next day I rode one hundred and twenty miles, and reached Buenos Aires about two hours after sunset.

A FEW GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

RESPECTING

THE WORKING OF MINES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

When one reflects upon the immense riches which have proceeded from some mines, and the large sums of money which have been lost in others, it is evident that the inspection of a mine, with a view of immediately working it with a large capital, is in any country an important and difficult duty. There are, perhaps, few subjects which require more deliberate and dispassionate consideration; for to be too sanguine, or to be too timid, are faults which it is easy to commit. In the former case, one builds upon hopes which are never to be realized; in the latter, one loses a prize which energy and enterprise might have secured; and the passions of the mind are never more eager to mislead the judgment than when the object to be considered is the acquisition of what are termed the "precious metals."

But if this is the case in civilized countries, where experience has recorded many valuable data, where the lode to be inspected may be compared with those which are flourishing and with those which have failed, where operations may be commenced with a cautious step, where the windlass may be succeeded by the whims, and the whims by the steam-engine, how much more difficult is the task when the lode is in a foreign country, destitute of resources, experience, and population, and when as a stranger one is led over a series of wild, barren mountains, to a desert spot, at once to determine whether the mine is to be accepted or not. As this has been my situation, I will venture to make a few imperfect observations on the subject.

The first object which draws the attention to a lode (whi

a ramified crack or fissure, in which ores, with other substances, are embedded), is its positive value or contents, and this value has lately been estimated in England merely from the inspection and assay of a piece of the ore; but of course this judgment is altogether erroneous, for a large lode of a moderate assay may be more valuable than a small lode of rich ores or assay; and an extraordinary rich lode may be too small to be worth the expense of working, while a very large poor lode may be worked with profit.

But besides these observations, the physical character of the lode must be considered; for the fissure is seldom filled with ore —it contains also quartz, mundic,* &c. &c., and is occasionally a strong box which contains no riches at all.

It is therefore evident, that besides the size of the lode, and the assay, the average quantity of ore it contains is also to be considered; because a large lode, with an occasional bunch (as it is termed) of rich ores may not be so worthy of working as a smaller lode with a number of bunches of poorer ores. There is also another material question,—whether the lode is getting richer or poorer as it dips? For a large lode, with rich assay and frequent bunches, but *diminishing* in value, may be calculated at less value than a smaller lode with poorer assay, less frequent bunches, but *increasing* in value.

There are many other considerations; but the above, perhaps, will satisfy those who have not reflected on the subject, that the abstract value of a lode in *America* can in no way be determined by the assay of a piece of ore in *England*, particularly when it is known that specimens of ores are often sent from South America as samples of lodes from which they never were extracted. However, upon the spot a calculation may be made of the probable produce of the mine; and in Cornwall, where the expenses of the mine are known and certain, it is on this calculation that almost all the *speculation* of the enterprise depends. For the riches of lodes being subject to sudden variations, they may increase or diminish in a surprising degree; still the calculation rests in Cornwall upon as fair a basis as those which are made on the duration of human life, or the insurance of ships, &c. &c. But in South America the case is widely different; for

* The Cornish term for sulphurets of arsenic, iron, &c.

besides the value of the produce of the mine, it is necessary to calculate what will be the probable expense of working it, in order to weigh or compare the one with the other; and the absolute necessity of this, which is always done in mining, farming,* and other speculations in England, is particularly obvious in the provinces of Rio de la Plata; for as one there rides over many hundred miles of rich land, which is unowned, and almost unknown, one cannot but reflect, that while, from want of population, industry, &c., such riches are lying on the *surface* unvalued, considerable difficulties would necessarily oppose the extraction of wealth from the bowels of the earth by labour and machinery; and these difficulties, in many parts of the provinces, would be so great, that it might satisfactorily be proved that the silver extracted from such mines would scarcely be worth its weight in iron by the time it reached England; while the iron which was sent from England would cost nearly its weight in silver by the time it reached the mine.

The following is a rough memorandum of some of the difficulties, physical, moral, and political, which would probably obstruct the working of mines in the provinces of Rio de la Plata by an English association.

PHYSICAL.

1. The great distances which separate the mines from their supplies of men, tools, materials, provisions, &c., and which separate one mine from another; badness of the roads; danger in passing the laderos; torrents and rivers without bridges, and often impassable; the locality of the mines, which are generally situated among lofty and barren mountains, without resources or supplies;—the above would require expensive disbursements, and would often cause a great loss of time, which, in mercantile operations, is a loss of money.

* No one would venture to say how much an unknown estate is worth per acre, merely from an inspection of a box of earth; because the object of farming being to make the receipts exceed the expenditure, it may happen (*from its particular* situation for manure, markets, &c.) that bad land is *worth more per* acre than good land.

2. The dryness of the climate, which affords no water for machinery or for washing the ores; but little even to drink; the mine itself dry, or nearly so. In consequence of the above, machinery is inapplicable, and the mines are better adapted to the limited exertions of a few people than to the extensive operations of an English association.

3. Heat of the climate; its effects on Europeans.

4. The desolate and unprotected plains between the mines and the port at which their produce would be shipped; the distance being, upon an average, more than a thousand miles of land-carriage.

5. The poverty of the lodes, when compared with those of Mexico, Peru, or Potosi.

MORAL.

The want of population—its effects. The general want of education, and consequently the narrow and interested views of the natives.—The richer class of people in the provinces unaccustomed to business.—The poorer class unwilling to work.—Both perfectly destitute of the idea of a contract, of punctuality, or of the value of time.—Among a few people, the impossibility of obtaining open competition, or of preventing the monopoly of every article required, or the combination which would raise its price "ad libitum." The wild, plundering habits of the Gauchos—the ready absolution of the priests—the insufficiency of the laws.

The want of experience, &c. in the Commissioner who has charge of the association.—The character, constitution, habits, and expensive wants of the English and European workman, ill adapted to the country.—The experience they have gained in Cornish copper-mines inapplicable to the extraction of silver ores in South America. (See Memorandum A.) Europeans, overcome by the climate, become indolent from possessing large independent salaries in a country where wine and spirits are cheap. Women of the country—their characters.—Impossibility of the distant mines being frequently inspected; consequently, the necessity of placing confidence, and of trusting gold and silver to individuals, many of whom in England would not

be deemed persons of sufficient education for so difficult a situation. Probability that many would endeavour to perform their duty, but the certainty that one leak, whether from inattention or otherwise, would affect the interests of the whole.

POLITICAL.

Important reasons why mines in South America, which formerly were worked with profit, would now ruin either Europeans or natives who should attempt to work them. (See Memorandum B.)

The instability and insufficiency of the national government of the United Provinces.—The provincial governments—their sudden revolutions.—The jealousy which exists between the Provinces and Buenos Aires.—In spite of decrees or contracts, the governments would not allow large profits to go out of their provinces, or even to pass through them, without contribution. —Individuals, urged by the priests, would overturn the Governor —his acts and contracts fall with him.—The junta could voluntarily retire—their responsibility has then vanished—no remedy, and no appeal.

MEMORANDUM (A).

Those who propose to work a mine in Cornwall have the following advantages over those who propose with the same people to work a mine in South America:—

1. IN Cornwall, previous to commencing operations, they may inspect the mine themselves, and call any number of practical men to assist them.—In South America they cannot do this, but must commit this important duty to one or more individuals.

2. In Cornwall the lode is in a country whose climate is favourable to great bodily exertion, and the general character of which is industry; but in South America the climate and excessive heat are unfavourable to great bodily exertion, and the general character of the country is indolence.

3. In Cornwall the miners are subjected to a code of most admirable local regulations, which encourage competition and industry, and leave the idle to starve:—in South America, the miners are away from the force of all these regulations, and a high, fixed salary, with cheap wines and provisions, discourage competition and labour.

4. In Cornwall, although the miners have no theory, no schools, no books, yet, from long practice and experience, they most perfectly understand the geological construction of the country, the particular nature of the ores they seek, and the difficulties which they are likely to meet with.—In South America, the geological construction of the Andes, and the mountains in which the mines are situated, is unknown to the Cornish miner—he is unacquainted with the ores he is to seek. The muriates, carbonates, pacos, colorados, and other non-resplendent ores, are by him so unnoticed, and unvalued, that the native miner *has actually* to point out to him the riches of the mine he has *come to improve.**

* *There exists* in England a natural feeling of confidence in the exertions

5. In Cornwall the greatest difficulties are the subterraneous streams, which, in a humid climate and a flat country, so influence the plan of operations, that the art of mining in Cornwall is the art of draining, not on a general principle, but adapted to the geology of the country.—In South America, as it never rains at Uspallata, and seldom rains in Chili, and as the winter showers, instead of sinking into the earth, rush down the precipitous sides of the mountains in which the lodes are situated, there is but little water; and therefore the Cornish plan of operations, and, consequently, the experience which the Cornish miner has gained, is inapplicable, for the difficulties which he has learnt to overcome do not exist; while others oppose him which he has never been accustomed to meet.

6. In Cornwall, to drain the mines, steam-engines can be procured at a short notice, and if, for any particular object, a large body of men are required for a few days, they can always be had; also whatever tools, wood, iron, rope, &c. may be required, can be obtained with a facility and punctuality known only in England.—In South America, from the absence of water, the overpowering force of steam is unnecessary, inapplicable, and its great advantage is unattainable. In case of unforeseen difficulties requiring for a few days the assistance of a large body of extra labourers, it would be absolutely impossible to obtain them. Tools, iron, and materials could only be procured with the greatest possible difficulty. In many situations it would be necessary to send several hundred miles for materials: the purchaser would be assailed by every endeavour and combination to defraud: they would be delivered at a great expense of time and

of English workmen, but I am afraid this expectation will not be realized in South America.

The Cornish miner is, I believe, one of the best-regulated workmen in England, but, like all well regulated workmen, his attention has been directed to a particular object, and in proportion as he is intelligent upon that point he is ignorant of all others.

By a division of labour, which is now so well understood in England, we have goldsmiths, silversmiths, tinsmiths, coppersmiths, whitesmiths, and blacksmiths, who are all ignorant of each other's trades; and if this is the case, why should a man whose life has been spent in working copper-ores be supposed able to search in any country for silver-ores? There is certainly *a much greater* difference and variety between the ores than there is between the metals.

money; and, in a country in which contracts are not understood, and time is of no value, there would be the most serious delays and disappointments.

7. In Cornwall the expenses of the mine are known. The customary wages of the captains of the mines, the pay of the miners, who all work by tribute,* or by tut-work, are accurately calculated; the price of tools, iron, wood, rope, and all materials is known, and the sale of the ores by public auction gives an immediate and certain return.—In South America the expenses of each mine can never be anticipated. The wages of the English captains and miners are very high; every article, if purchased a thousand times, would be the subject of a new bargain, and materials would be perhaps of double or treble cost, according to the people and the spots from which they were to be obtained. After the extraction and reduction of the ores, the processes of smelting and amalgamation, which in Cornwall are unknown (the Cornish ores being always smelted in Wales), would be required.

8. In Cornwall, in case it should be deemed necessary to abandon the mine, the men can be discharged; the engines can be removed; the materials can be sold by auction, and the loss is only what has actually been spent on the mine.—In South America, in case the mine should be deserted, to the sum sunk in the mine is to be added the expense of the men getting to the spot and returning, which in many cases would be very great; the construction of houses for officers and men, as also the establishments for smelting and amalgamation; the cost of engines and stores, which it would often be cheaper to abandon than to remove.

9. In Cornwall the resources of a great mercantile country

* Excepting the levels, which are always driven by tut-work (task-work), the mines in Cornwall are all worked by Tributers. These Tributers are the common miners, who take their pitches by public auction, at which they agree to deliver the ore fit for market for different prices, from 6*d.* to 13*s.* 4*d.* in the pound, according to the nature of the ground, the ores, &c. &c. The adventurers of the mine, therefore, are tolerably sure of their profit before the work is begun, for the Tributers pay the smith-cost, candles, powder, breaking, wheeling, and drawing. They pay men for spalling and cobbing the large rocks, for separating the prill from the dradge, and they also pay girls for bucking the ores, and boys for jigging them.

are so extensive, that public competition suppresses every sort of unjust combination, but among small communities of men this would be impossible; and without the slightest intention to blame any individual, I must declare that, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I found that Englishmen and foreigners were preparing to monopolise every article that could be required for mining purposes; and that a large English capital, belonging sometimes to A. and sometimes to B., was considered by a pack of people as a heedless, unprotected carcass, which was a fair subject for universal "worry."

MEMORANDUM (B).

Comparing the past and the present Value of the Mines in South America.

ON the discovery of the different countries of South America, the attention of the Spaniards was immediately directed towards the acquisition of those metals which all men are so desirous to obtain. Careless of the beauty of these interesting countries, their sole object was to reach the mines; and hence it is that the history of the American mines has always been considered the best history of the country. As soon as information was obtained from the Indians of the situation of the mines, however remote, small settlements were formed there; and with no other resources or supplies than those which nature had bestowed upon the country, they commenced their labours: they obtained their reward, and the arrival of the precious metals in Europe was hailed as the produce of intrepidity, industry, and science.

The mode, however, in which these riches were first obtained forms one of the most guilty pages in the moral history of man; and the cruelties which were exercised in the American mines are a blot on the escutcheon of human nature which can never be effaced or concealed, and which is now only to be confessed with humility and contrition. Besides the mita, or forced labour of the Indians (the particular cruelty of which is not the present object to describe), the whole system was one of extortion and oppression.* The miners were barely sheltered from the weather;

* Those who formerly worked the South American mines have been accused of *ignorance*, in having brought ore and water from the mine on the backs of men. If the Indians employed had received English wages and *English comforts*, and had carried the small quantity which in England *would be called* a load, the *ignorance* of their masters would have been great *indeed*. *But* the case was very different. The Indian Apires were beasts of *burden, who* carried very nearly the load of a mule; and their food cost but

the use of all spirits was forbidden; their food was coarse, and the weighty tools which were placed in their hands were emblems of the ignorance, cruelty, and avarice of their masters.

However, there is no situation of misery or suffering to which the mind and body of man cannot be enured. The miner by degrees became accustomed to his labour and his tools; the slave, toiling under his load, ceased to complain; the cry of the sufferers became gradually silent, and in a short time no sound issued from the gloomy chamber of the mine but the occasional explosion of powder, the ringing blow of the hammer, and the faint whistle of the slaves, who thus informed the overseer that they had reached those points of the shafts at which, by law, they were allowed to rest.

The mine was said to have assumed a prosperous appearance, and men were talking aloud of the flourishing state of the South American colonies, and of the inexhaustible riches of the mines, when the spell was gradually broken. The Revolution at last broke out, and, as if by magic, the miner found himself in the plain surrounded by his countrymen, marching forward in support of liberty, and lending his arm to exterminate from la Patria the oppressors who were now trembling before them.

All the poor mines in South America from this moment were deserted, and the country was for many years in a state of warfare which it is not necessary to describe; but as soon as the victory was gained, and independence gradually established, one of the first acts to which many people had recourse was the working of the deserted mines, from which they naturally expected again to obtain wealth. Several of the miners had been killed in the wars, while others, wearing the spurs and poncho of the Gaucho, enjoyed a life of wild and unrestrained liberty. There were some, however, who voluntarily returned to the profession in which they had been trained, and were willing again to embrace a life whose hardships had become habitual; but the forced labour of the Indian was now wanting; and although this system of cruelty had been long abolished in many

little. Their unrecorded sufferings were beyond description; and I have been assured from unquestionable authority, that, with the loads on their backs, many of them threw themselves down the mine, to end a life of misery and anguish.

parts of South America, yet its existence in some places, and the unjust and impolitic encouragement which the Spaniards had given to mining, in exclusion of every other branch of industry, had, up to the period of the Revolution, greatly assisted the working of the mines.

Operations were, however, recommenced at almost all the old mines. They were all tried; but, generally speaking, they were all abandoned, because they did not pay, and with little inquiry into the cause, the reason assigned was, the want of intelligence and capital; and people, frustrated in this object, and incapable of contending with the difficulties which impeded any step towards civilization in the insulated, remote, and almost impracticable situations in which they found themselves, yielded to the habits of indolence in which they still exist.

If the above rough and imperfect history of the mines of South America is deemed correct in its general features, it will account for a phenomenon which, in visiting several deserted mines, I was for a long time totally unable to comprehend.

In many places we found lodes worked to considerable depths, but the lode so small, and the assay so poor, that the constant remark of the Cornish captains who accompanied me was, "that there must have been something got out of the mine which they could not see, or else it could never have paid." Besides this, the country was barren, and there were often many other local disadvantages: still, however, it was evident to me that these mines, somehow or other, MUST have paid, or else they would not have been worked; and in spite of the disadvantages which were *before my eyes*, the natural conclusion was, that if they had once paid, they might surely pay again.

However, as soon as I afterwards saw a few of the miners at work, the problem was solved.

The miners who are now in Chili, though toiling in the path of their early days, have probably relaxed a little from the discipline of the Spaniards; yet the extraordinary manner in which they still work, or rather slave, is almost incredible. The contrast between their lives and the ease and independence of the rest of the inhabitants of the country, naturally leads the mind to reflect on the sad history of the South American mines; and this history, in my humble opinion, sufficiently accounts for, first

the impossibility which now exists of getting more miners; and, secondly, for the important truths, that the American mines have positively fallen in value since the country has been free, because the contents or produce of the mines are still the same, while the value of labour, &c. has necessarily increased; and therefore that, far from being able to get a *greater* profit from these mines than was extracted by the Spaniards, it would be impossible now to draw from them what they formerly repaid, and that many of them must continue deserted, for the evident reason that poor mines, as well as poor land, may be made productive by a system of cruelty and tyranny, when under a free government they must lie inactive and barren.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING now completed a very rough and defective sketch of the Pampas, &c., and some of the provinces of the Rio Plata, and of the governments and habits of the people, it is natural to consider how powerful this country must necessarily become, when, animated by a large population, enriched by the industry and intelligence of man, and protected by the integrity and power of well-constituted governments, it takes that rank in the civilized world which is due to its climate and soil; and as, in nature's great system of succession, "nations and empires rise and fall, flourish and decay," it is possible that this country, availing itself of the experience of past ages, may become the theatre of nobler actions than have hitherto been performed by any of the nations of the Old World, whose obscure march towards civilization was without a precedent to guide them or a beacon to warn them of their dangers. And far from being jealous of the superior strength and energy which this young country may attain, it is pleasing to anticipate the prosperity which may await it, and to indulge a hope that its young arm may maintain the dignity and the honour of human nature; that it may liberate the slave, and against every threat or danger support freedom, when the infirmities of an *older nation* may have rendered her incapable of the task.

But between this moral and political eminence which the Pampas and the provinces of Rio Plata *may* attain, and their present state, there is a distance which is evident to every one, though no man can calculate the time which will be requisite to pass it. The difficulties to be encountered must necessarily be great, and it is not an improper or a useless subject of speculation to consider what some of these difficulties may be.

The great desideratum of these countries is population; for until there is a certain proportion of inhabitants, the provisions

of life must necessarily be easily obtained, and people will remain indolent until necessity drives them to exertion. The overplus population of the Old World will undoubtedly flow towards these countries, bringing with it different habits, languages, and customs. The points at which the emigrants settle will depend upon the produce which they are best fitted for obtaining, and the governments of the different provinces must become more or less powerful in proportion to the success of these people. Some will rapidly rise, while others will be left for some time in the wretched state of ignorance, poverty, and inactivity in which they now exist; and the laws and regulations which govern the one will be insufficient, inapplicable, or contrary to the interests of the others. As the provinces become more vigorous, it will probably be found that the situations of many of the present capitals must unavoidably be changed. For instance, the maritime province of Buenos Aires already requires a harbour; and it is easy to foresee that when commerce establishes its residence at the new port, the government must follow.

The language, religion, habits, and occupations of the different provinces will of course be influenced and affected by the quantity of foreign settlers, and the laws MUST vary with the exigencies which require them. The provinces, as they become powerful, will naturally desire to be independent; and the possibility of their being all governed from Buenos Aires will rapidly diminish.

During these or similar events, the provinces of the Rio Plata must necessarily be in a troubled and unsettled state. The national government, thwarted in its plans, deserted sometimes by one province, and sometimes opposed by another, must often, unavoidably, act contrary to the interests of those plans it may have suggested; while the provincial governments must often suddenly be overturned, be annihilated and remodelled, until prosperity has afforded to society the liberal principles of a good education, which, with time and experience, will at last constitute governments practically suited to the country.

If the state of the provinces of Rio Plata has been correctly sketched, and if the above should be a fair statement of some of the probable difficulties which these provinces will experience in their progress towards civilization, there are two questions to be

considered, which are very material to the interests of many individuals in our country.

1st. *Is it advisable for those who are in reduced circumstances in England to migrate to these provinces?*

2nd. *Is it prudent for those of large capital to embark their money there in any permanent establishment or speculation?*

My humble opinion on these two important questions is shortly as follows:—

A poor individual, or a poor family, or a congregation of poor families, coming from England to these provinces, will instantly be relieved from that part of their sufferings which proceeded from absolute want of food, for they will arrive at a place where coarse beef is cheap. Artisans will obtain good wages in the town of Buenos Aires; but as English peasants are not fitted to perform any part of the Gaucho's labour, they will not receive from them more than their board.

Now, at Buenos Aires, artisans will find provisions very dear; and although they receive more money than in England, they will not be able to live there so well. The lodgings, which are always unfurnished, are shockingly dirty, filled with all sorts of vermin; and, after all, they are extremely dear. Beef is sold in such a mangled state, that when the Cornish miners first arrived, they often returned from the butchers' carts without buying the meat, being unable to make up their minds to eat it. The fowls at Buenos Aires are also very bad, for they feed upon raw meat; occasionally I have seen them hopping out of the carcass of a dead horse; and we all fancied that the eggs tasted of beef. The pigs are also carnivorous. Raw beef is cheap, but fuel,* pepper, salt, bread, water, &c., are all so exorbitantly dear, that the meat when cooked positively becomes expensive; and every article of clothing is eighty per cent. dearer than in England.

The society of the lower class of English and Irish at Buenos Aires is very bad, and their constitutions are evidently impaired by drinking, and by the heat of the climate, while their morals and characters are much degraded. Away from the religious and moral example of their own country, and out of sight of *their own* friends and relations, they rapidly sink into habits of

* *The coals* which are used come from Newcastle; and almost all the *potatoes* from Falmouth.

carelessness and dissipation, which are but too evident to those who come fresh from England; and it is really too true, that all the British emigrants at Buenos Aires are sickly in their appearance, dirty in their dress, and disreputable in their behaviour. A poor person with a young family should therefore pause before he brings them into such society; for it is surely better that his children, until they arrive at an age to work, should occasionally be in want in England, than that their constitutions should be impaired, and those principles ruined which induce every religious and honest man in England to labour with cheerfulness, and to return from his work with a healthy body and a contented mind.

A single man may imagine that he is able to resist the effects of bad society; that he would enjoy the climate and freedom of the country, and by attention save up a sum of money to return to England,—but he would find many unexpected difficulties.

The principal one to a working man is the climate, which in summer is so dreadfully hot that his constitution is unable to stand against it, and with every inclination to work he finds that his strength fails him, and that he is overpowered by a debility before unknown to him. He would then wish himself back in England; and his absence from his friends, and being unable to work, would make him discontented with a life which hangs heavy upon his hands, and which becomes more cheerless because, unless he has a large sum of money to pay for his passage, he sees that he is unable to return.

The above observations are not altogether theoretical. I particularly observed the unexpected effect which the climate had upon many English companies,* and upon a large body of our

* We had all sorts of English speculations in South America, some of which were really amusing. Besides many brother companies which I met with at Buenos Aires, I found a sister association of milkmaids. It had suddenly occurred to some of the younger sons of John Bull, that as there were a number of beautiful cows in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, a quantity of good pasture, and as the people of Buenos Aires had no butter to their bread, a Churning Company would answer admirably; and before the idea was many months old, a cargo of Scotch milkmaids were lying becalmed under the Line, on their passage to make butter at Buenos Aires. As they were panting and sighing, (being, from heavy rains, unable to come on deck,) Neptune as usual boarded the ship, and the sailors who were present say that his first observation was, that he had never found so m

English miners, who were selected in Cornwall for their good behaviour, and who arrived in the Provinces with every inclination to maintain their character. They saw the degraded state of the English settlers at Buenos Aires, and of their own accord they kept clear of them; but the cheapness of the spirits and the heat of the climate were inducements to them to drink, which they found it very difficult to resist. As soon as the heat set in, the men were exhausted, and complained of a "feebleness" that they had never felt before; and this was so great, that many of the strongest of them preferred going without meat to the fatigue of going through the sun to fetch it. This imbecility had its natural effect upon their minds, and they expressed their dislike of a climate in which they could make no exertions, and by which they were even exhausted while lying down and sitting still; and as soon as I determined on sending them home, they all most joyfully gave up the lucrative advantages which had induced them to come to the country, and none of them would remain, although by their agreements they might each have claimed sixty pounds instead of a passage, and might instantly have made very good contracts with the other mining companies; but they were all anxious to return, and I heard several of them say to each other, that "they had sooner work their fingers to the stumps in England than be gentlemen at Buenos Aires."

From the above circumstances, and many other observations which I endeavoured to make on the situations of a few English emigrants I met with in the different provinces, I am convinced that those who have hitherto emigrated to this country, as well as

passengers and so few beards to shave; however, when it was explained to him, that they were not Britannia's *sons*, but Jenny Bulls, who have no beards, the old god smiled and departed. The people of Buenos Aires were thunderstruck at the unexpected arrival of so many British milkmaids; however, private arrangements had been made, and the young women, therefore, had milk before it was generally known that they had got cows. But the labour which they experienced was very great: instead of leaning their heads against patient domestic animals, they were introduced to a set of lawless wild creatures, who looked so fierce that no young woman who ever sat upon a three-legged stool could dare to approach, much less to milk them!—however, the Gauchos attacked the cows, tied their legs with strips of hide, and as soon as they became quiet, the shops of Buenos Aires were literally full of *butter. But now for* the sad moral of the story:—after the difficulties had *been all conquered*, it was discovered, first, that the butter would not keep! —*and secondly*, that, somehow or other, the Gauchos and natives of Buenos *Aires* . . . . . liked oil better!!

those who deserted from General Whitelocke's army, have passed their days in disappointment and regret—that the constitution of every individual has been more or less impaired—that their religious principles have altogether been destroyed—and I therefore would sincerely advise poor people, particularly those who have families, not to migrate to such hot latitudes, if they have the means of supporting themselves in England.

In reply to the second question, *Whether it is prudent to embark a large capital in any permanent establishment or speculation in this country?*

The Spanish South Americans have certainly become independent of the government of Spain, and this has of course proceeded from their own positive strength, and from the imbecility of the Spanish government; but supposing it to have arisen from the first cause only, still it must be admitted that a young nation may be strong enough to gain its independence, before it has education, wisdom, or experience enough to know what to do with it; and taking into consideration the peculiar political situation of the country, I must own it appears to me that during the troubles and vicissitudes which must unavoidably attend the progress of these provinces towards civilization, it would be imprudent for a stranger to enter into any permanent establishment; for, ignorant of what is to happen, all he can depend upon is that great changes will take place, that *he* must always be a responsible person, while unlooked-for revolutions may cause the governments or the individuals with whom he has established himself to vanish, leaving him in the wide plain without a remedy, and perhaps even without a just cause of complaint. He may have treated with a government which has ceased to exist, or with an individual whose fortune or whose influence may have suddenly disappeared; and be like the person who came from England to Buenos Aires some years ago, under the promise that he should have a lucrative situation in the Cabildo, and who learnt on his arrival that the Cabildo had just been destroyed.

I can speak from my own private experience, for I was very nearly in a similar or worse situation. I was furnished with letters of introduction to the Governor of San Juan, and a copy of the then famous Carta de Mayo, which had been published that province to ensure to us religious toleration; but had I

fortunately been delayed on the road, I should, upon my arrival at San Juan, have been instantly thrown into prison with the Governor who was already confined, and from the window of my dungeon I should have seen the public executioner burning the Carta de Mayo, amidst the acclamations of the people. Yet I could not have complained, for my letters of introduction and the copy of the Carta de Mayo had been sent to me with the best intention—and the Governor at San Juan had wished to give me a polite reception; but the event was a political tempest which had not been foretold.

The failure of the Rio Plata Mining Association is a most serious proof of the insufficiency of the governments of La Plata. This public association was formed in London in virtue of a solemn decree, framed and signed by Don Bernardino Rivadavia, the minister of the government of Buenos Aires, authorising the formation of a Company to work the mines of the United Provinces, "at the discretionary choice of the Company;" and to promote this object, Reports were forwarded by Rivadavia from the Governors of the Mining Provinces describing their Mines. Yet, on my arrival at Buenos Aires, with an expensive establishment of miners and machinery, I found that almost the whole of the mines were actually sold by the Governments to the opposition Companies, and that Don Bernardino Rivadavia, the Government of Buenos Aires, and the Governors of the Provinces, were totally unable to fulfil the Decree! Private interests and private speculations had cancelled their act and their intention, and they had only to confess—

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

THE END.

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